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"THE WISHING GATE."

The dew was on the early flowers that lovely morn in May—
The birds were warbling loud and clear upon the budding spray,
When arm in arm we wandered on, beside the silver rill,
And saw the village maiden dance beside the rustic mill.
Oh! what we said I hardly know—till near the meadow stream,
When some one whisper'd, and I heard, as in a pleasant dream—
"Darling, we're near the Wishing Gate, and what ever lad or lass
Who makes a wish where now we stand, that wish will come to pass."

We lingered long amid our joy, we heard the sigh of leaves,
We heard the sweet and merry song the wind of morning weaves—
But, Oh! the wish that either made 'twould never do to tell,
For wishes told, what'er they be, will break the fairy spell.
The sun was high above our heads—the birds had silent grown,
And in the noon-day hush the brook had caught a deeper tone.
We ne'er thought the morning hour so soon would grow so late—
And with a sigh we turned away and left the Wishing Gate.

A little year had flown away, and spring had come again
And in the bloom of trees and flowers, died every doubt and pain;
For wedding bells were ringing then o'er valley, plain and hill
And once again we wandered on beside the silver rill.
The light of love was in our eyes, a new life in my heart—
I knew that one was by my side who ne'er would from me part.
Fondly talking o'er the past, we lingered long and late,
And e'er we left, Ah! many times, we blessed the Wishing Gate.

MILTON S. LATHAM.

Death of a Pacific Coast Pioneer in New York.

HIS STRUGGLES, TRIUMPHS AND FAILURE.

The Ohio Boy and his Splendid Ambition—Study Rewarded with High Honors—From Affluence back to Poverty.

The telegrams of last Monday morning made mention of the death in New York, on the day previous, of Milton S. Latham, president of the New York mining stock exchange. His life was an eventful one, fully realizing the force of the old adage that "truth is stranger than fiction." And while his rise from obscurity was not as great as that of Senator Broderick, nor his death as tragic, yet there was enough in its surroundings to justify a somewhat extended biographical sketch of his life and the busy work which encircled it. He was born near Columbus, Ohio, May 23, 1827, of poor parents who stinted themselves to give him, their eldest son, the chance for a fair academic education. At sixteen years old he attracted the attention of a prosperous lawyer in Columbus, who gave him about $200 worth of copying and engrossing in his office to enable him to pay his first year's tuition at Jefferson college, in Pennsylvania, from which he graduated in 1846, nineteenth in a class of sixty-four. His daily walk from his father's house to the office where he earned his first year's tuition, was nearly five miles.

"OFF FOR ALABAMA,"

Was the young student's word as he made up his mind to strike out for himself. And with a small sum of money and a stout horse, he rode down through the beautiful blue-grass region of Kentucky, the exquisite rolling hills of the Cumberland in Middle Tennessee, and so on till he found himself in Girard, Alabama, on the banks of the muddy Chattahoochee, across the river by the little city of Columbus, Georgia, a market town for the flourishing planters of that day; and this gave the ambitious young student access to the law libraries in both towns. In 1848, early in May, he was admitted to the bar, and in October of that year the clerk of the circuit court of Russell county died. It was an office worth about $800 per year, but it was a great help to a young student who desired to study law by some other method than lying down on a lounge with a copy of Blackstone under his head and learning the grand profession by absorption. He kept late hours and always had a book in his hand when not occupied at his desk in the court-room.

TWO QUIET YEARS

Had rolled quietly by and young Latham heard that a former resident of Girard—Solomon Heydenfelt—had fallen into a lucrative practice at San Francisco. He grew restive under the humdrum of the small fees of the Alabama practice and finally resolved upon a trip to California. He arrived from Panama in April, 1850, and was offered a partnership by Judge Heydenfelt, but preferred Sacramento to the winds and dust of the Golden City. He had been appointed clerk of the recorders' court of San Francisco but resigned it after four months. Locating in Sacramento he soon became regarded as a bright man. The following year he was elected prosecuting attorney of the fifth judicial district, embracing the counties of Sacramento and El Dorado. This brought him prominently before the people and paved the way for a hard-fought battle in 1852, when he succeeded in obtaining the nomination for congress. The state was not districted then, the two members being elected at large. His colleague in the house was James A. McDougall, afterwards senator, the senators then being W. M. Gwin and John B. Weller.

HE TOOK HIS SEAT

On the 4th of March, 1853, as a member of the thirty-seventh congress, the youngest man in that seething mass of ambitious brains and fearless hearts, among whom were Galusha Grow, Schuyler Colfax, Fernando Wood, Lawrence M. Keitt, and a host of the celebrities of the two great political parties who became famous in the great forensic struggle that preceded the outburst of "the irrepressible conflict." The war was going on already but it was bloodless and powderless as yet. Owing his election to the votes of southern men to a great extent, although largely indebted for his nomination to the efforts of Broderick, he disgusted both the latter and his colleague by the expression of his regret, upon the floor of the house, while the debate upon the Nebraska bill was pending, that he had not been born a southern man. Broderick was furious when the news reached San Francisco. "I could have expected nothing better," said he "from the pupil of Sol. Heydenfelt. But then," he added, "old Sol. is reliable and would never have resorted to such duplicity to secure a nomination."

A CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT

Appeared about this time in the *Democratic State Journal*, published at Sacramento by Dan J. Thomas and B. B. Redding and edited by a jolly fat Englishman named John White. It read about like this: "Wanted—A Congressman who won't sell out. Apply to the People." The next day another one read: "I would rather shovel manure from under mules for a dollar a day than vote with the advocates of slavery. M. S. Mathal." Some of Latham's chivalry friends with canes hanging on their left arms went down to the editorial rooms of the *Journal* and began to talk rough to Dan Thomas, but he pulled a six-shooter and informed them that he was drafting a new Declaration of Independence which was to read: "We hold this truth to be self-evident—that Samuel Colt has made all men equal." And they left without getting any satisfaction out of Thomas. The northern democrats were disgusted and talked about Broderick for congress, but he would not have it. With him it was senator or nobody.

AT THE CLOSE OF HIS TERM

As congressman, Latham came back to San Francisco with a piece of paper in his pocket. It was his appointment to the collectorship of the port of San Francisco, a position worth at that time about $30,000 a year, for the imports of foreign goods were then as heavy as they are now, exclusive of teas, though the population was 60 per cent. less. He ran the custom house in the interest of Gwin after the first year and succeeded in getting out all the Broderick men before the summer of 1856. And things stood in that shape until after the general election, when Broderick had a majority of the members of the legislature on a joint ballot and was elected. Thinking to harmonize the party, then badly factionized on the slavery question, Broderick cast all his strength to Gwin and committed the mistake of his life-time. He made Gwin senator for the short term and Gwin got to Washington ahead of him. Buchanan was just inaugurated president and ordered commissions for all federal offices in California to be made out for Gwin's friends. Just as this was about to be done Mr. Buchanan received a letter from Latham, tendering his resignation on account of his wife's poor health and announcing his intention of traveling abroad.

DURING THE KANSAS FIGHT

Mr. Latham was traveling in Europe with his invalid wife, the daughter of Dr. Lewis Aiken Birdsall of Sacramento. She died in 1863. They remained in Europe until the summer of 1858, when they returned to Sacramento and he began laying his wires for the United States senate. Broderick and Gwin were both in that august body and the bitterest of enemies. The latter was the firm supporter of Latham and when Broderick returned to California in April, 1859, he found the cards stocked against him. He at once began to lay his wires for a fusion ticket and hoped that the republicans, who were in an almost hopeless minority, would come over to his support; and that, by combining their votes with those of the Irish whom he had hitherto controlled through Dave Mahoney and Felix McClosky, he would be able to elect a free-soil ticket. But Latham completely outgeneralled him by getting John G. Downey placed on the ticket for lieutenant-governor, it being an open secret that he was a candidate for senator and that would make Downey the governor. In this way he carried the Irish vote solid and the Broderick men were driven to the wall.

THE SUCCESSFUL TICKET

Was the democratic nomination, composed of the following candidates:

Governor—Milton S. Latham, Sacramento.
Lieut-Governor—J. G. Downey, Los Angeles.
Secretary of State—Johnson Price, Sacramento.
State Treasurer—S. H. Brooks, San Joaquin.
Supt. Public Instruction—A. J. Moulder, San Francisco.
Attorney-General—T. H. Williams, El Dorado.
Surveyor-General—H. A. Higley, Placer.
Clerk Supreme Court—C. S. Fairfax, Yuba.

The defeated candidates for governor were Edward Stanley on the republican ticket and John Carrey on the free-soil. The defeated candidates for congress were Col. E. D. Baker, afterwards senator for this state, and Joseph C. McKibben, who was the second of Mr. Broderick in his fatal duel with Judge Terry which occurred six days after the election. On the 8th day of January, 1860, he was inaugurated governor, as the successor of John B. Weller. The intrigue for the senatorship was already red-hot and scarcely had Latham delivered his inaugural address before a resolution was passed for the holding of a joint convention for the election of a

UNITED STATE SENATOR,

For which there were, as usual, a dozen aspirants. My candidate was Judge Samuel H. Booker, of San Joaquin, but his following was slight. At that time there were two great corporations in the state, now both extinct—the California Steam Navigation Co. and the California Stage Co. The late Samuel J. Hensley was at the head of the first, while the latter was composed of men well known in Oregon—A. G. Richardson, George F. Thomas, Frank S. Stevens, G. W. Montgomery and James Haworth. This corporation was friendly to Latham and used its influence to get his partisans nominated for the legislature. On Broderick's death Gov. Weller had appointed Henry P. Haun, a hotel keeper of Marysville, to fill the vacancy until an election could be had. The Yuba delegation cast their ballots for Haun in the caucus, but soon broke ranks and went over to Latham. And one man excused himself for doing so by saying, "Well, Haun's a good man but he can't keep a hotel," and the remark soon passed into a proverb. Latham's most formidable opponents were Gov. Weller and the late Thomas J. Henley, commonly called the "War-horse of Job," but Latham had his wires too well laid, and on the 12th day of January, he was chosen senator after having been

FOUR DAYS A GOVERNOR.

And this made Downey the governor of California. Seldom has a more sterling man filled any public trust than the sturdy little doctor. He is now a very wealthy man and has long since abandoned all the shallow ambitions of politics. The chief cause of his retirement from political life may be summed up in a few words. In April, 1860, the legislature, under the dragooning of a corrupt and mercenary lobby led by Levi Parsons, passed the bulk-head bill which would (had it become a law) have thrown the entire water-front of San Francisco under control of a syndicate of French capitalists, headed by Abel Guy and the late Francois L. Pioche. Downey was equal to the emergency. He sent the bill back to the assembly without his approval, accompanied by a veto message which, for good common sense, commercial orthodoxy and solid financial reasoning, is not surpassed by any state paper on file among the archives of California. This arrayed against him all the professional politicians in the state and, too proud to court their favor or knuckle down to men whom his lofty pride despised, he preferred to retire to private life, blessed with the people's love and consoled by the recollection that "he serves his country best who serves his party least."

IN THE SENATE.

At last, the summit of Latham's ambition was reached and he sat in the chamber whose classic walls yet echoed with the impassioned oratory of Clay, the ponderous logic of Webster and the searching prescience of Benton. In his first session he was the moving spirit of the committee on post offices and post roads, and lent material assistance to Hon. Lansing Stout in his celebrated overland stage bill, establishing a daily mail between Portland and Sacramento. In many other ways he showed a decided friendship for Oregon, but it must be remembered that between himself and Nesmith, who sat alongside of him, there existed an almost fraternal friendship. They called one another by such un-senatorial appellations as "Milt" and "Nez," and it was Latham who gave the "weary plowman" a pair of gold sleeve-buttons engraved "Old Nez" in large Roman capitals. One night Nesmith was at Ben Holladay's house, and Count Pourtales was attracted by the singular engraving, as "Nez" is the French word for "nose," a prominent feature of the Rabelais of the Rickreal. The Count asked: "Pardonnez moi, but ees it customaire for ze senataire to indulge in ze gross personalitie?"

DURING THE CIVIL WAR

Latham and Nesmith were both members of the committee on military affairs in the senate and Messrs. Stout and Fred. Low were on a like committee in the house. Of course they belonged to the minority but they could vote, and their votes were cast in defence of the union and the perpetuation of its integrity at any cost. As union democrats, recognizing the constitution as the governing power of the land, they believed the rebellion must be put down if it took the last dollar. In 1864 Mr. Latham, then a widower, became a private citizen and was succeeded by John Conness, the most egotistical and vapid machine politician that ever sat in the senate—bar none. He was the first political boss in California and that state is to-day groaning under the evils it suffered from him and his henchmen headed by George Gorham. On vacating his seat in the senate, Latham went to Europe and thence to the Holy Land. In 1867 he came back to California as managing agent of a new corporation known as the "London and San Francisco Bank, Limited," having a capital of seven million dollars. His salary was thirty thousand dollars per annum, for less than six hours' work per day. He then married Miss Bertha McMullen, daughter of a prominent San Francisco merchant.

THE ERROR OF HIS LIFE

Was when he loaned his influence to the negotiation, in London and Frankfort, of the bonds of the Oregon and California railroad company. How much he realized out of this we have no means of knowing, but it was an enormous sum, although not what Holladay and Temple Emmett got. The latter is the only one of the trio that has a dollar's worth of property standing in his own name to-day. When the fact became patent in 1873 that the resources of the road were less than its liabilities; that its earnings were below the cost of operating it; and that the Pass creek coal mines were a myth, then the London bondholders began to carry the war into Africa. In 1875 Mr. Latham was openly charged with having bribed the assessor of San Francisco, and when he threatened to sue the paper making the charge that paper retaliated by accusing him of putting the bank's capital into his own individual enterprises. He was only too glad to withdraw his libel suit and from that time he gradually began to go down hill. The great blunder of his life-time was the building of a narrow-gauge road from Saucelito to Bodega, called the

NORTH PACIFIC COAST ROAD,

And two low-pressure steamers connected therewith, called the "San Rafael" and "Saucelito." These two boats are all boiler and engines, and have little or no freight capacity. They were built in New York, hull, boiler, engine and everything else and shipped out in frame by the Union and Central Pacific railroads to San Francisco. The freight bill on these two boats was upwards of $36,000 alone. Similar extravagances characterized his operations in every department of the road and he was reported to have been robbed by the contractors of over $75,000 in a single season by the connivance of one of his civil (altogether too civil, in fact) engineers. When the road was done, there was (as Gov. Stanford had predicted before it was ever begun) no traffic for it. Its course lay over barren mountains involving vast expense of excavation; and when it came down to the sea near Bolinas, it was in competition with little sloops and schooners run by frugal Scandinavians, who could carry produce at a dollar a ton and yet make money.

HIS ADVISERS IN THESE MATTERS

Must have been men who were thoroughly unscrupulous and bent on robbing him, for all he needed was the machinery of his boats built in New York. Their hulls and cabins could have been built as well in San Francisco and at far less cost, for the freight on all this lumber across the continent was a little fortune in itself. The boats were fast, able to beat any other two boats on the coast, but unfit for anything but a passenger trade on a deep-water route, being built wholly for speed without reference to freighting capacity or economy in their consumption of fuel. And as for his railroad it came nearer beginning at nothing and stopping at no place, than any other road in America. His enemies were aware of these facts and kept certain parties in London posted on all his movements, parties who were smarting for revenge over the deal they had gotten in the Oregon and California rail road bonds. So long as mining stocks were on the boom, so long as he and Ralston could keep up the inflation of real estate which prevailed in that city from 1872 to 1875, just so long he could hope to survive. But a Black Friday was in store for both of them and when it came, Latham found he had been throwing away good money in the pursuit of shadows.

HIS HITHERTO AMPLE FORTUNE

Had melted like snow in the construction of the road and there was none of it coming back from that source. The boats carried full loads of pleasure-seekers to Saucelito and San Rafae during the summer months, but the trains were empty. Nobody would go to Bodega, Tomales or any of the windy coast ports for recreation, and the road sunk more money than the steamers could begin to make. The outlook in 1876 was a bad one. He looked for aid from other San Francisco capitalists who were quite willing to buy his steamboats but wanted no railroad. About this time the utter heartlessness of San Francisco capitalists began to manifest itself in other directions, and rumors were set afloat concerning the solvency of the bank. These rumors got into print and were sent to London, where they were egged on by men whose friends had lost money in Holladay's Oregon road. A special messenger, entrusted with discretionary powers, arrived from London and examined the affairs of the bank. He telegraphed the result of his inquiries to London and the consequence was the removal of Mr. Latham as manager and Camillo Martin as cashier. The book-keeper of the bank, Mr. Arthur Scribner, was promoted to the post of manager, and Latham was

OUT IN THE COLD

In a city where he had been, but a few months previous, a power feared by men who did not fear God. In his dilemma he turned to the capitalists who had partaken of his princely hospitality at his town residence on Folsom street and at his lovely chateau at Menlo park, but they gave him a deaf ear without exception. Then came the inevitable selling-out and pulling-up of stakes, after a quarter of a century of as eventful life as ever befel mortal man. His magnificent country seat was purchased by J. C. Flood, for $200,000 of Latham's indebtedness, though the land alone cost but little less than that sum. His palace on Folsom street went to his next-door neighbor, old John Parrott, for another bank debt. All he had left was his library and his pictures, and those were sold, of course, at still greater sacrifices. The loss of his library grieved him worse than anything else because his books had been the companions of his early struggles and the partners of his severe toil. His first large fee was $3000 for defending a gambler named Bill Burdett for murder in 1851. He secured his acquittal and thence stepped into a lucrative practice at twenty-four; and here the was at fifty, broken both in health and purse.

IN HIS DILEMMA

He went to New York and had been there a year out of employment when he was attacked with Bright's disease and became severely prostrated. After a long siege of illness he regained his feet again and some of the Californians in New York got up the Mining Exchange for selling Pacific coast stocks—they cannot be called securities now. Latham was made president of it, more for the use of his name than anything else, for his days as a bread-getter had about gone by. His energy and will-power seemed broken forever, and after the most brilliant career of any man of his day except General Garfield, he became a poor stranded wreck upon the shore of time. For the past year he has been a mere figure-head at a salary of $400 per month, and really knew but little of the workings of the exchange. On Friday of last week he went home to his rooms in the Sherwood house and was suffering acute pain. Thinking to assuage that, he took a warm bath which brought on hemorrhage and he virtually bled to death.

IN HIS PERSONNEL.

Mr. Latham was a man whose appearance was calculated to impress the casual acquaintance with the idea of *suaviter in modo* rather than *fortiter in re*. He was about five feet seven inches in height, with blonde hair and beard and very clear blue eyes. His figure was inclined to be portly, even at thirty years of age and his neck being very short gave his head a massive and lion-like appearance. He was broad across the shoulders and deep through the chest, as was every other plucky man I ever knew. His life is a strange recital of mingled suavity and audacity, of foresight and foolhardiness, of a rise from poverty to wealth and then back to a worse condition than that whence he first arose, without the strength and youth with which to recuperate. His appearance in court was a very fine one, his flowing hair and beard brushed back and his fine eyes lighting up with a rare intellectual fire. On the stump he was too strictly argumentative a speaker to be interesting to a surging mass of people, but in the senate he must have been a very interesting debater. The Lord rest the poor fellow, for he has now but one little lot in a cemetery, in spite of all his once vast possessions. M.

TRESPASSES.

By one who Lives by Keeping up Other Men's Fences.

AN OLD GRUMBLER IN HIS GLORY.

It is Better to be a Diogenes and Grow Fat on a Tub, than to be a Pericles and Win a Great Battle.

The Indian Ka-ta-tah didn't last very long when he got into the United States court. The jury was empanneled in a single day and the next day saw the prisoner convicted of murder in the first degree. What a saving of expense it would have been if Judge Deady had tried Guiteau.

On the other hand, it is far better as it is. Had the murderer of our hero president been tried before Judge Deady, he would have made the devil-crank behave himself, and Scoville too if it took a leg. But Guiteau's demand for an appeal, in that event, could not have been refused by the court. On the other hand, the prisoner was granted a greater latitude in his trial than any defendant since the first court was established by human law in obedience to divine wisdom. No new trial could possibly benefit him in any respect.

My young friend, George Kostromitinoff, came down from Sitka to act as interpreter in this Indian's trial. He is a native of San Francisco, born in that city while Canrobert and Pelissier were storming "the tawny mound of the Malakoff." His parents were loyal subjects of the Czar, his father being Russian consul at San Francisco from 1851 to 1859. Young Kostromitinoff entered the employ of the Alaska Commercial Co. in his youth and will probably live long enough to become a United States senator from Alaska unless the gentleman whom Tom Sutherland styled W. Foreigner Morris survives him.

Of course Kostromitinoff takes a greater interest in Russian affairs, although an American citizen. He has made an alarming discovery since his arrival here, which he has telegraphed in cypher to St. Petersburg. It seems that, everything else having failed, a Russian nihilist in this city has at last accomplished a plan that is fraught with death and danger to the imperial family. He has invented a dynamite bustle, to be worn by the Czar's servant girls, which is to contain eight pounds of giant powder. And when Mrs. Czar goes out in her carriage to return the calls of the Countess Sawmylegoff and the Princess Hotwhiski, the Czar will go down to the kitchen to hug the hired girl. About the time he gets her on his lap, there will be a loud explosion and another of the Romanoff dynasty will be blown into menhaden bait.

The superintendent of traffic over the O. R. & N. Co.'s lines came down town the other day and as he approached the door of the "Zuyder Zee" block he observed a pagan leaning up against the lintel. He caught his eye and the Chinaman said:

"Good morning, John."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the man who looks so much like the Bard of Abbotsford, "but you have the advantage of me."

Thus in this simple little lesson we realize the force of the scriptural proverb that a bird in the hand turneth away wrath, and a soft answer is worth two in the bush.

There is a young Englishman in town who is very popular with the young ladies. This is not altogether to be wondered at, for he has a fine, frank expression of countenance, as well as a most athletic and well-proportioned figure. At every party he is present and has no difficulty in obtaining a partner. On mature reflection I finally ventured upon the following question:

"Mr. Broadmead, how is it that you are in such demand among the ladies for dancing?"

"Ah, my dear boy, you see it's because I don't dawnce at all myself. The young ladies do hall the dawncing, you know. I merely 'old them aout and let 'em kick, you know."

If there is anything I do abominate it is the praise and flattery of living people. The dead we can afford to extol, else keep silent. But I would rather abuse any man living than flatter him. It is not in good taste and every true man heartily despises it. There is a writer connected with the San Francisco *Post* who writes over the signature of "Scintilla Juris" (a spark of the law) who has fallen into this grave error. Had he stopped short with his eulogies of Lockwood, Shafter, Felton and Randolph, he would have done himself better justice. Even his sketch of Judge Bennett is not so bad, but on Judge Heydenfelt he does "slop over" frightfully.

Had the writer contented himself with saying that Judge Heydenfelt was a great lawyer and an unpurchasable magistrate while he wore the ermine; that he is a polished gentleman, loving all that is beautiful in the common literature of England and America; that he is a man of as great industry as any lawyer on the coast and works harder at sixty years than most lawyers of thirty-five; that he is a man of great liberality, and gives freely and secretly from his great store of fairly-acquired wealth; and that, in a residence of thirty-three years on these western shores, not a breath of slander has come to smirch his fair fame as a jurist or his honor as a man, to all this I could have said "marry and amen," and felt it a bounden duty.

But when the writer, in describing the Judge's *personnel*, refers to him as having "a highly intellectual face, with delicately cut features," he is either guilty of a gross "guy" at a man whose age and public services should have protected him from it, or else is a bigger liar than Guiteau. Judge Heydenfelt is the darkest-complexioned white man in California and has crisp hair, flat nose and thick lips. Have an anecdote?

In 1862 the late Prince Liholiho (called Prince Bill, for short) paid a visit to California and took in the state capital during his trip. Downey was governor and gave the Kanaka prince a very select and *recherche* dinner. Covers were laid for twelve, the prince being at the governor's right and Lieutenant-Governor Quinn at his left. Next to the prince sat the distinguished jurisconsult of whom we are now speaking. After the cloth had been removed and the corks had popped to a liberal degree, the prince leaned over and asked, in a confidential whisper:

"Judge, may I ask over what court you preside?"

"Over the supreme court," replied Heydenfelt, with a smile of conscientious pride, "in fact, I am the chief justice."

"Ah," sighed the prince, who had been severely snubbed on several occasions during his tour on the European continent, "what a blessing it must be to be a citizen of an enlightened country like this where there are none of those absurd prejudices against color which prevail in Europe."

Mr. Pickering is getting muddled some more. He prints in his *Band* of the 3d the alarming statement that "Sacramento has never yet had a congressman, and she will ask to have Hon. Henry Edgerton or some other prominent citizen nominated to fill the omission. She has waited long." If the old gentleman will overhaul McCarty's *Statistician*, he will find that Milton S. Latham was elected to congress in 1852 and Cornelius Cole in 1863, both of whom were bona fide residents and taxpayers of Sacramento county. For a man who affects to show up "California as It Is," Mr. P. is exaggeratively unposted.

The Chinese question is multiform in its phases and contains many cross-firing interests. If a man asks me, Does Oregon want Chinese labor? I must answer in the affirmative: at least for the next five years. Just so long as there are railroads to be built, (and Oregon needs them worse than any other state in the union) just so long will we have need of Chinamen to shovel earth into the fills and dig it out of the cuts. And as for grubbing land now covered with black-jacks and dwarf pines, what other labor is there that can be hired with profit to the farmer of the hereafter? Certainly no man can afford to pay three dollars per day for such work, and you cannot find white men of any pluck or energy who will work for less.

After this comes the ditching and drainage of thousands of acres in the Willamette valley and on the Columbia bottoms, from Rooster Rock to Tongue Point. Show me where San Francisco gets her vegetables? From the dyked and ditched lands of the Sacramento basin between Courtland and Rio Vista, with ten or a dozen stern-wheelers making daily trips to the metropolis from May to November. These countless miles of ditch and levee could not have been built by white labor. Had there been money enough in the state to have done the work by white labor, the lands would have been so costly by the time they were ready for planting, that no industry could have made them remunerative.

And then turn to the home circle. How would the many delicate wives and mothers of Portland get along? Servant girls—the word is already obsolete. The average Irish or German girl is looking for a husband rather than a home, and wants to exact privileges such as she would not think of asking for in any other country in the world. She wants to eat at the table with the family and to bring her clodhopper beaux into the family sitting-room in the evening. The wife and children are there, of course, but then they can go to bed, you know. And until servant girls can "drop on themselves" and learn that they are made for the house and not the house for them, housekeepers will try to do without them.

And do their own work? Perhaps. About one woman in twenty is able to do it. Each of the other nineteen will work along for six or seven weeks till she makes herself sick, and in comes the doctor, whose bill would be enough to hire a servant for six months. The most natural recourse is, therefore, to the Chinaman. He has no "cousins" with muddy brogue to soil the carpets, nor does he insist on eating his meals with the family. He had his price, and is content so long as he is paid.

And now comes the other side of the question. In every other civilized portion of America, starvation can be stood off by the washtub. In the Pacific states the heathen has a monopoly of the laundry. Women will wear fancily worked skirts, the washing and ironing of which involves patient labor; and white laundresses don't want to undertake them. Mrs. Grizzly and myself once declared solemnly that we would never give another week's washing to a Chinaman. We hired a white woman who got blazing drunk the second week and left us to get along as best we could. We thought ourselves lucky to get our soiled clothes back again, as she might have pawned them for gin. I was disgusted, but Mrs. G. wouldn't give it up. She gave the family washing to another white woman and about the third week it came Saturday night and a little girl came to the door, saying, "Please ma'am, my ma was sick this week, and couldn't get your washing done, but I guess you can have your clothes next week." Is it any wonder then that the heathen monopolize the laundry business? My Chinaman never gets drunk enough to neglect his work, and if he does get sick somebody else does his work so well that I never know the difference.

The first people who began to feel the evil of Chinese labor in our midst were the retail grocers of San Francisco. Prior to 1870, the great steamships of the Pacific Mail line were manned by white sailors and firemen. Many of these were married and lived about North Beach and Tar Flat, where the wives took in washing and helped to support the family while the father was at sea. When Mike came home from Panama or Pat from Hongkong, the month's bill at the corner grocery was balanced up and the retail merchant, Mr. Steudenhals, opened a new account with Mrs. Maginnis and Mrs. Mahoney. The introduction of Chinese sailors and firemen on the P. M. S. S. Co.'s steamers in 1870 threw out of work about four hundred men of this class, and their wives could no longer obtain credit at the retail stores. Out of this grew misery and crime. The girls went to the oyster houses on Bush street, and thence to houses of ill-fame, while the boys became garroters. The fathers grew to be loafers and applauded Denis Kearney at the sand-lot, while the mothers pawned their petticoats for gin and slept in the station-house.

Go to any eastern cities you please, and you will find boys of fourteen years old employed in factories in some capacity and at some price. You find girls in the cotton mills of Lowell and Lawrence, at the spinning-jack and the loom. You will find men employed as cutters in the clothing shops and women finishing up the coats and pantaloons. But you go to San Francisco and you find no employment for young girls and boys. It is growing late in the day for me to preach that idleness is the key to beggary. At the very age—fourteen to twenty years—when the mind is unformed and crude, that is the age for which the Pacific coast affords no employment. That is, the age which hangs about the five-cent beer hall and plays pool with money obtained at the junk shop for goods filched from the neighbor's woodhouse. Open the factories to the white boy and drive off the mephitic pagan with his opium-reek and his scrofulous skin.

If the new treaty with China will accomplish this; if it will permit a hundred Chinese to leave here on each vessel and only fifteen to arrive, the next ten years may see a decrease of idleness on the part of our white boys and a corresponding diminution of crime. And God send the day—it cannot come too quickly. If the argument of the protectionists is good for anything, let us have protection in everything. Let us pay for our boots and clothing, and keep the money in circulation among white people; or we shall have another "irrepressible conflict" on the Pacific coast between free labor and servile labor. Had the bogus Massachusetts philanthropists, of whom Senator Hoar is the ablest representative, been compelled to carry the same amount of servile labor a class adding nothing to the resources of the state and spreading havoc on every side of them—as the Pacific states have done, they would have rebelled with swords and staves and Chinese blood would have flowed down the gutters of Lowell and Taunton. Our burden has been borne in silence for more than thirty years, and it is time we were relieved of it.

If any man has a doubt about the total unfitness of Chinese to become American citizens, let them go to the station-house and look at that little girl only thirteen years old, beaten and bruised into a mass of fetid sores by the two brutes that call themselves her owners. Yes, the emancipation proclamation is a fraud and a delusion. There is slavery in America now just as there was before President Lincoln issued that famous document. Thousands upon thousands of Chinese are shipped here annually, the men to work under a contract where one man makes the bargain for both, and the women reserved for a hellish fate worse than death. The earnings of men's drudgery and women's shame go into the pockets of the Six Companies, and the poor slaves get such food and clothing as their masters are willing to give them. The Wendell Phillipses and Lloyd Garrisons wasted all their humane efforts on the negro and had no philanthropy left for the Chinese. Let congress enforce the proclamation in favor of all men, and there will be no more Chinese slaves here to compete with free white labor. GRIZZLY.

"ZAMPA."

How a Little Brown Horse once Saved a Hunter's Life.

A FOUR-LEGGED HERO.

A Story Showing how Necessary it is to Pick a Sure Footing when you try to Ford a Creek.

Two young men stood in the street in Portland one June evening about three years ago, both full of ruddy health and love for business. One was a law student in the office of a leading advocate in this city, the other an apprentice in a local foundry. The latter said:

"George, I have concluded to have a month's rest this summer and have applied to the bosses for a thirty days' holiday in August. If you can get off with me, we will have a good time together."

"With all my heart, Ned, but where do you propose to put in those thirty days of *dolce far niente*?" inquired George Hepworth.

"Well," replied Ned Farwell, "I hardly know which way to go. I did think of going to Clatsop and thence down the beach towards Yaquina, returning across the country to Corvallis, and so home."

"That scheme would suit me if I hadn't already been over the same ground. I want novelty. Let's try eastern Oregon, what do you say?"

"With all my heart," replied Ned, "we will take the boat to The Dalles and thence up the John Day to Canyon City."

"NOT MUCH, WE WON'T,"

Was Hepworth's answer. "I know a trick worth two of that. I have my own saddle-horse, old Zampa. You can borrow one for yourself from your Uncle Joe, and we'll hire between us a pack-mule to carry the camping kit. We'll go right out to Oregon City, thence over the Barlow gate into Tygh valley, from there into Hay creek and over the divide to Beaver creek and so on to the Soda springs on the road from Canyon City to Camp Harney. There are no cities upon the road and it is a good way to get rid of your old clothes. Two fishing-rods, one shot-gun and a rifle, are all the tools we need for a month's good living. There are no towns on the road and only an occasional store."

"So much the better," laughed Farwell, "we won't have any Germans to lead and consequently have no need of swallow-tail coats and white cravats. Blue flannel shirts would be a good scheme, and laced leggings to ride about in, I suppose."

"Never mind your clothes, man," retorted Hepworth; "only bring along the oldest you've got and trust to luck for the rest."

TWO MONTHS AFTER

The conversation above detailed, the two young men started out of Portland on their adventurous journey to the wilds of eastern Oregon. Ned Farwell was mounted on a wiry little flea-bitten gray pony, active as a cat, and was leading a sorrel mule loaded down with camp outfit. He carried a Winchester rifle across his saddle. George Hepworth was mounted on Zampa, a dark brown gelding, the son of a Cayuse mare. His sire, however, was the Godolphin of the Wilderness—Doctor Lindsay—and bore in his veins the patrician blood of the great Lexington, the Milton of the American turf. He had a tan nose and a small star in the forehead, with the off hind foot white. Wiry as a mountain deer, he was the horse on which a man could pin his faith for a long journey of four hundred miles. The two friends chatted pleasantly together along the White House road, where they crossed the Milwaukie ferry and jogged along toward Oregon City, when they put away their horses for the rest of the night and told the landlord to call them at 4 o'clock in the morning.

AT HALF PAST FIVE

The two horsemen, to quote the late G. P. R. James, might have been seen ascending the hill back of the Lowell of Oregon. Our Port and boys were beginning to "assume the God-like attitude of freedom," for they had slept their last indoors sleep and eaten their last indoors meal for many a day to come. The heat and smoke of the valley was already behind them and the purer air of the giant firs began to inflate their lungs. Scarcely two hours after breakfast they were hungry as wolves and when noon overtook them they were nearing the hospitable threshold of that hardy old pioneer, Philip Foster. They started to unpack their camp-kit, but the old gentleman protested and in the house they went and sat down to an old-fashioned farmer's dinner. As the sun began to decline, that afternoon, they made the second crossing of Sandy, and Ned wanted to halt for the night. George objected and as the road was good and the evening clear, they kept along in an easy jog until dusk, when they halted beside a small stream. George unsaddled the animals, while Ned lit a fire and broiled a couple of grouse that George had shot along the road. They picked the bones so clean that a dog would have starved to death in following them. Then

SPREADING DOWN THEIR BLANKETS

They lit their pipes and smoked for half an hour. The tired horses had already laid down in the rich grass and the boys were asleep before 9 o'clock. At a little after four in the morning, George got up and rekindled the dead embers into a glowing fire. This done, he jointed his rod and went down to a narrow branch of the Sandy, where the trout bit like wolves. Having taken a dozen in a half-hour, he jogged back back to camp and cleaned them for Farwell who was boiling a pot of delicious coffee. The two friends sat down to such a breakfast as Delmonico never could furnish, and Ned asked "Shall we lay up here to-day—there's such good fishing?"

"No, we'll push on to the backbone," replied Hepworth, "We'll get there about 2 o'clock and remain there till to-morrow morning. The fishing is as good there as here and the hunting is better."

They struck camp and, half an hour later, were again on their way eastward. Occasionally the snowy peaks of Hood and Washington loomed through the dreamy haze, and the vail of burning forests had fairly hidden the Willamette valley from view. At three o'clock they had reached the backbone and were camped for the night. Leaving their animals to nibble the sweet velvet sward, George took his rod and Farwell his rifle and they strolled apart for about an hour. Hepworth had splendid luck for the trout took the fly like gluttons and he was just landing his twenty-sixth fish when

THE SHARP CRACK OF A RIFLE

Echoed down the rocky glen. George reeled up his line and walked solemnly back to camp. He put the packsaddle on old Ebenezer, the mule, and jumped astride of Zampa bare-back. Half an hours' ride brought him to where he found Ned engaged in skinning a fine two-year old buck. Farwell suspended operations on sight of George and threw the carcass on the pack-mule. The work of butchery was finished at the camp. The horns and hide were rolled into a bundle and tied with a piece of baling rope; the hams were rubbed with salt and hung in a tree, while the ribs were sprinkled with salt and pepper and broiled over the coals. These with coffee, fried trout and corn-bread, comprised the hunters' hearty supper. The next morning they were obliged each to lash on a ham of venison behind their saddles, having first breakfasted off the deer's head baked in the ashes. This done they jogged along their road and two days later were camped in the beautiful valley of the Tygh. Of all the picturesque little valleys of Oregon, none equals the Tygh, with the great snowy cone of Hood for its background, and the brawling Badger creek dashing through its rocky barriers and bearing seaward the snows of the smokeless monarch of the Cascades. They stayed there two days and George shot a cougar while Ned bagged ten brace of fat prairie chickens.

THE SODA SPRINGS

On the road leading from Canyon City to Fort McDermit, Nevada, were reached on the twelfth day after our boys had left Portland. There they daily drank gallons of that wonderful exhilarating water which is second to no spring in the world for tonic properties. Ask any of the officers at Vancouver or Walla Walla about that water and they will tell you it beats the Apollinaris all hollow. The boys stayed two days at the springs and went down Silver's river towards Harney lake, where there were millions of fine trout and legions of fat ducks. The first day down the river they met a camping party from Canyon City and "pooled issues" with them. Among the latter was a little black-eyed fellow named Dan, who carried a No. 10 gauge cannon and drank gin like Lord Byron. He was dead gone on bear-hunting, and yearned for a grizzly or a cinnamon bear for breakfast:

The hunters stood up silently
And never spoke a word,
As Dan within the deep-mouthed bowl
The fragrant cocktail stirred.
'Twas then old Bruin learned the words
He taught to all his kin—
"Run from the little man who smells
Of cocktails made from gin."

AN UNACCOUNTABLE COMPANIONSHIP

Had sprung up between Dan, who was a blacksmith by trade, and George Hepworth, the law student. When the party would divide up for a day's hunt, going off in twos and threes to catch trout or shoot ducks, they were always together. On the second day of their acquaintance they started out together hoping to get a shot at some of the white-breeched antelopes that could be seen in little flocks all over the plains. These would let the hunter ride within about four hundred yards of them and then canter away in the suspended impulse of their fleetness, as if born of enchantment. Finally George got down off Zampa and buckled the bridle over the horn of the saddle. The sagacious brute stood still, champing his bit and walking around in a little ring, as he beheld his master getting down into a deep gully through which trickled a small rill of clear water. To crawl up this hollow a distance of nearly three hundred yards on all-fours was the task of a half hour, and George lay down to it with the firm determination of a man who is determined to spare no fatigue to kill his first antelope. He was a wiry, athletic youngster and lay down to his work in good style. A shower of perspiration filled his eyes before he had crawled a hundred yards, but he

KEPT ON BRAVELY

Till he reached the point where he thought he ought to be to get a good shot. He had left his hat on the ground beside where Zampa stood and now he raised up his head cautiously to reconnoiter. He had calculated shrewdly, for the herd of antelope were less than two hundred yards away. Slowly lifting his gun from the ground, he sent a Winchester bullet into the side of the leader, about six inches aft the right shoulder. The goat sprang four feet into the air and fell back dead, and George threw out the exploded shell and got ready for another shot. Stay, the band are trotting around and smelling the dead body and George, in preparing for another shot, stole into the narrow creek. The water felt cool and grateful to his feet, for it was in the middle of August and the sun blazed with a fierce glare. He stood in the water, watching the antelopes circling around for a half hour till at last they stood still, and Hepworth, taking a deliberate aim, felled another. The water was above his knees but he did not heed that till the band trotted off slowly and then broke into a slow gallop. He started then to ford the creek but found he could not move either foot. The truth flashed upon him—he was

CAUGHT IN A QUICKSAND!

The sun was slowly sinking behind the Blue Mountains, sixty miles to the west of him, and here stood this handsome young man, full of rugged life and ruddy health, going down with the sun. He shrieked out "Oh Dan! Come to me quick, Dan!"

But Dan was nearly three miles away to the windward of him, little dreaming of George's peril. Half an hour passed away and the sun was out of sight. He was now about down to his hips and had set the butt of Ned's rifle in the ground to pry himself out with, but the treacherous weapon sank down as deep as he in an instant. He was growing desperate with fear and anxiety, for his limbs were stiffening already. A picture came back to him of his home in the fair forest-crowned city beside the Willamette, with his aged parents awaiting the postman's knock and a letter from their ambitious boy; and there was another picture in the beautiful valley of the North Yamhill, with a comely farmer's daughter beside her widowed mother, the girl whose pure love had been his guerdon in long hours of severe study. These thoughts almost drove George Hepworth mad. Suddenly reason resumed its sway and he began to think of other things.

"PERHAPS MY HORSE—"

He thought and then said to himself "No, he can never hear me." A moment later he concluded to call the little brown gelding:

"Zampa! Oh Zamp!! Old boy, Zamp!!!" There came no answer. All about him were sagebrush, rocks, sand and silence. All was as still as if court had convened and the great High Sheriff of the Universe had proclaimed 'silence.'"

"Oh, Zampa! Zamp, old boy!" this time weaker and fainter, for the water was now at his arm pits.

He paused again, just to hear a joyful neigh and soon the dull thud of sounding hoofs came over the arid plain. He cried "Thank God, he has heard me."

Another joyful neigh was heard again and in a slow jog the brown beauty came trotting up the gully. He drew back with an impatient snort as he beheld his master sinking in the treacherous sands and then came walking up slowly and gracefully as if he were a general and had mapped out the whole campaign.

"Oh, Zampa, come to me, boy," cried poor George.

THE SAGACIOUS BRUTE

Came down to the water's edge and licked his master's face and then stepped into the water, never resting his feet for a moment but shifting them momentarily, like a soldier on parade when the order to "mark time" is given. George Hepworth got hold of one stirrup and pulled at it so steadily that he slewed the horse around a little, and this enabled him to catch the other stirrup. "Go on, old Zamp, go along boy, if you love me," he said, in a hoarse voice, for his strength was nearly gone. The noble animal began pulling back slowly and then getting his hind feet on the firm bank, he set back so hard that Hepworth's arms were nearly torn from the sockets. But George held on bravely and, with a loud sucking sound, the brave horse drew his master out on the hard bank. At this moment Dan appeared and found the horse standing over his all but-perished master. He took out a flask and remarked:

"Gin ain't bad to take in cases like this. By George, he's about gone." He filled his mouth with the fiery Hollands and turning the exhausted man on his back, blew it

AWAY UP HIS NOSTRILS.

George opened his eyes slowly and finally regained his feet. Dan Raymond lifted his friend upon Zampa's back, and they rode back slowly to camp. After supper Ned Farwell and the other boys crossed the creek, about half a mile below the quicksand, and brought in the two antelopes that had fallen before a rifle that will never be fired again in this world. For that night George Hepworth was the lion of the campfire.

There is an English dog-cart drives past my house every afternoon, containing a fine-looking man with his wife and child. The grinning youngster looks up in his mother's face for she is trying to teach him how to talk. This world is but one great school, and whether it be for man, wife or child, there is no teacher like love. The cart is drawn by a dark brown gelding, whom the reader has already recognized. He begins to show marks of age, for there are frosty threads in the roots of his tail, the hair is worn off around his eyes, and his back is considerably swayed. There is no whip ever used to drive that horse, for he is too well beloved by his owner, whose life he saved. And of all the gallant spirits that have shown their valor on the plains of eastern Oregon, there was none more worthy of the laurel than little Zampa, the hero of the hunter's feast.

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the record he has made. R.

PORTLAND, Or., March 12, 1882.

Perfection is not of this world, but we feel safe in asserting that, as a neutralizer of pain and external remedy for rheumatism, St. Jacob's Oil approaches the nearest to it, among remedial agents.

H. Pape, Sr., treasurer; Chas. Schultz, marshal.

The morning sun shines brightly for that man cured of that relentless tyrant, dyspepsia. King of the Blood never fails, when faithfully used. See advertisement.

John Loomiller, who was furnished money by the county authorities of Jackson county a few years ago to enable him to reach his friends in Jacksonville, Ills., has returned the sum with interest. He says that he has become religious since arriving east, and believes that he obtained the money under false pretenses, therefore desires to return it.

Captain Lamson was convicted of the murder of Percy St. John at London on Tuesday, and sentenced to death. The jury were out but half an hour.

Prince Burki, father of the king of Ashantee, denies the story that the king massacred 200 young girls for the purpose of using their blood to mix mortar with for his new palace.

the east. vice. Small as had been their baggage, every man had his well-worn and thinly-thumbed prayer book in his hands. After repeating in a few, solemn voice, with that rapidity of short syllables which is a peculiarity of the Hebrew tongue, a number of selections about David, the simple shepherd, and Goliath, the proud possessor of power, the canter sang in more

FINE WINES AND LIQUORS.
Sole Agents for the
J. H. CUTTER OLD BOURBON WHISKY
And for
VAL. BLATZ MILWAUKEE BEER.

FOR SALE—A NICE LOT
TILLAMOOK BUTTER.
EVERDING & FARRELL.

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 12, 1882.

THE ACTORS' BALL.

Original Composition by Anthony Logan, aged 17 years.

Professionals I'd like to tell you, one and all,
That last night I attended the Actors' Ball;
And nearly all the actors they were there,
And their joyful voices filled the air.
The first ones that were seen
Were Edward Booth and Thomas Keene;
Ned Harrigan, as "The Major Gilfeather,"
Was flying around, feeling a little bit under the weather;
The Italians, Rossi and Salvini, we did hear,
Trying to rattle off "Hamlet" and "King Lear."
There never had been such a sight in Irving's Hall,
As the night 'twas occupied by The Actors' Ball.

Then appeared the Tonys Pastor and Hart,
Who danced the tra-la-loo, to give the meeting a start;
And then appeared the favorite, Harry Kernell,
A man whom all the world knows thoroughly well.
Then Pat Rooney for supper began to cry,
But Bobby Newcomb gave him a smack in the eye;
Milt Barlow and Billy Emerson up against the wall,
And Tragic King McCullough for police did call;
Oh! there was great confusion at The Actors' Ball.

As daylight approached the fun did increase,
While many a one was taking his ease;
Mr. Levy he played a solo on his cornet,
While the table for supper was being set,
Then up rose a young man who did ask
Permission to perform a wonderful task.
It was Gus Carleton, the lubricated "Othello,"
In his wonderful make-up and harmonious bellow;
Then came the man that makes everybody laugh,
You know who he is, he's Billy Rice, of Jack Haverly's staff;
Then appeared Add Ryman, who delivered "A Speech of Fire,"
Which every one present did quite admire,
And that put an end to the Actors' Ball.

CHICAGO, February 12, 1882.

A CELEBRATED CASE.

Records of a Case in the Library of Judge Vanderpoel.

BURR AND HAMILTON.

A Famous Murder Trial in which Burr and Hamilton were Associated as Counsel for Defense.

New York Mail.

Hon. Aaron J. Vanderpool, president of the Manhattan club in New York, has many rare and curious books. Among these is a deeply interesting memorial of Alexander Hamilton owned by Mr. Vanderpool, in the shape of the minutes, written by Hamilton's own hand, of a trial in which he was counsel. This memento of one of our greatest lawyers and statesmen is bound in blank book form, and contains fifty-four closely written foolscap pages. So precise and neat is the handwriting that it is difficult at first to believe it was written by Hamilton while engaged in the trial, as the words fell from the lips of the witnesses whose testimony is recorded, although the fact is authenticated beyond a peradventure. In small, clear chirography every *e* has its loop, ever *m* and *n* is full and round, every *i* is dotted, and, and every *t* is crossed. The names of the witnesses appear in German text and were probably being put in while the witness was being sworn. There are a few corrections in the handwriting of Aaron Burr, who was Hamilton's associate counsel in the case. The ink is very slightly faded, but in all other respects the old record is in excellent preservation. The case in which the testimony has come down to us in this form is a celebrated case

IN OUR LEGAL HISTORY

Known as the Manhattan Well Murder, being the trial of Levi Weekes for the murder of Gulielma Sands. The incidents connected with her unhappy fate attracted the attention of Theodore Fay, and upon them he founded his novel of Norman Leslie, a creditable specimen of our early fictitious literature. Gulielma, a young and pretty Quakeress, lived with Elias and Catherine Ring, also Quakers, in Greenwich street, near Franklin. Catherine Ring, the wife of Elias, was Gulielma's cousin. The Rings had several boarders, and among them a young man named Levi Weekes, between whom and Gulielma an attachment sprung up, and it was understood that they were engaged to be married. On Sunday evening, December 22, 1799, Gulielma left Ring's house, with the purpose, as they supposed, of being privately married to Weekes. Whether he went out at the same time with her is uncertain, and he probably owed his escape from the gallows principally to the fact that the prosecution was unable to prove that he had left the house with her. He undoubtedly did go out that evening, however, whether before or after her, and

RETURNED HOME ALONE

About 10 o'clock in the evening. Gulielma did not return, and nothing was seen or heard of her until January 2, 1800—eleven days after her disappearance—when her dead body, bearing marks of violence, was found in a well known as one of the Manhattan wells, in what was then called Lispenard's meadows. The well can still be seen in the rear of a carpenter's shop at the end of an alley at No. 89½ Green street, on the west side of that street, about one hundred feet north of Spring street. It was one of a series of wells dug by the Manhattan company, which, as the predecessor of the Croton aqueduct department, was chartered to supply the city with water. The charter, with a liberality which was not uncommon at that time, allowed the company to do a banking business as well as provide drinking water for the citizens. The bank has survived, while the water arrangements have come to naught, and the Manhattan bank, in Wall street, originally established under the charter mentioned, is still a flourishing institution.

A SENSATIONAL TRIAL.

The finding of Gulielma Sands' dead body in the well created a great excitement in the little town that New York was in 1800. It was the general opinion that she had been murdered. Suspicion fell on Levi Weekes, and he was arrested and indicted. He was respectably connected, being the brother of Ezra Weekes, a wealthy man, who had built and was at the time the principal owner of the city hotel, then and for years afterwards the leading hotel of New York, and which occupied the block on Broadway from Thames street to Cedar, where now stands the Boreel building. For the prisoner were retained three of the leading counsel then at our bar, Hamilton, Burr and Brockholst Livingston. The trial began on the 31st of March, 1800, in the old city hall, on the corner of Wall street and Nassau, in the balcony of which Washington took the oath of office as first president of the United States. The treasury building now covers its site. The court-room was crowded to its fullest extent. The judges were John Lansing, chief justice of the state; the mayor, Richard Varick, and the recorder, Richard Harison. It was not the custom of that day to

SACRIFICE THE TIME

Of jurors and witnesses to the convenience of judges and counsel, and the court sat in the evening as well as in the day-time. On the evening of the second day it was determined to sit until the testimony was all taken, and it was half-past two o'clock on the morning of the third day of the trial before the examination of the witnesses was concluded. Then the prosecuting counsel, exhausted by the long session, asked for an adjournment until later in the day, in order to sum up. To this adjournment the counsel for the defense would not consent. After some discussion it was agreed that the case should go to the jury without remarks from the counsel on either side and upon the charge of the presiding judge alone. Thereupon Judge Lansing charged the jury in a manner which was a conspicuous example of the way in which a jury ought not to be charged. He as much as told the jury that they ought to find for the prisoner. Tired out by their long session and doubtless glad to shelter themselves under the opinion of the court, the jurors, after an absence of five minutes, returned with a verdict of acquittal.

A STARTLING REMARK.

Mrs. Ring, who had been present during the whole trial and was sitting near Hamilton when the verdict was rendered, seems to have thought that the result was principally due to him. After hearing the verdict, she turned to Hamilton and said, "If thee dies a natural death, I shall think there is no justice in heaven." As Hamilton did not address the jury at all, it is not very clear why her indignation should have fallen on him alone. But extraordinary was the fate of some of the chief actors in the trial. It was but a few years when Hamilton fell by the pistol of Burr. Burr lived to extreme old age and died in his bed, but his existence was as unhappy as it was prolonged. Chief-Justice Lansing, in November 1829, spent the night at the City hotel, which he left early in the morning after to take the steamboat to Albany. Since he quitted the hotel on that November morning, there has never been any trace of him. In broad light of day he disappeared utterly, as though the earth had opened and swallowed him. In the course of his long judicial career his features must have become familiar to thousands of persons, yet no one ever came forward to say that Lansing had been seen while on his way to the steamboat, or on board of it after it sailed.

FRA DIAVOLO.

True History of the Italian Bandit, now Famed in Opera.

A. N. O'Neill, in Boston Budget.

Michele Pezza of Itri in Terra di Savoro is well known to the world under his nickname of Fra Diavolo. Brother Devil and his early exploits have been the theme of many a romance and of one of the most popular of modern operas. How he gained notoriety as a bandit; how, in 1799, when Napoleon established the Parthenopean republic in Naples, he supported the exiled Bourbons; and how he entered the city in company with Cardinal Ruffo, is recorded in every history of that time. But of his after career little has been known, save the fact that he perished in 1806. The circumstances connected with this event have recently been brought to light, and are briefly as follows:

During the siege of Gaeta the English and Sicilians despatched numerous emissaries to raise a revolt in the Neapolitan provinces. Amongst those who were entrusted with these mutinous commands was Fra Diavolo, now a colonel, who had followed the Bourbon court to Sicily. With other leaders of '99 he set sail from Palmero for Calabria under the escort of British ships, June 29, 1806. Landing at Amantea he committed some depredations, took a few prisoners, and on hearing that Gaeta had surrendered to the French he stopped for a time at Capri. Having returned, at the beginning of August, to the gulf of Policastro, and having been beaten in several encounters he determined to re-embark. So, with nine companions, he secretly stole away from the remainder of the band and hastened towards the sea. But at Torre Annunziata he was unable to procure a boat. A man was therefore sent to Naples with money to get one and bring it to Positano. After waiting three days, as neither the man nor craft appeared, fearing that they should be discovered, Fra Diavolo and his followers went over the mountains towards Eboli. Having passed Salerno they went down into the plain and were resting in a valley at Montecorvino, when they were discovered by a boy, who gazed with admiration at their arms. Falling in with some sportsmen a little later, he told them that he had seen some men with better weapons than theirs. The sportsmen imagined that they might be deserters, and went to attack them but soon found out their mistake, and were driven off after a short encounter, in which Fra Diavolo was slightly injured in the breast.

The brigands then took refuge in the mountains of Eboli, but unluckily one of them named Adelizzi was recognized by goat-herders in the employ of a family nearly related to some gentlemen whose brother had been a victim of Adelizzi's. That night, the 28th of October, at dusk, these gentlemen, their relatives and others, came to the cabin where the brigands were hiding. Adelizzi was captured, and cruelly put to death; and Fra Diavolo, who had not been recognized, was conducted by a Jew and a man named Gaetano, to a hut near the snow gorges of Mount Sant' Erams.

The next day the country patrol arrested a suspicious stranger, who promised to disclose to them a treasure if they would spare his life. He then led them among the hills, where two banners, given to Fra Diavolo, when he set out from Sicily, by the king, were hidden. At once the police were on the alert, having heard that the famous brigand was in the neighborhood.

Meanwhile Gaetano and the Jew cared for Fra Diavolo, bringing him food, and medicine for his wound. He in return, promised them great riches and military honors if they succeeded in his effecting escape to Sicily. But Gaetano, who for certain misdeeds was outlawed by the government, thought he might purchase pardon by handing the brigand over to the police. Accordingly on Oct. 31, he came to the hut with this intention. There he found the Jew had already arrived, had cut off Fra Diavolo's mustaches, and had taken other precautions to prevent his recognition. Gaetano took the Jew aside and disclosed his purpose; the latter refused to consent to the betrayal, and when their discussion brought them to blows, Fra Diavolo, suspecting something, escaped. Gaetana set out in pursuit and called out the people to assist him, but was unable to find the refugee.

Fra Diavolo, in his disguise, seemed a poor vagrant beggar, and followed during that night the road to Salerno. Having reached the outskirts of the town, he changed his direction, and on the 1st of November set out for Naples. On the way he met a peasant woman who was going to Baronissi, and, believing that he would not be discovered, he struck up an acquaintance with her. But when they had reached this town, and were near the drug shop of a certain young Matteo Baronne, the latter began to chaff the woman about her new-found companion. She replied that she had fallen in with him on the way, but that she did not know him. The druggist replied, jokingly: "Then he must be Fra Diavolo." To this the man said: "I am Fra Malora."* "Fra Diavolo or Fra Malora halt!" answered Baronne, who was an under officer in the provincial guard, and who now took the stranger into his shop. The curious citizens quickly assembled. Baronne, anxious to claim the 2000 ducats' reward offered for the capture of the brigand chief, collected a guard and led him prisoner to Salerno. Fra Diavolo still denied his identity; but Major Geroino, who had just received the banners and the report of Gaetano, found the wound on the prisoner's breast, and was no longer in doubt. Word was sent to Naples and Eboli of the arrest, and on the 6th Fra Diavolo was taken to the capital. Two days later he was hurriedly tried by an especial tribunal, and sentenced to be hanged. On Monday, Nov. 11, 1806, he met his doom in the market place, shortly after dinner, dying impenitent. His body was left on the gallows 24 hours, and was then buried in the Church of the Incurables.

The honest Jew who had refused to betray Fra Diavolo, had died eight days before. Gaetano, with some soldiers, surprised him, bound him, and, taking him into a vineyard, riddled his body with bullets.

*The unlucky one.

Ohio Rhetoric—Mathematics and Pathology.

When Arthur succeeded to the presidency it was claimed that Ohio had lost its grip, and that its greatness had departed forever. But people who reason thus are not aware that a new star from the Buckeye state has already appeared on the political firmament, whose turgid rhetoric and vivid imagination will yet furnish emulation to generations unborn. The gentleman referred to is Mr. McClure, a new member from the 18th district. It was during the discussion yesterday of the apportionment bill in the house. The majority were dozing in their seats or smoking in the cloak rooms. Suddenly it was whispered that 'something rich' was going on. The sleepers gradually braced up and caught the infection of the moment; the absentees quietly returned, and soon the orator held the undivided attention of the house. And this is a sample of what he said:

"It is sufficient for me to know that under the old system, in a house of 299 members, Alabama gets eight, and in a house of 300 members she gets but seven. Such mathematics is contaminated with congenital infirmity. No vaccination will save it from confluent smallpox. It is crankism applied to figures. It is the Guiteauism of arithmetic. These mathematical obstetrics that will deliver such a monstrosity as this ought to be indicted for criminal malpractice. Such a system of computation in the political prize-ring of congressional apportionment is, if I may be permitted to employ the classic nomenclature of Boston, surely afflicted with hernia. No amount of trussing will bolster it up. * * *

"Is the eloquent gentleman from Michigan pursuing the sunflowers of politics in the arithmetic of the appropriation bill? Has he been transformed into a sort of geographical Oscar Wilde, to throw the lilies of reconciliation across the 'bloody chasm' by depriving New York of equitable representative power for the benefit of Florida?"

The joke of it was that no one dared ask him whether he was in earnest or slyly "guying" the house. Many of them remember Horr's retort to a southern member who once meekly asked of the Michigan stalwart what the south could do to please the north. It was after Horr had been hurling his bitterest invectives against the people of that region. His reply was characteristic, and has passed into history: "Raise more corn and less hell."—*Washington Cor. Troy Times.*

ROMANCE OF BANKING.

THE POETIC SIDE OF A VERY PROSAIC BUSINESS.

Some Interesting Anecdotes and Sketches About Famous Banks and their Bankers.

Record-Union.

The notion that there is no romance in banking is dispelled by an article in the current number of *London Society*, which groupes some familiar and unfamiliar facts illustrating the poetic side of an ordinarily prosaic business. We present for *Record-Union* readers a number of extracts:

At the latter end of the year 1825, and during the panic, a clerk was dispatched from a house in Lombard street with £10,000 in notes, for the relief of a country banker in Norfolk. The clerk traveled by the mail coach with the notes done up in a blue bag. On leaving London he was pleased to find himself alone in the coach with such a valuable parcel. At Stratford two men muffled in great coats got in, and immediately began making remarks aloud, and whispering to each other about the parcel. The clerk, who was beginning to get very nervous, began to whistle, and pretended to be very merry." "You seem very merry," said one of the men; "but surely you can put your parcel on the seat. It must be very valuable, or you would not hug it in the way you do." On his refusal to do this their manner instantly changed, and the clerk began to think they knew the contents of the parcel he was carrying, and meant to murder him and run off with it. He was confirmed in his suspicion when he heard one of them say, "Not yet; wait till we get out of Baintree." On arriving at that place he got out of the coach, for he felt that he could go no further in such company, and insisted upon being shown to the house of the banker, who was in bed. Directly he saw him he threw the parcel at his feet, exclaiming, "Thank God it is safe!" and immediately fainted. It was afterward ascertained that the men, who were unknown in that part of the country, got out of the coach about three miles from Baintree, not stopping at a village or even a house. On alighting they swore dreadfully at the guard, and walked away. It was then about 1 o'clock in the morning.

The well known story of "The Box of Spanish Juice" may also be given: A Liverpool banker who was in the habit of collecting defaced notes, used to send them up to London every fortnight in a box. He usually collected about £1000 a week, so that the box generally contained about £2000. The method of sending the notes to town was adopted to save postage; also, to deceive any thieves who might be on the lookout for plunder, the banker wrote on it in legible letters, "Spanish Juice." It was always directed to a chemist in Plough Court, Lombard street, who regularly, every morning after its arrival, handed it over to the banker's clerk, who invariably called for it. But one Monday morning it arrived the same as usual, to all appearances, but, on being opened, was found to contain nothing but shavings. At some stage on its journey the box must have been opened and the notes extracted. On inquiry it was found that the box arrived safely at the inn, and was placed with other packages, which had come by the same conveyance, in a room ostensibly guarded by a watchman. It is supposed that, during the absence of this functionary, the thief or thieves committed the robbery. This was afterward found to be true, although it was stated that the watchman had connived at it.

The firm of Jones, Loyd & Co. has a very romantic history. This bank is now amalgamated with the London and Westminster. It may be said to have commenced in a love affair between a young Dissenting minister of Manchester and the daughter of a leading member of his congregation. James Loyd preached so eloquently in his Welsh chapel that Mary Jones fell in love with him. Her father was a great man at the Welsh chapel, being both banker and manufacturer. On one occasion he, or some other merchant, was so pleased with the young preacher, that he presented him with a £5 note; and the minister, in thanking him, said he would be happy to pray for him on the same terms every Sunday morning. The young people, fearing that the father's consent could not be secured, were secretly married. The father-in-law was reconciled to them; but he thought that he could do a better thing for his new son-in-law than let him continue in the preaching business. Nonconformist ministers have a great advantage over the Anglican clergy, in that they may go into trade or business, or sit in parliament if elected. Mr. Loyd became his father-in-law's partner, and went to London to learn a metropolitan branch of the business. He proved to be the very man for the banker—eminently sagacious, clear-headed and honorable. The Manchester firm regularly drew on the London firm; and for some years "Jones upon Jones" was a well-known commercial phrase. For many years he was the head of the business, which was transferred in 1864 to the most wealthy bank in the country, the London and Westminster, that led the way in those joint-stock enterprises which Sir Robert Peel declared formed one of the greatest discoveries of modern times. In 1844 Lewis Loyd had purchased the Overstone park, four miles east of Northampton—a thousand or fifteen hundred acres—where he resided until 1858. He bequeathed three millions of money, the result of banking and of successful speculations in government stocks. He left an only son, Samuel Jones Loyd, who was, two years afterward, made Lord Overstone. This nobleman is the greatest living authority upon the subject of banking. An interesting letter from the present Lord Overstone, written soon after his accession to the business, has found its way into print. He gave the clerks in his establishment a present of a thousand pounds. Very often the faithful servants of a bank have a kind of feudal loyalty to their chief. The bankers, indeed, have done good service in discrediting the miserable idea of their clerks being so many "hands." They have shown examples of that kind of co-operation, where the chiefs and dependents work harmoniously together, often meeting in neighborly fashion at the great man's house; and the instances are not rare in which the faithful servant, who recalls Eliezer of Damascus, has been admitted as partner into some share of the business which has largely prospered under his care.

The house of Coutts & Co. has a very interesting history. A very great banking heiress is the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, whose recent marriage with Mr. Ashmead Coutts-Bartlett excited so much attention. The kindly and popular baroness is—or was until recently—the head of the great banking firm of Coutts & Co., and was popularly supposed to draw a hundred thousand a year from the business. Mr. Coutts married for his second wife Miss Mellon, the actress, to whom he left his entire fortune—about a million of money. Mrs. Coutts left a widow, married the Duke of St. Albans; but, in her marriage settlement, this vast fortune was left entirely in her own power. She thought that she would best carry out the wishes of her husband, who had made the money, by bequeathing it to his favorite granddaughter, Miss Angela Burdett, daughter of the famous Sir Francis. An infinite amount of this money has wandered in well-directed, to the poor." Child's bank was once represented by a lady who became Countess of Westmoreland, and afterwards by her daughter, who became Countess of Jersey. On certain state occasions Lady Jersey dined with the bank officials, and took the head of the table. Old Coutts heard one day at a dinner party, from the manager of a city bank, that a nobleman had applied to his house for the loan of thirty thousand pounds, and had been refused. At 10 o'clock at night he started for the peer's house, and saw his steward. He explained his business, and said that if the nobleman would call upon him the next morning he might have whatever he wanted. On the next morning, when the noble lord called at the bank, Mr. Coutts handed him thirty notes of a thousand pounds each. "What security do you want?" asked the peer. "I shall be satisfied with your note-of-hand," was the reply. This was given, and the nobleman said: "I shall only want for the present ten thousand pounds of the money; so I will leave twenty thousand pounds with you, and open an account." Some time afterward the nobleman sold an estate for two hundred thousand pounds, which he deposited with Coutts. Nor was this all. He told the anecdote to his friends, and also to George III. The king was so impressed with the story that he himself deposited a large sum with Mr. Coutts! The king withdrew his patronage, however when Coutts supported Sir Francis Burdett in his contest for Middlesex with immense sums, and transferred his account to another banker, who failed, and we cannot help thinking that in this instance his majesty was served quite right.

The history of panics would be a very curious one, and not reflect much credit on panic-stricken communities. Sometimes bankers themselves have closed their doors in a fit of panic. Thus we read: "The complexion of the larger accounts, three or four of which were a great deal overdrawn, so alarmed Mr. Crewdson that he insisted on winding up. Nothing availed, and he closed the doors. There was no failure for stoppage, no rumor of anything wrong; the business was simply discontinued; every demand was met; every account discharged in full." Another remarkable incident of a similar kind was when the Consolidated bank stopped in May, 1866. The *Times* said it was "one of the most extraordinary errors ever committed by men of business entrusted with the property of others." After six weeks' suspension the bank was reopened, every demand being met, with interest. One bank was lost in a very curious way. Two of the directors went up to the bank of England, and took with them £100,000 in securities in a carpet-bag. In some extraordinary way the valuable bag was lost. It was recovered, indeed, with the precious contents untouched; but in the meantime an irreparable mischief had been done. It is said that when there was a run upon the bank of England in 1765 the device was resorted to of paying the country people in shillings and sixpences. One acute Manchester firm painted all their premises profusely, and many dapper gentlemen were deterred from approaching the counter. A story is told of Cunliffe Brook's bank. When there was an impetuous and unreasoning rush for gold, Mr. Brook obtained a number of sacks of meal, opened them at the top, put a good thick layer of coin upon the contents then placed them untied where the glittering coin would be manifest to all observers. One bank procured a number of people as confederates to whom they paid gold; then slipped around again to the back door and refunded it, and thus the effect of a stage army was produced. At another bank the chief cashier himself examined every note with the most searching scrutiny, holding it up to the light, testing the signature, and making believe that on account of alarm as to forgery, there was need of the most scrupulous care. When he had completed his pretended examination, he handed the note to one of his subordinates very deliberately, with, in slow and measured terms, "you may pay it." Other plans were to pay the money very languidly, counting it twice over, so as to be sure the sum was right, and to give a sovereign short, so that the customer would complain, and the counting would have to be done over again. At one of the banks peck measures inverted were placed in the windows facing the street, a pile of gold upon the top, after the manner of the fruit exposed to sale at street corners in the summer. At another the coin was heated in shovels over the fire in the parlor behind, and handed out as "new" at a temperature of 300° fahr. The clerk in charge, accommodating his phraseology to the occasion cried out loudly every half-hour: "Now, Jim, do be gettin' on with them sovereigns; folks is waitin for their money." "Coming, sir, coming," was the ready reply; and the "folks" thought the power of production boundless. It is always the simple minded and the uninformed who constitute on such occasions the chief portion of the throng, just as people who go to extremes are the half-educated ones. The crowd were easily persuaded—the proof that all was right was burning their fingers.

The account of the fortunes of the Barclays' bank is very interesting. They are descended from the famous and intrepid Quaker, whose apology for his order is one of the most celebrated of our severer classes. David Barclay, a linen-draper in Cheapside, established his brother Robert as a banker in Lombard street. That house in Cheapside was a famous one in its day; it was the house from the windows of which members of the royal family used to watch the procession on lord mayor's day. This was the case with no fewer than six reigning sovereigns, from Charles II. to George III. The son of the famous Quaker had received the first three Georges. There is a very pretty letter in existence from a daughter of David Barclay, describing the reception of the royal family in the counting-house, which had been turned into a parlor. Another version of the Barclay connection with royalty is that the king went in state to the city on a lord mayor's day, and one of the horses of the royal carriage became quite unmanageable in Cheapside, opposite the shop of Barclay, the linen-draper. The worthy Quaker perceiving this, descended into the street, and said, "Wilt thou alight, George and thy wife Charlotte, and come into my house and view the mayor's show?" When the king left his house he said, "David, let me see thee at St. James' next Wednesday, and bring thy son Robert with thee." When David Barclay and his son Robert approached the royal presence, the king descended from his throne and gave his Quaker friend a hearty shake of the hand. The king asked David what he intended to do with his son, and said, "Let him come to me and I will provide him with honorable and profitable employment." "I fear the air of the court of your majesty would not agree with my son." "Well, David, well, you know best: but you must not omit to let me see you occasionally at St. James'." The banking proved as honorable and profitable as any employment which the king could have given. It may be said that the Quakers seem a people of peculiar aptitude for banking. They support each other, and also win much public support.

THE FIGHTING EDITOR.

Recent Death of a Highly Important Functionary of a Paris Paper.

London Daily News.

There has recently died in Paris a man named Antoine Thomassin, who, for many years, filled responsible situations as manager to liberal newspapers and in that capacity spent no small portion of his time in prison. Yet he was not, strictly speaking a martyr, and had no claim to compensation from his party when it came to power; this he knew, and he never asked for compensation. He was quite content with the honorable competency he had amassed by going to jail and fighting duels; for he belonged to that band of broad-shouldered, thick-mustached, hard-gritted men whom the curious press laws of the second emperor had called into being as *gerants responsables* of different journals. His name used to be printed every day at the foot of the newspaper which he served, and he was supposed to have exercised a supervision over every line which it contained. He also signed occasional articles to which it was destined to give special prominence, as embodying the opinions, not of the writer only, but of the whole editorial staff.

By virtue of a law passed in 1851 by two rather obscure deputies, MM. Tingy and Labouhle, all articles published in political newspapers had to bear signatures, and the effect of this law, intended to make journalists cautious, was simply to oblige men like Antoine Thomassin to commit a great deal of quite unblushing perjury. Thomassin could neither read nor write. He had been twenty years in the army, and had retired as a sergeant-major of dragoons. His utter deficiency in all clerkly knowledge was held to be one of his best qualifications for the military posts which he filled, as editors had learned by experience that it was troublesome to have a *gerant* blessed with enough education to acquire an interest in the writings of the paper which he represented. Such *gerants* were apt to take their functions *au serieux*, and to offer advice more thoughtful than welcome. Thomassin was above this foible. He had been taught with infinite pains to scrawl his name in a large splay hand, and that was all he knew or wished to know about "the letters Cadmus gave." Nevertheless, when prosecutions were instituted against his employers, when the *huissier* of the correctional court used to come to the newspaper office with the stamped paper conveying an invitation to the responsible manager to present himself before the public prosecutor, Thomassin would put on his best frock coat, which he buttoned up to the chin, and bravely set off to the palace of justice. He was a familiar figure there, and the procureurs, judges and advocates used all to grin when they saw him.

The press laws had become a farce long before they had ceased to be applied, and he must have been a wooden-faced judge, indeed, who could have preserved his gravity when Thomassin stood up in court to say: "*C'est moi qui a ecrit cet article.*" His own demeanor, while undergoing judgment, was always perfect. He stood with head erect and eyes front as if he were waiting to be shot by sentence of court-martial. Sometimes the judges would roast him a little by asking him whether he had well weighed the serious import of the theories which he had emitted on politics; but Thomassin was always equal to such emergencies, and used to answer by solemn nods. There was no getting anything out of him except plain statements as to his name, age and profession. When he had cried, with respectful distinctness, "I am a journalist," he spoke no more, but took refuge in wags of the head. It was fine to see him bow and retire when he had got his sentence of three months imprisonment. If the people at the back of the court asked him, "How much and for what?" as he went by, he replied: "Three months for writing disrespectfully of the senate," and strode back to his office, looking calmly contented with what had happened.

LOST, A BRIDEGROOM.

The Alleged Spiriting Away of a Young Man to Prevent his Marriage.

N. Y. Herald.

The details of a rather peculiar social sensation transpired yesterday at Paterson, N. J. John J. McKenna is a young man who has been employed by his father as a painter. He is hardly twenty years of age, but, despite his parents' objections, fell in love with Miss Jennie Hunton, a young woman employed in one of the silk mills. Jennie's mother had married again on the death of her first husband. As McKenna was a Catholic and Miss Hunton a Protestant, the latter's friends therefore objected; but John had her instructed in the tenets of his religion and formally baptized and received into the Catholic church. Thursday evening of this week was fixed as the time when the marriage ceremony was to be performed. Cards of invitation were issued, and, according to the rites of the Catholic church, the names of the young people read out in the church. On Tuesday evening John called to see his intended bride, and promised to return the following evening, when the final arrangements for the wedding were to be made. In the meantime, some persons who, it is alleged by the bride, were evil disposed, began to oppose the match on the ground that Mr. McKenna ought to have married into a Catholic family, and that Jennie's Catholicity would not last long after her wedding day. The young man, however, had not paid the least attention to these persons, and had faithfully promised that nothing but death would separate him from Jennie. But Wednesday evening came and John did not put in an appearance. On Thursday evening there was a large number of people at the residence of the lonesome bride elect, and the wedding feast was ready. The clergyman was waiting in the church, situated in another part of the city, and in the church were about a hundred of the friends of Miss Jennie and John, who were anxious to congratulate the couple, but all these preparations were in vain.

Mr. and Mrs. McKenna yesterday declared that they knew nothing whatever about the matter. Mrs. McKenna had been informed on Wednesday that her son had been called out in church, and that was the first intelligence she received of the coming festivity. When John came home both she and her husband upbraided him for making a marriage engagement without consulting them. John defended himself as well as he could and then left the house. Since that time he has not been heard of, and his parents profess not to have any idea of his whereabouts. Mr. McKenna said that it was his opinion that the young couple had been married in some other church, and that the publishing of the bans and announcing that the marriage was to take place in St. Joseph's church, was only a ruse to keep them from their track. Miss Jennie denies that she saw John after Tuesday evening of this week. She declares that on Sunday last Miss McKenna, a sister of John, spent the afternoon with her, and that the McKennas were well aware that the wedding was to come off. Jennie and her mother are willing to drop the matter, on account of the unenviable notoriety caused by the developments being made public, but her other relatives insist on beginning a suit for damages against Mrs. McKenna and a priest who is said to have opposed the marriage.

A MASCULINE FEMALE.

Arrest of a Girl who has Worked as a Man for Months.

For a month past detective Adams, of the Fourteenth precinct, has been watching the movements of a dapper-looking individual whose actions he thought hardly coincided with appearances. He was surprised the other day to observe that this fashionably-dressed young man had his ears pierced, and had evidently at one time worn earrings for several years. Yesterday he took him before justice Smith in the Tombs. The prisoner confessed that she was a woman and that her name was Frank De Nice, twenty-five years old and that she resided on the Bowery. She had on a complete suit of male attire, including a stylish ulster and a Derby hat.

Before arraigning his prisoner in the court detective Adams searched her apartment and found a number of letters from young ladies in different parts of the country, some of the most affectionate character, and apparently written under the impression that they were addressed to a young man. This correspondence also revealed the fact that the prisoner's real name is Jennie F. Westbrook, alias Sinclair, and that she formerly resided in Brooklyn. The detective learned that she had been apparently so successful in concealing her sex as to impose upon several business men in this city, and had obtained employment from them. For some time she worked as a waiter in Thompson's restaurant, in Essex Market, and as a clerk in Ridley's store on Grand street. When arrested she was in the employ of Mr. Sidney Mounter, the hassock manufacturer, of White street, as a confidential clerk and collector. She was in the habit of mixing freely with men, and would spend an evening in a saloon with them, drinking and smoking with as much freedom as though she were "one of the boys." It is said that a few days ago she visited a saloon with Mr. Mounter, where she drank as much beer, smoked as many cigars and talked about the Ryan-Sullivan prize-fight with as much freedom as her companions.

At Thompson's restaurant, in Essex market, last evening, the man in charge said to a *World* reporter: "Yes, I knew her. She worked here about four months in all. She left shortly before the holidays. I suppose I was mostly the cause of her going away. She used to put on so many airs that I could not stand it. One morning we had a pretty hot fight. I went for her lively and told her if she did not get out I would 'fire' her out, and so she left. I had my suspicions from the first that she was a woman, but that morning, in my anger, I forgot all about that. Since she left here I have seen her pass along Grand street in female attire, so of course I knew well enough that my suspicions as to her sex were well founded. Whether she succeeded in deceiving Mr. Thompson or not I do not know. I never heard him say. I never saw anything out of the way in her conduct. She was in the habit of associating with the boys, and when out would act pretty much as any other boy would—drink a glass of beer or smoke a cigar. I understand she has friends in the city who are going to interest themselves in her behalf and try and get her out of her present troubles. When she worked here she received $3 50 per week, and lived somewhere in East Broadway. Part of the time she used to appear in the street in female attire."

When arraigned for trial yesterday the young woman said, in explanation of her conduct, that her only reason for appearing in male attire was that she could get better employment and more wages than if she applied in her proper clothing. Justice Smith committed her to the island, in default of bail, for six months.

Losing Faith in God.

For some months past the priests of the church have been levying extra assessments in the southern part of the territory, to raise the sinews of war for the present fight in congress against polygamy. In districts the appeal is openly made that the money is to help send Cannon, but among those who do not swear by Cannon it is reported that the money is to go toward building the temple at Manti. A few days ago an old San Pete man was tackled for some extra tithes.

"What for?" said he.

"We will want to make a fight in Washington for Cannon and beat that d—d anti-polygamy bill."

"Well," quoth the old farmer, "I'm a little sick of turning over all I've got to the church. I'm nearly to bed-rock now."

"But," said the collector, "it is absolutely necessary for us to have money to carry on the fight. Congressmen must be approached, you know, and Mormon money is a big lever in Washington."

"Didn't George Q. say last conference that the Lord would pull us through."

"Yes, indeed, and he will."

"Then if the Lord is handling George Q.'s case what in thunder do we want of a sack in Washington?"

The high council cuts this man off close to the roots at the next meeting.

THE ESCAPED EDITOR.

J. B. Donovan, the Napa Asylum Journalist Turns up at Stockton.

Stockton Herald.

Late Saturday night a man, scantily clad and shivering with the cold, made his way to the police office and asked officers Collins and Crandall to care for him. He wanted a place to sleep in. He was taken to jail and there he admitted that he was an escape from the Napa Asylum. He registered his name as John B. Donovan. In his conversation with the officers he showed himself to be a very intelligent man and he frequently told how ashamed he was at being in the condition in which he was found. The keys belonging to the secretary of the Napa asylum were in his possession, and he stated that he had acted in the capacity of assistant secretary, or clerk. It was learned that he was an editor of the *Asylum Appeal*, a spicy weekly paper published at the institution for the insane. Under the caption of "explanatory," in its editorial columns, on the 11th instant, the *Appeal* said:

The patrons of the *Appeal* must grant us its indulgence. The former editor has retired from his labors for a time, and is seeking health and recreation in wandering over the rocky hills and grassy slopes. It is hoped that he will soon return to his labor of love and once more assume control of that which he created. During his absence the "devil" finds himself at a single leap promoted to the editorial chair.

This morning Donovan was accorded permission to sit in the jailer's office, a *Herald* reporter found him there chatting pleasantly with Jailer Fields. He is a man of about thirty years of age and of sandy complexion. There is nothing in his appearance that would stamp him as a lunatic. His manner of conversation is pleasing, and he confines himself strictly to the subject in hand. He said that he was the editor of the *Appeal* and was clerk at the asylum. In 1879 he was committed from Oakland, and in 1880 he made his escape and was at liberty for three months. On the first of February of this year he obtained some liquor which at once had the effect of making him as crazy as a bed-bug, and it was then that he made his escape and took to the mountains. His sufferings for a week or more were terrible. While in the mountains it snowed and a cold northeast wind was blowing a gale. He had no hat and his clothing was thin. When night came he made his bed under a stump with the snow five or six inches deep all around him. He did not know where he was. During the night he slept but little, and when the morning came he was unable to get up. His limbs were almost frozen, and he remained in that state until near the middle of the day, when the sun's rays thawed him out. For five days, he said, he was wandering in the mountains, without food or shelter, and finally came to a cabin, where he was nursed until he had recovered sufficiently to start out anew. He had not given his true name from the time he made his escape until Saturday night, when he surrendered himself to the police. He walked from Sacramento to this city on Friday, and on the following day made arrangements with a farmer on Roberts' Island to work for him as cook intending to take the situation to-day.

Donovan was questioned about the *Appeal*, and he remarked that he was afraid that by his bad break the paper would go under. A copy dated the 11th instant was shown him, and he was very much surprised to see it. When he "skipped," but one side of the paper had been worked off, and the manuscript for the second and third pages was locked up in his private desk. He read it carefully, and recognized some of his own writings, said that the boys in charge must have broken open the desk to secure it, for the key was in his pocket. Donovan was the editor, and the secretary of the asylum, a man named Stevens, is the business manager. When the paper was first started type was not used. Donovan struck off the copies with pen and ink and distributed them gratuitously. Subsequently a small quantity of type and a hand-press were purchased and Donovan taught two patients the boxes in the cases, and they assisted him in getting out his paper. He is ashamed to return to Napa, but says if he has to he will renew his work on the *Appeal* as editor-in-chief.

BROCTON COLONY.

An Utopian Scheme in which an Englishman Figures.

New York Times.

Just about the period of the Rugby collapse another Quixotic undertaking came to an end at Brocton, in the northern part of this state. The founder was a person, still living, named Harris, but the whole scheme would probably have remained until this hour obscure had it not arrested the attention and sympathy of a conspicuous Englishman. At the time when Lord and Lady Palmerston were at the late zenit of their career, and Piccadilly was thronged on Saturday nights with the carriages of the guests fortunate enough to be bidden to the plus ultra of political parties, Mr. Laurence Oliphant, member of parliament, a most accomplished gentleman and distinguished traveler, of ancient Scottish family, was a prominent personage in the inner circle of Cambridge House, and well known to be the main inspirer of the *Owl*—the forerunner of the modern society journals—which appeared every Saturday in the session and was conspicuous for its early and accurate political and social information. By some chance Mr. Oliphant, just at a period when he was getting exceedingly wearied and disgusted with the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and was particularly attuned to turn toward fresh fields, fell in with Mr. Harris and became impressed with his preaching. The result was that he ultimately joined the settlement at Brocton with his wife—whom he had married subsequent to his change of views—and venerable mother, and exchanged the thick of politics and fashion in London for grape-culture and a life of the severest simplicity in a remote and rural district of the United States. As the time went on he found that it was more to the interest of the community, who shared their funds in common, that he should fill lucrative positions away from it, and, consequently, he was for some time connected with a great commercial undertaking in this city and acting for the London *Times* in Paris. A few months ago his mother died and his wife's health became delicate. Added to this, differences of opinion are understood to have arisen between him and the chief of the association. The result has been that it has come to an end, and its lands are offered for sale. The numerous friends of Mr. Oliphant on both sides of the Atlantic will see with satisfaction the return of a very able and honorable man to the lines of life in which he has earned distinction. It is hardly necessary to add that Mr. Oliphant has always been accredited with the authorship of the clever satire, "Irene Macgillicuddy," which attained such popularity a few years ago. His work, "The Russian Shores of the Black Sea," is almost a text-book, and his acquaintance with that part of Europe such, that his information was sought at a council of war held in London prior to the Crimean war.

Ex-President Hayes has in the parlor of his brick house at Fremont, O., one painting, a chromo, indicative of his presidential career. His time at home is spent in raking off the leaves from the grass (for which occasion he puts on a pair of brown overalls), or in talking politics down in the village shoestore, where he sits near the fire or in reading the scrap-books which contain comments on his administration. He thinks that anybody who speaks disrespectfully of his domestic administration of the United States government is "real mean."

The following is a copy of a postal card written to Lotta by one of Atlanta's school girls: "Beautiful Lotta—Do pray, please mam, give a matinee and play 'Bob' in Atlanta. So many of us girls want dreadfully to see you, but can't get 50c at a time in pin money. If you give a matinee, a 5-cent one, I just declare you would have the biggest house on record. Now, won't you, splendid, glorious, jolly, rollicking, smashing, darling, bewitching Lotta? Then you have the blessing of a thousand school girls who have not any beaux to foot the bill at the opera house."

When Farmer Rudge read that a bull painted by Rosa Bonheur sold for $5000, he remarked to his wife that he didn't see how a coat of paint could so greatly enhance the value of the animal, but if Rosa wouldn't charge more than ten dollars he would get her to paint his bull in the spring. And his economical wife replied that he might paint it himself and save the ten dollars. The indications are now that the bull will be painted.

PERSONALITI

Something on the Men and
Hour.

THEIR QUIRKS AND QUA

The Oddities and Eccentricities of
Whose Names are Linked with
teenth Century.

Delegate Cannon mourns the
beloved wife. He is now a
ower.

Judge Cox is now trying smaller
that of Guiteau, and he is much
he was.

William H. Vanderbilt is negoti
at Newport, upon which he propos
residence of great magnificence.

Cincinnati is going heart
æsthetics. Oscar Wilde has just
an honorary member of the hog
—*Philadelphia News.*

Deacon Richard Smith publish
torial urging that to bet on a prize
surd and foolish. Can't be that
had money bet on Ryan?

Dancing-men have become so
land that the *Saturday Review*
length the best means of utili
stock which is still available.

The tall son of President Ar
been visiting at Washington,
fond of dancing as was Nellie
was a belle of the white house.

The Emperor William has bee
vested with the Turkish order of
Nutiaz. He is the only foreign
whom this amazing honor has

Minister Morton sends $1000
Garfield Memorial hospital,
Augusta of Germany contribute
suggests that outsiders seem
interest in the project than
country.

The Rev. F. L. Dupont of At
undertaken suicide within a week
will yet kill himself, so that his
insurance on his life. Egad, girls
all get such husbands as that,
just like it?

"Get out, you miserable pau
verse! Go crawl into some rat
ing nothingness," said Mr. Talma
day sermon, alluding to Col.
What an editor for a Washington
mage would make!

Prince Oviz Mirza, a youthful
Shah of Persia, was recently init
mysteries of freemasonry at the
Lodge in Berlin. Until within
was not permitted in Prussia
non-Christians into the order.

A house built by Daniel Symm
John Cleve Symmes, the founder
has just been demolished. It
landmark in the city proper.
Payne, the author of "Home,
was a frequent guest within its

Sir Henry Parks, Premier of
Wales, is in this city. He will
ton with the object of opening
modification or repeal of the duty
tralian wool. Afterwards he w
land in the interest of colonial

Senator Hale says he does not
Hamlin will keep his Spanish
than a year or so, "for there is
the sun that could keep him
United States for four years,"
accepted the mission because
been abroad and wished to go.

Some time ago, when an art
about to be opened in Glasgow
was applied to for some of his
replied that he would only be
his pictures when Glasgow was
tion to enjoy them, and that
til it had pulled down every
houses.

Victor Hugo's modesty is so
not well pleased, it is said, wh
the Avenue d'Eylau—that a
been cut in two that the portion
house stands may bear his na
he has to give his address to a
the new street "the prolongatio
d'Eylau."

Daniel Webster's hatred of
when he once went to Spri
speak in the height of a total
ment, and being invited to
water" before going on the p
after the first swallow, and, loo
mittmen squarely in the face, said
stuff! Where can I get a barrel of

Mr. Sergeant Ballantine, the
English lawyer, has written a vol
sonal memoirs, which will be iss
and will undoubtedly be the sens
the season in London. He w
mixed up in a variety of romant
had opportunities of peeps into
life of aristocratic personages wh
rival.

Mr. Talbot of Margam Abbey
ant. of Glamorganshire, and
House of Commons, says that
years he has never raised a tenan
rental is nearly $250,000 a year
said to attend abbey lands goes
father inherited through an
himself lost his only son, who
thirty, unmarried.

The late A. H. Bullock,
Massachusetts, was a finished an
tor. He had an impressive pre
whose features were strong and
gestures were graceful, his man
and thought and cultivation,
parent in his discourse. There
Mr. Hayes once wished to make
minister to England.

Lord and Lady Dufferin fill
at Constantinople with private
poetical tableaux. Their
daughter, Lady Helen Black
brother Terence lately appea
copy of the well-known picture
representing a charming p
When the curtain was lifted
softly sang Gounod's *Print*

Mr. George M. Pullman, the
and main man in the Pullman
Company, is about forty-seven y
is said to have accumulated a fo
fifteen to twenty millions of
that organization. A few years
about three thousand acres of
teen miles from Chicago, at a
one million of dollars, and th
to build a city bearing his
erected vast shops for making
ploys from five to six thou
wood, iron, glass, painters, a
The city is laid out, graded,
the most perfect manner,
buildings, churches, free-school
one hundred-thousand-dollar h
els. A prominent feature is th
tasteful style of dwelling bui
men. Mr. Pullman has a r
in Chicago, and fine summer
Branch and on the St. Lawren

A Rome correspondent, who
Emile Ollivier, the former pr
III, at an entertainment in
"Ollivier has still the sharp
manhood, dark in color and
and expression. His hair and
are white; but the face is full of
ity and interest. Speaking of the
rope, he expressed his opinions
will be no violent political catas
in Italy nor in France. The Fre
will endure for a long while. I
may be in time, and it is most p
public, but the change will be wit
This is not a period of violence
There are two great elements wa
political catastrophes—strong me
armies. There are cunning
mats, but no energetic sovereign
ambitions. Europe is in a sta
mediocrity. Each government
and the people wish tranquility.
go on as they are now in Rome for

A survivor of Louis Napoleon's
of 1851 is dead in Paris—Monsieur
name. In that year he was in th
the French Northern railway, and
other anti-Bonapartists of the qua
Chapelle, had set up and defended a
near the La Chapelle barrier. He
prisoner with his companions, an
then placed against a wall, and fired
the troops, all save Habrault being
he was severely wounded. Having
thought to remain motionless as
dead, he managed afterward to make
to a druggist's shop near by, where his
were dressed. The Bonapartists
he had escaped, and arrested him, tho
did not fire upon him the second tim
content to lodge him in a hospital.
recovered he was locked up at Fort
then at Fort d'Ivry, and finally was
Africa for a year. At the time of his
had acquired in a peaceful occupation
tency for himself and his family.

ERSONALITIES.

on the Men and Manners of the Hour.

UIRKS AND QUAINTNESS

and Eccentricities of the ...ners are Linked with the Nineteenth Century

annon mourns the l ss f Ildes... He is now a one fourth...

is now trying smaller cases... au and he is much happier...

Vanderbilt is negotiating for... upon which he proposes to build... great magnificence

is going heart and soul... scar Wilde has just been elected member of the hog scraping... *ua News*

hard Smith publishes a long... that to bet on a prize fight... ish Can t he that the good deacon... et on Ryan?

en have become so s arce in... *Saturday Review* discusses... st means of utilizing the... is still available

n of President Arthur who... at Washington is said to be... ng as was Nellie Grant when... the white house

or William has been formally... he Turkish order of the... s the only foreign sovereign... azing honor has been conferred...

orton sends $1000 from Paris... morial hospital and Emp... ormany contributes $600... outsiders seem to take more... e project than people...

L Dupont of Atlanta has... icide within a week and says... mself, so that his wife can get... his life Egad girls if you... husbands as that wouldn't...

ou miserable pauper of the... awl into some rat hole of ever... es," said Mr Talmage in his... lluding to Col Bob Ingersoll... r for a Washington paper... make!

Mirza, a youthful relative of... ia, was recently initiated into... reemasonry at the National G... m. Until within a few years... nitted in Prussia to receive... s into the order

ilt by Daniel Symmes brother... ymmes, the founder of Cincinnati... demolished It was the oldest... the city proper John Howard... thor of "Home, Sweet Home"... t guest within its walls

Parks, Premier of New South... his city. He will visit Washington... bject of opening the way to... r repeal of the duties upon... Afterwards he will go to... terest of colonial emigration... le says he does not think that... keep his Spanish mission long... so, "for there is nothing... ould keep him away from... for four years " Mr Hale... mission because he had no... nd wished to go

ago, when an art exhibition... opened in Glasgow Mr Ruskin... o for some of his pictures... e would only be willing to... when Glasgow was in a fit con... them, and that would not be... ed down every one of its hideous...

o's modesty is so great that... d, it is said, with the change... 'Eylau—that avenue which... o that the portion in which... may bear his name When... his address to a cabman he... "the prolongation of the avenue...

ter's hatred of shams was the... went to Springfield, Mass... eight of a total abstinence m... ing invited to take a glass... going on the platform... swallow, and, looking the... rely in the face, said "It's... can I get a barrel of it?"

nty Ballantine, the celebrated... r, has written a volume of... s, which will be issued shortly... ubtedly be the sensation book... London. He was not... variety of romantic cases... ities of peeps into the interior... atic personages which few...

of Margam Abbey, lord lieutenant... organshire, and father of... mmons, says that in fifty... ever raised a tenant's rent... y $250,000 a year The ... abbey lands goes with his... ted through an heiress, and... is only son, who died when... ried.

H. Bullock, ex governor... was a finished and refined... n impressive presence and... were strong and finely cut, he... graceful, his manner was earnest... nd cultivation were always... discourse. There is a report... e wished to make Mr Bullock... ngland.

ady Dufferin fill up their... ople with private theatricals... leaux. Their pretty... ly Helen Blackwood and... ce lately appeared in a... ell-known picture of Spring... a charming pair in a... ain was lifted a hidden... unnod's *Printemps*

M. Pullman the originator... in the Pullman Palace Car... bout forty-seven years of age... accumulated a fortune of five... y millions of dollars... ion. A few years ago he bought... ousand acres of land some... n Chicago at a cost of... dollars, and there commenced... bearing his name He... ops for making cars and... to six thousand workers... s, painters, upholsterers... out, graded sewered etc... fect manner, and the public... rches, free school houses and... ousand dollar hotel, are... entifeature is the admirable... f dwelling built for the... lman has a palatial residence... fine summer places at... the St L wrence

respondent who recently... the former premier of Napoleon... ntainment in that city... l the sharp keen eye of... in col r ... His ... side whiskers... the face is full of youthful... Speaking ... sed his ... nt political ... France ... a long ... and ... change ... eriod of ... n Europe... reat el ments ... ophus— ... are ... energetic sovereigns ... rope is in a state of political... ach government ... wish tranquility Affairs of... e now in Rome for many...

Louis Napoleon's coup d'... in Paris— Monsieur Habran... year he was in the employ... thern railway and along... partisans of the quarter of... set up and defended a barricade... apelle barrier He was made... his companions and all... inst a wall ... Habrault ... killed... wounded Having ... main motionless as if he... ed afterwards ... shop nearby where ... The Bonapartists ... and arrested him ... on him ... ve him in a ... as locked ... at Fort ... Ivry and ... r At the time ... a peaceful ... lf and his family

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING MARCH 12 1882

TO A DEBUTANTE

Thy little maid whose tender feet is pressing
The flowry meads first met in life's unrest
Think not that joy and hope and soft caressing
Must be thy lot forever and for aye—
The placid sky which erst a sweet smile bore
Is rent anon by elemental war

When troubles come be not afraid bear them
Thy tender strength cannot before them stand
Choose then a partner—thou and he shall share them
One who in love shall comfort and command
The graceful ivy clinging to the oak
Fears neither hail nor rain nor typhoon stroke

I would not wish thy lives to be all pleasure
Nor would I have them all of constant pain
Whatever comes be each to each a treasure
Then grief or joy will be a source of gain
The yellow ore nor glace nor beauty shows
Till beaten into strength by many blows

THE PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN.

Miss Golightly is an enigma to me—or rather is Miss Golightly a success I am always at a loss to decide if she is a phenomenon sui generis or the type of a class of women Perhaps the latter hypothesis is true Probably other women many of them possess the same traits that distinguish Miss Golightly only I happen not to have penetrated their affairs sufficiently to discover or discern the facts in the case.

To begin with the most apparent of her attributes Miss Golightly's *personnel* is good, is always striking in appearance distinguished looking and sometimes even handsome Yet she is really the reverse of beautiful. Her features are fairly regular, and she makes up well, but she has none of the vivid coloring, none of the charm of expression that beauty claims She has a fine strain of taste, however, and the French knack of making her surroundings *bien mises* She is thought prodigally extravagant in her expenditure for dress, but I chance to know that she devotes to her wardrobe far less than two hundred a year Adaptability and a nice discriminating sense of the eternal fitness of things replace coin of the realm, hence she is always well dressed *Bien gantee et bien chaussee* ever—she will cheerfully and unmurmuringly wear the cheapest and plainest of gowns but her gloves must harmonize with it, and, rather than these might be ill-fitting, she would take the risk of freckling her slender white hands. Considerate of contours is this young woman "How are my outlines?" is a household word at her expense Tournure and coiffure must define, not distort, the shape of her All the disfiguring varieties of mode and garniture are dead-letter laws to her mind Nature is her one model, faithfully followed

Miss Golightly's house is a museum of marvel. Its arrangement implies ages of object live experience, the application of a whole system of decorative art, and the outlay of abundant shekels. Miss Golightly has credit for the consummation, save in the way of suggestion and supply, she has nothing to do with it She has a sister, or a cousin, or an aunt, one of the doubtful-degree relatives women manage to attach to themselves—who is a prodigy of instinctive skill, she would be a treasure to any high art upholstery firm This lady disposes the numerous articles of virtu and bric-a-brac that Miss Golightly has the faculty of collecting Their owner seldom produces an effect, but let one detail, inharmonious or unsymmetrical, present itself to her critical eye, and her expressive facial change marks the discovery. "Don't you like it? What is the matter? How should it be?" Miss Golightly's shrug, and her laconic "Somehow wrong" are sure to guide to order out of chaos.

Some people are born collectors, they seem by instinct to find treasures of rarity and beauty in what is rubbish to other eyes, albeit equally eager in the quest I have seen Miss Golightly on the shore, following in the wake of sea moss hunters, she unconcernedly turning over rejected masses of kelp, and finding wonderful assortments of the faery algæ, hidden from eyes less keen. Often enough I have wrinkled my nose in contempt of spoils that, in Miss Golightly's rooms, afterward challenged admiration and envy She never returns from outing, by flood or field, without some new trophy, be it but a humming-bird's nest on a twig, or the delicate drab wings of a slaughtered dove. She has another method of accumulating effects. Some people accept presents and some do not. Miss Golightly vigorously draws the line at jewelry She has quantities of knickknacks—books, plaques, bronzes, panels, fancy catalogues, what not—presented by individuals who appreciate her qualifications as an advertising medium.

"Here is the libretto of 'Desdichado,' " she will say, "It is the first copy received Hermann was so good as to send it to me, knowing how much I appreciate that sort of thing He is ordering a lot against the production of the piece." Or, "I must show you a charming little sketch from Apelles's studio—you know he and I are great friends. He's doing these little things this winter. You ought to secure one They'll be treasures when Apelles ranks as a leader in art."

Miss Golightly is utterly unaccomplished Her education is thorough, so far as practicality goes. She can plan an elevation with any architect, she can cook the most savory of plain meals, and can write, day in and day out, at rapid speed, the squarest and most masculine of "business hands." But, not undervaluing these abilities, she fain would retire them from duty when off active service, to parade the small show accomplishments of the average young lady. Without the aid of a lesson in perspective, Miss Golightly has practiced her pencil until she can turn off clever, sketchy little bits of landscape, and roughly outlined faces that somehow catch the chief characteristic of the original. The goddess of music flapped her wings, and flew far, far away when Miss Golightly's voice first stung the air, yet, with no better teacher than her own tact Miss Golightly has learned to sing, and in truth, to sing pleasingly. She affects two species of vocal gymnastics—songs that have in them the power of mighty passion letting her voice soar unchecked in rough volume Such she can sing, and their abandon thrills the dullest soul Then, too, she loves to croon over quaint old ballads, and sad refrains written in a minor key, knowing just what suggestions of pathos lie in the thrill born of her endeavor to hold her voice down to their compass She knows nothing of the theories of harmony but an attentive ear enables her to improvise accompaniments. This fact, an unerring critical acumen, and her possession of a banjo, a guitar and a violin, have won her the title "musical"

My subject is, I fear a sad heretic "Agnostic" is a term never heard from her lips but that word is the translation of her whole theological attitude She has all the gibberish of society at her tongue's end all the jargon of art and æsthetics at her command but not more thoroughly than the lip lore of Scripture and commentary The most orthodox of clergymen can take no umbrage at her views and theories—for she has both She will express her doubts and fears in trenchant terms clear concise and comprehensive listen to elucidation, defer no explanation pose with most original objection and finally retire from the contest in silence and with a sad ungrateful smile that announces total absence of conviction

No fear of forms troubles Miss Golightly She is absolutely at home in all the compounds of convention Her foot is on her native heath when it treads the manifold mazes of etiquette She can patter with equal facility on all subjects From the nice shades of meaning conveyed by the variable wording of a card to the subtly delicate dismissal of a suitor her manner is completely *comme il faut* She is authority on all doubtful subjects for a large and admiring coterie

With no more genius or poetry in her soul than has an oyster this young lady is a power at all the quasi intellectual games in which people tilt and tourney She has deliberately studied scanning and has a stock of rhymes She never misses or forgets *mot* or epigram that she may read or hear and she has an ingenious way of dovetailing these into a fair imitation of spontaneous wit Repartee and anecdote also become hers at second hand

Miss Golightly has many friends Regarding their acquisition she has a theory and I am sure this it is Whatever of gossip comes to her she sifts the ill she stores away in the recesses of her memory for her own use the good she repeats always giving her authority thus making two people pleased with each other and with her She keeps records of feuds and effects reconciliation when she can Miss Golightly ranks as good natured and charitable Uncongenial people she manages to keep apart if possible if not she acts as medium of color This is recognized as tact Miss Golightly never lies not even on principle she would not say her mother's soul at the price of a sacred falsehood She prizes ... extreme and ... of late honesty is the best policy She is severely virtuous and ... thy on the erring of her kind ... less skirts must brush no soiled garment Only once in her life Miss Golightly was known to faint when a warm hearted man quoted to her this quatrain

With live women and men to be found in the world
Live with ... with ... passion ...
Who would live with a doll ... should be hurled
And its petticoats triumph in the fashion

Miss Golightly appears serene, placid and untroubled She is six years my senior but her face is free from the lines of thought and care distinguishing mine She seems to be very happy Is she Does her system compensate for the passion and the pain that some have found so sweet Her way is ingenious but is it womanly Is it worthy Is it legitimate?

NEW MEXICO Feb 1882 YDA ADDIS

THE GLASGOW HERALD

Centenary Anniversary of a Great Scotch Newspaper

The Glasgow *Herald* celebrated its centenary by a great banquet in St Andrew's hall Glasgow on the 27th of January last The company was large and distinguished comprising many of the representative men of Scotland The banquet was presided over by J H Stoddart editor of the *Herald* who has been identified with its fortunes for many years having been the associate of the lamented James Pagan, whose business sagacity and energy in 1859 lifted the *Herald* into the front rank of British journalism It was then a tri weekly paper the cost being three pence (six cents) per copy The newspaper tax having been abolished in 1859 the *Herald* management was compelled to publish a daily sheet at one penny or succumb as many of the established provincial newspapers afterwards did to the enterprise of cheap newly founded rivals Having grown steadily in wealth and influence from its foundation in 1782 up to that date its proprietors took this step in the dark with much misgiving but with Alexander Morrison of the proprietary and James Pagan as editor in chief success was certain This change was the real foundation of the Glasgow *Herald* Until then it was provincial in tone and local in its influence, having in its worthy competitors in the Scottish burgh From that date it aspired to lead the Scottish press to mold the public thought of the kingdom and it succeeded in its ambition dividing only its honors with the Edinburgh *Scotsman* the old whig organ of North Britain, which guided by true business instinct under the editorial management of the late Alexander Russell, adapted itself to the new order of things

Never was the maxim that 'enterprise makes business" more thoroughly verified than in case of the Glasgow *Herald* Its circulation increased rapidly and with the increase came additional advertising necessitating enlargement and the purchase of costly machinery and equipments To show what this business increase meant it may be stated that the new advertisements in one day have numbered 2500 At that time the literary staff consisted of one editor, one sub-editor and one reporter occupying two little rooms The publishing office occupied one small apartment Now the literary and publishing departments take up 8000 square feet of floor room The Glasgow *Herald* before its daily issue was printed on a press driven by two men, perfecting 500 copies an hour, now its four presses are driven by four engines one of 100-horse power, perfecting and folding at the united rate of 100,000 copies per hour and the *Herald* from its tri-weekly issue, has developed into a morning and evening publication—*The Daily Herald and Evening Times*—besides publishing a weekly edition. The daily issues consist of eight large sized pages, closely printed and "solid" like all English papers, and are sold at two cents per copy

We mention these facts because they are of interest to many citizens of Scottish birth in California, and because they demonstrate the immense stimulus which the abolition of the "taxes on knowledge," as they were called had not only upon the newspaper press but upon all business interests and industries in Great Britain. The history of the Glasgow *Herald* is similar in this respect to that of the Manchester *Guardian* and the *Examiner*, and *Times*, the Leeds *Mercury*, Liverpool *Journal*, and other influential provincial newspapers published weekly up to the period in question Within the last forty years the British newspaper was taxed, first, a penny (two cents) stamp on each copy issued, second, three half pence (three cents) per pound paper duty, third, one shilling and sixpence (thirty-seven cents) for each advertisement. The remission of these taxes as was natural, led to remarkable business development outside newspapers, because men who had anything to sell, or who required anything were able to find constituents To this cause we doubt not, much of the industrial activity of Glasgow is to be attributed.

The general use of electricity in the purveying of news, which was contemporaneous with the repeal of the taxes on knowledge, revolutionized the British press, just as it has revolutionized the American press The Glasgow *Herald*, in common with all great English provincial papers maintains a large parliamentary and London staff, besides having correspondents who freely use the telegraph in all quarters of the globe The expense of such an establishment is enormous, and the business enterprise conducting it is undoubted The Glasgow *Herald* admittedly publishes fuller and more reliable parliamentary news than any London journal except the *Times*, and its correspondence is always accurate and pithy. It has a great career before it, if it adheres in the future to the policy of the past This policy is embodied in the proud boast of its editor at the centennial banquet "My lords and gentlemen, I think I can boast of the newspaper which I have the honor to represent here to-night, that during the one hundred years of its existence it never was at any time the tool of any party in the state, it never was kept, its advocacy was never bought, its opposition was never sold, its independence and its freedom were never corrupted "

Wanted to be a Cowboy.

A frail delicate looking youth arrived here from Chicago a few days ago and went to the Grand Central hotel Here he secured apartments for the night and having enjoyed a big dose of tired nature's sweet restorer went down to breakfast very much refreshed and in better spirits than he had been possessed of on the preceding night He was a boy in whom there was a spirit which yearned for distinction and he had come west to make a hero of himself After breakfast he stepped out into the office where he espied a large portly man who was sitting by the stove warming himself This man appeared to the young hero a perfect giant a typical western big handed big hearted fellow who would throw out a paw to a stranger and say "Put it thar pard, I know yer racket and I'll see you thr ugh Accordingly our young Chicagoan resolved to approach him and become acquainted He drew up a chair timidly and opened the conversation with a frank statement of the object of his journey out to New Mexico He ... had heard a great deal about cowboys He wanted to be a cowboy himself but the fact was he did not exactly know how to be one Would not his friend tell him what to do He had come all the way from Illinois to become a brave cowboy and if so ... boy would just tell him how he would ... the kindness if God would spare his life

His friend took in the situation So far from ... in that amiable humor which the young man had supposed was characteristic of the frontiersman he was morose His head ached in fact from effects of the night before and being a highly respectable citizen he did not feel complimented at being mistaken for a cowboy in the presence of so many acquaintances He paused a moment and then gravely proceeded to give his instructions You want to get a pair of big boots and a pair of huge spurs Then you want a buckskin suit with plenty of fringe a broad brimmed white hat the broader the better two forty fives a knife a Winchester and a horse Then you want to get drunk and get on the horse then take the reins between your teeth a revolver in each hand and go down the street at a full run shooting at every jump Then come back and yell as loud as you can My name is — and I m stinking for a fight I m a son of a gun from the plains After that you will be a cowboy The boy walked sadly away to pack up for a trip to Chicago while the listeners gave a shout that rent the air The would be cowboy is on his way back home —*Santa Fe New Mexican*

BIERCE ON GRANT.

A Scathing Review of the Silent Man with a Cigar.

FINE LITERARY VIVISECTION

Showing how a Great Soldier was Spoiled to make a poor President -Brass Medals at a Discount

San Francisco Wasp

Medals weighing nearly a pound each have been struck ... commemorat ... the ... Old Grant ... at the ... which ... and always ... the laughing ... this stand ... dummy from ... bull ... Then ... and conserve ... ran ... from ... studs of Arab ... man ... wantwit ... and waters ... the surface ... this headless ... to the worship ... have brought

A DEVOTION AND ITS PERIL

That a dog would blush to ... or a woman ... thousands of self seekers from the ... of Grant's worshipers the ... congregation is somewhat thinned ... but there remain an appalling lot of heathen who in their blindness bow down to this brass ... in all sincerity They are fooled of their desires they are the sport of their patriotism the dupes of their vanity They believe as they have been taught to believe that there is something essentially glorious in the political institutions that are only intended to promote public security and convenience and in the crude conditions of a civilization which in all its creditable features is

AN EXACT COPY

Of those at which we rail To exalt these institutions and this civilization it must be shown that they produce great men England had her Fox and her Burke shall we not match them with a Clay and a Webster France boasts her Napoleon shall we fail to beat him with a Grant? And so we pedestal our vulgar little gods shut our eyes to their hideous imperfections and swear we are blinded by their glory

DISCOUNTING PATRIOTISM

And he who values his heritage in the great men of all nations feeling no need of supplanting them with local successors who has no more pride in a Washington than in a Cromwell in a Franklin than in a Pascal who knows that the giants do not come forth at every tremor of the mountain that eagles do not fly in flocks and that the conditions necessary to the evolution of commanding intellects have not themselves been here evolved is branded as un American and no patriot To his credit be it said he commonly endures the reproach with considerable fortitude

HISTORY ROBS THE MANY

To enrich the few Great names stand for great eras and the limitations of human attention have wrested from the associates of Washington their fame to crown their leader We cannot remember them all we can not separately honor their virtues They must consent to stand in shadow while he blazes above them But this man Grant—he is not big enough to carry the honors of the civil war, the crown falls about his neck, the purple robe slips from his narrow shoulders The canvass of his blank personality is too narrow to paint in the typical virtues of his era The attempt to make *him* stand for anything higher than soldierly success is ludicrous The utmost that he has a right to hope is, not that history will attribute virtues that he has not, but that his contemporaries will overlook the vices that he has, that they will condone his ignorance, his vulgarity, his nerveless fidelity to his personal friends his lack of dignity, his unbounded insatiable and unparalleled greed of gain

GAMBETTA.

A Pungent Letter on the Fallen French Chief

Paris Correspondence Boston Journal

Now that he is down he is a greater man than ever But for the moment no one is inclined to admit this is so The masses are angry with him because he made the appointments of Mirebil and Weiss and because he handled the Belleville people so roughly when they tried to cough him down a while ago The silly rumors that he has been seeking to found a dictatorship upon the submissiveness of the chamber are no longer accredited after his frank and passionate declaration of yesterday but they contributed to his downfall He met this calumny with his old fervor of indignation "Of all the anguish felt in politics " he said " and God knows that none has spared me there is one particular kind which I cannot pass over in silence It is that which I felt when I was held up to the chamber, to the representatives of the republican party, as one meditating the contradiction of his whole career one willing to blemish his record to check his very existence, to enfeeble his authority in the land (Immense cheers) What could be my aim? By what could one hope to replace that which makes the force, and the honor of the republican party in the nation? Is there any one who will dare to come into this tribunal and say that I—under the influence of I know not what passion—by I know not what degrading idea of a dictatorship which would be the laughing stock of the world—is there any one who will come up here and make the statement that I have condescended to the conception of such designs?" For a moment there was such silence that a pin might have been heard to drop, then came a splendid and sustained series of plaudits A good many of the people who clapped their hands voted steadfastly against the great man a short time afterward But the *entrain* of his eloquence was as great as ever " Who can be made to believe " he continued " after you have imposed upon me the honor which I consider as a recompense for the few services which I have been able to render who can be made to believe that I am devoting all that I possess of energy of intellectual activity toward harming you toward hindering the work that I began with you and that I expect to finish with your support—with you never with others? You know me with my faults and also permit me to say with my passionate devotion to the cause of democracy I have done what I could to be useful to it I have sustained with you in broad day light the battle against the adversaries of the republic not because of their personal characteristics or their doctrines but because my profound conviction is that their triumph would not be compatible with the development of modern France

Gambetta was extremely explicit with regard to *scrutin de liste* He did not leave the chamber ... against his project of law He showed the deputies clearly that every time that France has had ... at assembly ... every time that ... *scrutin de liste* had been in existence But this was of no avail ... and shuffled their feet Their ... said very plainly You wish to lead us but we do not wish to be led In every one of your sentences there is a ... of condemnation of what you are pleased to term our incapacity and although ... say us ... we will not trust you I dare say most of those who voted against Gambetta's project had read the stinging paragraphs in the London *Times* that Gambetta would ... as the mikado of France and that the deputies would be only too delighted to commit hari kari at his request It was useless for Gambetta to point out to the timorous deputies that they and they alone could make the law under which they could be ... They would have none of him

The Stickney Tragedy

A Boston dispatch says Several gentlemen are about to start for Denver to make an effort to save from the gallows Charles W Stickney a young man and a graduate of Harvard college, whose brilliant attainments and chivalrous friendship made him a leading spirit among his associates in this his home A few weeks ago ... of this chronicled that ... in Denver ... shot by an alleged blackmailer ... infl ... a ... unaimed bullet from the assailant's pistol had killed a Mrs Devereaux who happened to be near the scene of the tragedy The story of wrong and of murderous revenge told by the friends of the young man will has done this ... palliate his crime even if it be not ... his ... was ... Mrs ... at the suggestion of ... against ... to ... pay $10,000 of which ... for ... Dates ... his wife was ... in the ... of Denver She reached ... distress ... appealed ... for help He forgave her and took her again as his wife Learning of this the man who had wronged ... stopped payment of the note he had given accused the couple of practicing blackmail and it is alleged procured the publication of frequent newspaper items to that effect Stung at last beyond endurance and believing his wife's story that by a bold plot she was forced into the company of this man the young husband determined to avenge the wrong both had suffered He went in search of his enemy found him in April last and quickly made him the target of his pistol The first shot killed Mrs Devereaux who happened to be standing near but with wonderful determination the incensed husband pursued his work of revenge and the next shot carried instant death to his victim Stickney was arrested and his trial is now going on at Denver The defense is insanity Those who have known him all his life say that he had a number of mental peculiarities when a boy His ideas of chivalry were sentimental and extreme One of his teachers one or two of his classmates a chum in college and certain of his relatives make up the party which goes from this city Some of his associates express great doubt as to his insanity but all agree that he received terrible provocation His wife is now living near this city

UPSETTING MOSES

A Backwoods Discussion on the Doctrine of Evolution

Jim Manly began to talk I say deacon Darwin's theory of evolution is a little hard on the first chapter of Genesis Of course we don t know yet how it will turn out but it looks a little as though they were going to upset Moses The deacon made no answer He surely must have heard Jim's remark Presently he was observed to be counting his fingers slowly and with pauses for thought between each enumeration After a while Jim ventured to ask Counting up your saw logs, deacon aren t you?" 'No,' said the deacon, I'll tell you Your remark set me to thinking I was just counting up how many times in the course of human history somebody has upset Moses First of all two old jugglers named Jannes and Jambres undertook this but they failed Then a certain king named Pharaoh went at the work of upsetting He must have found it more of a work than he anticipated for he has not reached home yet Then three leaders of liberal thought—Korah, Dathan and Abiram—went at the job They failed in the upsetting part but they secured a bit of a ranch for themselves which they and their children hold quiet possession of until this day Later on a king named Nebuchadnezzar entered upon the upsetting business He did not succeed either He spent seven years chained to a stump, and when he had served out his time he had changed his mind, and was a sadder and wiser man His successor met with still greater disaster and in a similar attempt, Since that time there have been no end of persons who have tried to upset Moses Some ancient heathen, Celsus and Porphyry and Julian the apostate and latterly the German critics and scientists so called are at the same thing Years ago when I chanced to be in Boston, I heard of a meeting of Freethinkers at a place called Chapman hall I could not resist the temptation to go just once and hear what they said I found about twenty persons there, three or four of them were women, all the rest were men And what do you think they were engaged in? The old enterprise of upsetting Moses And yet Moses has to-day in the synagogues of Boston more persons that preach him than he ever had before It is astonishing how much upsetting it takes to upset Moses It is like upsetting a granite cube Turn it on which face you will, there it stands as solid as ever The cube is used to being upset, and does no mind it It always amuses me when I hear a fresh cry from some new quarter averring that some man whom nobody has ever before heard of has found a sure way of doing what all others have failed in And now here comes Jim Manly, and Moses has to be upset again Ah well," and the deacon sighed There was a roar of laughter which made the rafters of the saw-mill ring and all joined in except him —*Altoona Tribune*

ODDS AND ENDS.

Those Princeton college students must have worked like heroes to grease four miles of rail road track If they wanted exercise why did they not saw up a few cords of wood for some poor widow?—*Phil News*

The New York *Sun* defends the word 'trousers ' and sneers at the word 'pantaloons ' We don t see as it makes any difference which name you call 'em about their bagging at the knees, which is the main point

A man who wanted to buy a horse asked a friend how to tell a horse's age By his teeth " was the reply The next day the man went to a horse dealer, who showed him a splendid black horse The horse hunter opened the animal's mouth, gave one glance and turned on his heel 'I don't want him," said he He's thirty-two years old ' He had counted the teeth

A Peoria, Ill , merchant hired a new clerk, who was presently called upon for a quart of vinegar He went to a barrel and filled the measure That afternoon the merchant was surprised to find that all his customers in the neighborhood were making a run on vinegar At the last moment when it was too late, he found that the new clerk was selling vinegar from the whiskey barrel

' Can it be true, Catherine that you are about to re marry—you whom we all thought inconsolable?" "Well yes my dear, you see he is a very eligible *parti*, and besides he is decorated But I don t see what that has to do with it? Why don't you know that my poor dear dead first husband was crazy about the cross of the Legion of Honor and so I want to bring it into the family

An advertisement in a Berlin paper announces that a young noblewoman having a large fortune and holding a distinguished position who is as lovely as Helen as good a housekeeper as Penelope as economical as the Electress Marianne of Bradenburg, and as spirituelle as Mme de Stael who sings like Jenny Lind and dances like Cerito plays the piano like Rosa Kastner and the harp like Bertrand but who is as austere as Lucretia having no masculine acquaintances seeks a husband

You would hear ... say ... and Mr M ... what happened ... from the ... at ... Kilmore ... You know ... I ... now ... what to ... says Tim ... Mclaughlin ... really Well then says Tim ... great ... about five minutes ... quite ...

I ... You ... a quarter last month ... and I meant to have paid ... this but that ... General ... failure over in ... chanced me out completely ... know that ... advance in the rate of interest on discount and advances by the Imperial bank at Berlin and when you remember ... the steady upward tendency in the bank of England rate you must know that it bears awfully hard on us ... Well such ... Bob was convinced *Boston Transcript*

A new thing in the line of church sociables occurred the other evening at Ellington Chautauqua county N Y It was called the weigh social There was about 200 in attendance and it was an enjoyable affair Miss Carrie Ferrin was the heaviest woman present ... weight 400 pounds She was ... the heaviest ... present ... Stafford actual weight 500 pounds The lightest married lady present was Mrs Mamie De Bell who weighed 82 pounds The party was held in the interest of the Congregational Sunday school and was a financial success

OUR SUPERIOR FRACTIONS.

All About "Our Sisters, Our Cousins, and Our Aunts."

THE FAIR DAUGHTERS OF EVE

A Chapter Devoted to the Worshipers ... crinoline and the Adorers of ... Our Little Darlings.

There are 203 female ... it is said

A woman may be able to ... but that ... make ...

... should always ... the stage

... who ... the worst ... Professor ...

... excellent stoves in the market but there is no base burner like a mother's slipper

By the law the king of Ashantee must have 3000 wives He must have a pretty large slanty to hold them all

It rains alike on the just and the unjust and on the just mainly because the unjust have borrowed their umbrellas

Joe says that the clouds of his early childhood were no bigger than a woman's hand but a squall always followed them

A young fellow noticed an article signed Century Mag Well said he that girl don't seem to be ashamed of her age

Women are not cruel by nature We never heard of one thoughtless enough to step on a mouse *Illinois State Register*

When you say a woman is a daisy i e a flower we presume you mean to have it inferred that she is as good as wheat

Four babies have come all at once to Mrs Tylor of Kansas and each weighed four pounds It is supposed that Mr Tyler will lecture

One of the first things a farmer's wife should learn if she has not already earned it as a farmer's daughter is to drive and harness a horse

A London paper says that the Duke of Marlborough's collection of china is complete and uninjured Mrs Marlborough evidently did her own work

A lover writes to his fair but fickle fiancee I have wasted a choir of paper writing notes to you and now if musick be the food of love it's played out

The oldest inhabitant is generally a man, not because he is given to lying but because he commenced owning up to his age sooner New Orleans Picayune.

The Prince of Wales has ordered a Coventry tricycle for the use of one of his daughters The future king of England evidently believes in plenty of exercise

The comic valentine is being taken out of a dusty drawer and hung up in a store window If you don't send it to your enemy you'll probably receive it yourself

There are three prominent phases of a young woman's life all visibly connected As a baby, she's lugged, as a young woman she's hugged, as a wife she's humbugged

A tart compliment ' Don't you think that Miss Brown is a very sweet girl?" asked Henry 'Oh yes very sweet,' replied Jane, ' that is to say she is well preserved "

An Ohio schoolmarm put to flight an entire crowd of disorderly men With a dozen such women in active service there d be no further need for a United States army

Some New Zealand girls when exhorted by the missionaries not to be tattooed begged hard to have a few lines that they might not look too ugly when they grew old

The bangs-his hair young man is getting to be a common sight in Boston He can be seen almost any night at any of the respectable theaters He is what the world calls a daisy

The Omaha *Republican* desires to see a wedding between Oscar Wilde and the sweet singer of Michigan There would be altogether too utterly much sing sing about such a union

A Nevada girl's love letter "Dear Jimmy—It's all up We ain't going to git married Ma says you're too rough and I guess she's right I m sorry but can't you go to Europe and get filed down?

A Boston journalist cannot think of music in Cincinnati without having an idea of pork He would not have been satisfied if he had ever heard tender lines sung by Grisi !—*N Y Herald*

Jane "No, I shall not be at home to-night, have to take my German lesson this evening " Clara "That must be so nice. I never danced it myself, but tell me, is it anything like the polka or waltz?

When a young lady has eleven ostrich feathers on her hat she can plume herself upon being in the height of fashion But such hats are so costly that both husbands and feathers are down" on them

The trouble with the dramatic critics of the New York press is that they all want to marry Anna Dickinson, and she won't have one of them Perhaps she is right, they are dear fellows to keep —*Andrews' Queen*

Chin Chin Chan took his chin chin chances and on his return to Chin a kept up a correspondence with a New Haven girl His government beheaded him N B—Don't write to New Haven girls or you may lose your head

Statisticians have begun to discover the fact that widows live longer than other people It seems though, as if the girls had known this for a long time and that the only way to reach that condition is through marriage.—*Lowell Citizen*

A bachelor, who was asked by a romantic young lady "Why he did not secure some fond one's company in his voyage on the ocean of life," replied, "I would if I were sure such an ocean would be pacific " The scamp knew himself too well

Ann Eliza Young says "The women of Utah are like the women of Illinois, just as sincere, just as pious just as faithful, according to their light Entangled in the meshes of polygamy are thousands of intelligent, sensitive and devout women "

Said the Chicago girl as she saw Bunthorne after the desertion of Patience sink down crushed "Why did he give up that way for? Why didn t the dratted fool sue her for breach of promise?" Chicago girls take a deep interest in the play —*Bos Post*

A Philadelphia lady was about engaging a servant —a waitress ' What wages do you ask? ' she inquired. Well," responded the girl, meditatively, 'three dollars and a half a week if I'm expected to pass round the dishes, and three dollars if the family *stretch* for them selves

Conclusive evidence ' Yes, ' said Daisy "I think Jack is in love with me He hasn t told me so but when Harry Birch escorted me home from the party last night Jack looked ugly and to day he took opportunity to throw an awful hard snow ball at Harry's dog ' *Boston Post*

When Juror Gates met his wife at the close of the Guiteau trial she threw both arms around his neck and kissed him saying Oh you good boy ... you have found that wretch guilty Gates must be a bold ... indeed, if that wasn t pay enough for the misery of being on the jury

Mrs Jenkins didn t present such a grand layout ... but she contrived to have three ... during the afternoon and ... the sewing society went away ... with the idea that Mrs Jenkins was ... entertaining and they had just had a lovely time

The *Daily New Democrat* of Gunnison ... contains the following announcement ... signature of Mrs Julia Garraby A ... reward will be paid by Martin J ... Garraby his wife for the address of Martin Joseph Garraby if living If he is not she would also like to know as she knows a ... of Irishman who would like to marry her and father his orphans

Jessie had been improved at home for beginning bits of kindergarten work that she did not finish as she would form bad habits This fall the child saw for the first time at an agricultural show some polled cattle when between grief and amazement she exclaimed Why mamma ... none of them have got horns on Does it ... begin things without finishing? It's bad habit

There is a firm in this city employing perhaps 600 girls at work requiring flexibility of fingers for which warmth is indispensable Fuel is expensive ... each girl is taxed 15 per cent on her earnings for the warmth ... that ... the freezing point when work is ... power used to drive the machinery ... There is no separate charge for the air they breathe as yet but the ... of economy are on ... perhaps some men will praise them —*New York Sun*

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WOOD! WOOD! WOOD.

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The morning sun shines bright for that man cured of that relentless tyrant dyspepsia King of the Blood never fails, when faithfully used See advertisement

John Joaquin Miller who was ... money by the country ... of ... to reach ... His ... has returned the sum ... that he has become religious since arriving ... and believes that he obtained the money under false pretenses therefore desires to return it

Captain Dawson was convicted ... St John ... of London on Thursday ... sentenced to death The jury were ... a fair trial

Prince Burki, father of the king of Ashantee, denies the story that the king massacred 200 young girls for the purpose of using their blood to mix mortar with for his new palace.

the east ... has ... hair baggage, every man and his wife ... After ... a flow ... voice, with that rapidity of succession which is a peculiarity of the Hebrew ... a number of selections about David, the shepherd, and Goliath, the proud possessor of power, the canter sang in more

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Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 12, 1882.

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Or., as second-class matter.

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Daily, per month	$1 00
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Guiteau raged because the jailer wouldn't deliver his valentines.

Carl Schurz being in Washington recently called on the president who received him "with dignity."

A facetious member of the Connecticut legislature has a bill to oblige every Smith in that state but one to change his name.

The high court now in session at St. Petersburg has eleven alleged accomplices in the slaughter of the present czar's father among the twenty-one nihilists on trial before it.

Senator Joe Brown, of Georgia, thinks there is little danger to the democratic party in Georgia from the liberal movement there. His chief reason is that the republicans are split into office seeking factions, each quarreling bitterly with the other.

The mayor of Minneapolis has vetoed an ordinance which provided for lighting the city by electricity. His reason for so doing was the danger arising from unprotected wires, and if the wires are carried underground he will sign the ordinance.

The Indianapolis *News* very kindly and truthfully observes: Hendricks has already gone to the graveyard of played-out and defeated presidential aspirants, and it would have been more brotherly if he had allowed English a place by his side in sorrowful silence.

Some thirty years ago Horace Mann published the "Religious census of 1851," showing that the church accommodations were insufficient, especially in large places, for the wants of the people. Now comes Charles S. Miall, showing that, through non-attendance, there is more seating capacity than is needed. In the large cities of England the church attendance averages about one per cent. of the population. In this country it is not much, if any larger.

The present Khedive of Egypt appears to be a rather sensible man. He spends only $500,000 a year, where his predecessors squandered $10,000,000. He believes a man should be contented with one wife, and discourages harems as pernicious to domestic felicity. He is also liberal in religious matters, granting concessions to the Protestant denominations, though he does not expect to change his own creed or faith; but he wants to teach the Egyptians to be tolerant and respectful.

The situation in the south is growing more serious daily. Levees are breaking all over Louisiana and the rivers swollen by recent rains, are rising steadily. Several parishes in Louisiana have been covered by the water and in Arkansas, Lieutenant Vedder of the army, reports that at least $4,000,000 will be needed to supply the immediate demands of the destitute and suffering. Fully 100,000 people will have to be provided with food until the waters subside sufficiently to enable them to put in crops.

Two editors in Guadalajara, Mexico, fought a duel under the old code, and consequently came to grief. They used pistols and both fell dead at the first fire. They are behind the times about a hundred years. In France and South Carolina and Virginia they fight duels with perfect safety, the French being bad shots, always using swords, and the Virginians and South Carolinians, being liable, from awkwardness, to hurt each other, with swords, using pistols, with which weapons they are at home. A man should be safer on the dueling ground than he is in a sleeping-car. But these wooden headed Mexican saber pushers were not up to modern improvements, and now they are dead.

The admission of Dakota into the Union has been agreed upon, so far as concerns the action of the house committee on territories. The same committee has decided to favor the creation of a new territory out of the northern portion of Dakota. That would be in accordance with numerous precedents. Illinois was once a part of Indiana, both of Ohio, and earlier still all belonging to Virginia. The committee propose to call it North Dakota. The forty-sixth parallel is the line of division proposed between the new state and the new territory. The latter would contain an area of 75,000 square miles, and nearly, but not quite, one inhabitant to a square mile.

The statistics of book publication in the United States last year present some curious facts. There were published in this country during the year just closed 2991 books, an increase of 915 over the previous year. In Great Britain there was a falling off of 300 volumes, which is a significant fact, in view of the development of the trade there. The increase of 915 was made up—200 in works of fiction, 100 in juvenile books, 100 in theology, 71 in books of reference, 75 in biography and history, 60 in poetry, 60 in travel, 30 in medical works, and the balance in works of a general character. The enormous increase in works of fiction is due to the cheap reprints of foreign novels.

There is still some hope for this country. Mr. Hendricks says: I have done with politics forever. Mr. Thurman laughs when politics are mentioned, and takes a nap every afternoon. Bill English declares he wants nothing more to do with the blood-suckers of his party, and becomes very profane when asked if he has any political aspirations. Bookwalter is simply disgusted, and, in reply to the advances made by the young democracy, says, "No more for me, thank you," while the old cipherer of Gramercy Park whispers softly, "Your candidate I cannot be," and goes on with his literary bureau and his fight with John Kelly. The country may be regarded as safe.

The most encouraging criticism on the Edmunds bill for enforcing the laws of Utah, is from the Salt Lake *Tribune*, an able and fearless Gentile journal: "It is a notice to the world that the day of churchly tyranny and ostracism is over in Utah, and that the active and enterprising will henceforth have as fair a show in Utah as anywhere else in the United States. Utah will therefore no longer be avoided, but will swarm with new comers as Colorado has lately done. Her natural resources will be developed and improved as has never yet been dreamed of; the people will see their property of all kinds not only doubling and redoubling in value, but they will no longer have to pay all they can earn above bare bread to support a lot of priestly Turks, who yield nothing in return but bad advice. These emancipated, with the new comers, and with the 40,000 Gentiles already in Utah, will soon make up a natural majority."

ARROGANT ORTHODOXY.

The Chicago *Times* of recent date contains a bright letter contributed from Peoria, Ill., which is attractive from its antagonism to the standard religious article. The writer holds that the greater number of the writers who furnish religious and moral pabulum to the Sunday papers are either "truculent ecclesiastical sugar drops" or a "species of rugged bigot." Every reader of intelligence will admit that the methods of theology, and we might say the whole religious philosophy of the Protestant church, have been altered and reinterpreted until the old lights who persist in hanging back appear more as historical relics of a benighted period than teachers and leaders in an advanced age. We know an old lady, a most excellent woman, who rejected with indignant emphasis the offer of a revised testament in place of the worn old bible, which she had come to regard as almost the word of God handed down without the desecrating interposition of book makers. Too many sugar drops are smoothing the rough edges of bigotry, and too many bigots are roughing up the modified philosophy, with their heroic but out of time theories. Christian ministers are making more skeptics with their illiberality than the infidels will all their endeavors at apostacy. How many more men broke away from the government of church when the church bundled Swing and Thomas, and others of the talented ministry, outside of the pale of orthodoxy, simply because they went to the extreme of a philosophy which in its conception was grand, charitable. Orthodoxy can not afford to oust the men who differ with orthodoxy on the integral parts of its fabric. Orthodoxy is simply the understanding of religion accepted by church government, and when we remember that it can claim but little firmer foundation than opinion, it seems unwise to attempt to hold the laity or clergy to a rigid line of belief. How wide apart are Catholicism and Protestantism, and yet both are based upon precisely the same historic data. Occasionally some indiscreet person will undertake to prove by extraneous matter that the whole bible is genuine. He gets back to the 10th century, and then finds that he must point to the bible itself as a reasonable proof of its own legitimacy. And how much worse he fares when he attempts to defend creed. It settles down to a question of opinion merely, and we venture to say that Dr. Thomas can more closely trace his theology to the bible than can the iron-clad theologian who grips to the opinions of an age crude and new in the estimation of any consecutive logic. Instead of combatting the new theories as undermining to true religion, the clergy of to-day should embrace the best of the new ideas, and in their broadening and tolerant spirit draw in the dissatisfied, instead of shutting down the gates of organized orthodoxy to every man who has the manliness to express a belief at variance with the accepted creed. We once heard a clergyman say that within fifty years the church would only demand a belief in a discriminating God, and in immortality. So may it be.

ADULTERATION OF LIQUORS.

A bill has passed the Ohio house of representatives making more stringent the law against adulteration of spirituous, alcoholic and malt liquors. There is need of a good stiff law on this subject. A great deal of the evil arising from the liquor traffic is due to the fact that all manner of abominable and poisonous drugs are mixed with the beverages sold. People who have a proper regard for their stomachs, no matter what their principles on the drinking question, will of course avoid buying liquors of any kind from dealers whom they do not know to be honest, and whose responsibility does not insure honest dealing. But unfortunately most of the consumers of alcoholic beverages do not stop to consider what they are consuming. Any sort of concoction, no matter how poisonous, that has the appearance of genuineness is taken for genuine, and the stomach is inflamed and ruined by villainous compounds called beer, wine and brandy which are bad counterfeits of those articles.

When people are so thoughtless about protecting themselves, the law must protect them if it can, but there will always be a difficulty about detecting such crimes against the public health. A preliminary measure should be that of putting the traffic in the hands of responsible dealers, who can be made to answer for compliance with legal requirements, and the best way to do this is to put license at a figure which will keep out irresponsible parties. As long as there is no restriction, and the vilest and lowest doggeries are equally tolerated with the decently conducted saloons, the business of adulteration will go on. In fact the profits of the small retail dealers, who receive their stock at second, third or fourth hand, largely depend on the falsification of the stuff they sell. To stop adulteration is to wipe out the most vicious part of the retail liquor traffic, and vice versa. A measure taxing the traffic and closing up the small saloon pestilence would therefore be a long stride toward securing the sale of only pure liquors.

It should be remembered, though, that food is adulterated as well as drink, and perhaps quite as extensively and injuriously. Chemical analysis has made some startling disclosures as to the foreign and often poisonous substances that are mixed with articles of nutrition. The law should take hold of this evil with an energetic grip.

The Philadelphia victory for good municipal government was, says the *Times* of that city, "simply a stunning victory over the bosses by the people, and there is not the semblance of partisan triumph about it. The republican committee of one hundred unfurled its banner bearing the single device 'honest government,' and the people rallied under it to dethrone corruptionists and to choose honest and competent agents for the administration of their city government. Only this and nothing more was the verdict; but it was a fateful judgment against the bosses, and they will be wise in yielding manly obedience to it.

A prize-fight on a novel plan was fought at Utica recently. The prize went to the loser of the fight instead of the winner. Friends of the pugilists had contributed $50, the understanding being that the glory of victory would be a sufficient reward for the successful man while the money would be a solace for the whipped one. As a safeguard against fraud however, a committee had the power to withhold the prize in case they thought the whipping was not real and thorough.

"TO HAVE Senator Edmunds and Judges Blatchford and Andrews passed over to confer honor upon a gentleman whom the people of his own state for good and sufficient reasons repudiated, will help to reconcile the devout to the traditional sackcloth and ashes of the Lenten season," so says the Albany (N. Y.) *Journal*.

"How provoking!" exclaimed the lady. "Here's an item in the paper entitled 'A Chicago Incident,' and I read it clear through and there isn't a single improper thing in it!" This is a life of disappointment.

LITERARY.

AMERICAN MEN OF LETTERS. Washington Irving. By Charles Dudley Warner. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 16mo, pp. 310.

There is certain fitness in assigning to one humorist the duty of delineating the personal history of another. Mr. Warner's pen follows easily in the literary channels which Irving was the first to make American. Both are sentimentalists; both look on the pleasant, dreamy side of life; both are genial, cheery optimists, and both have touches of Addison, and again of Sterne, and again perhaps of Charles Lamb—touches which can never go out of fashion so long as the language endures. In this sense Mr. Warner makes an excellent essay on Irving, for this initial volume of the American Men of Letters can be called nothing more nor less than a critical essay. It contains the essence of Irving's biography, and it follows the method of the biographical essays with which the late Lord Macaulay stepped forth into the arena of literary fame. It must be confessed that Irving's career is only fit for this sort of biography. He held to life by the slightest thread of personality, and was, in fact, chiefly a literary recluse. Like many other authors of his cast, the best that was in him went into his books, so that, while his life within its sphere was full of beauty and devotion, it did not touch the world in such a way that he drew his inspiration from it. Mr. Warner gives only enough of this quiet life to interest, not to weary, the reader. The best part of his little book is that which contains his genial and intelligent criticism of Irving, the assignment of his place in our literature, and the estimate of the strength that was in him. Irving was the first to lift American literature into the popular respect of Europe, and was for a long time the chief representative of the American name in the world of letters. His writings are not in harmony with the temper of to-day; the enjoyment of them depends upon leisure of mind, and the age is too busy to take time for literature. Mr. Warner complains bitterly of the neglect into which Irving has fallen, although he is frank to confess that he is not likely to be read in the future as he has been in the past. Thirty years ago his clear style helped to form a good taste and correct literary habits. He shares with Charles Brockden Brown the honor of being the first American who made literature a profession and attempted to live on its fruits. The advent of Cooper, Bryant and Halleck was some twenty years after the recognition of Irving, and his merit is that he led the way in a style of writing which was admirably fitted for the people who lived contemporaneously with him. Mr. Warner is right in saying that "the period from 1830 to 1860 was that of our greatest purely literary achievement," but we cannot agree with him that the "Knickerbocker school was not the legitimate heir of the broad and eclectic genius of Irving." His manly sentiment and true tenderness are but a few removes from the sentimental gush of his followers. The radical difficulty with the entire "Knickerbocker school" is that its range of interests is too narrow and exclusive for permanent vitality in literature. Mr. Warner seems to have had a misgiving on this point, and devotes nearly a hundred pages of his book to selections from Irving's different works and annotations from their characteristic merits. Unless this biographical sketch is intended for a generation that knows not Irving, the only possible excuse for these extracts is that they admirably illustrate his literary method. In the short chapter on the character of his literature with which the volume ends this method is clearly set forth. Mr. Warner brings the analysis of his author to a focus, and throws much light on Irving's limitations. His literary method was closely conformed to his temperament. It was transparent, like his character. He felt his subject and expressed his conception of it by almost imperceptible touches and shadings here and there. It was a sympathetic process, which, perhaps, not even Irving could explain. His writings are in traditional lines, not critical, not suggestive. He was most at home in the Knickerbocker legends. Mr. Warner remarks that Irving was always the literary man in his habits and idiosyncrasies, and belongs to that small class of which Johnson and Goldsmith are perhaps as good types as any. Though his style was evidently influenced by the purest English models, he seems to have been born with a rare sense of literary proportion and form. Campbell says that he added "clarity to the English Tongue," and Byron and Dickens were equally warm in admiration of him. "As an intellectual personality," says Mr. Warner, "he makes no such impression as Carlyle or a dozen other writers now living who could be named." He showed a certain deficiency in intellectual virility; the incisive critical faculty was almost entirely wanting in him. Again, Mr. Warner says of the moral qualities of his author: "There is something that made Scott and Irving personally loved by the millions of their readers who had only the dimmest ideas of their personality," and this was the moral element in whatever they wrote. It will be very generally conceded that Mr. Warner has summed up the truth about Irving with rare good sense and discrimination in the following passage: "Irving's literature, walk round it and measure it by whatever critical instruments you will, is a beneficent literature. The author loved good women and little children and a pure life; he had faith in his fellow-men, a kindly sympathy for the lowest, without any subservience to the highest; he retained a belief in the possibility of chivalrous actions, and did not care to envelop them in a cynical suspicion; he was an author still capable of an enthusiasm. His books are wholesome, full of sweetness and charm of humor without any sting, of amusement without any stain, and their more solid qualities are marred by neither pedantry nor pretension."

"Aspects of Poetry." We have seldom seen a book about which so many good and bad things could be said, and both honestly, as about Aspects of Poetry. It is from the pen of John Campbell Shairp, LL. D., a bright Scotchman, principal of the United College, St. Andrew's, and professor of poetry at Oxford. If there is a collegiate chair in Great Britain, the occupancy of which reflects lustre upon the man who fills it, it is the chair which Prof. Shairp occupies but does not fill. His immediate predecessors were Sir Francis Hastings Doyle and Mr. Matthew Arnold; among their predecessors, in the last century, figured Thomas Warton, the historian of English poetry, and, we believe, his father, Thomas Warton, both poets and scholars. Prof. Shairp is cleverer than the Wartons, and possibly cleverer than Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, but all the same he is not the man to lecture about poetry to the young Oxonians. He has knowledge, without doubt, and taste of a certain sort, but he is not a critic. That is to say he is not a critic to be trusted, not even when his limitations are known, for what with his admirations and aversions his mind is always and singularly askew. His theory of poetry is wrenched from Mr. Matthew Arnold, who wrenched it from Wordsworth, who wrenched it (as he would have us believe) directly from the universe, whose tap-root it is. Prof. Shairp's theory is a kaleidoscopic variation of Arnold's notion that poetry is a criticism of life (as if all literature were not a criticism of life), the variation assuming the form of Covenanting and canting morality. Prof. Shairp's method of reasoning is something like this: The greatest genius is the highest sanity, the highest sanity is morality: therefore morality is the highest sanity, and, also, therefore, the greatest genius. The logic of this statement may be unimpeachable at St. Andrew's, but he would indeed be a merry Andrew who would for a moment admit it elsewhere. Even Prof. Shairp hesitates a little, for he says that "poetry, as poetry, has nothing to do with conduct or action." Prof. Shairp, being a Wordsworthian, is utterly unable to do justice to Byron, who was exclusively a poet, and not a critic. "He had never even attempted to master his art, or to take the measure of himself, and to know the nature of the materials he had to work with it." Byron might not have been able to take the measure of himself, but he would not have had to mount upon a stool to take the measure of most modern critics, Prof. Shairp included. "He does not seem to have had any delicacy of ear for the refinements of metre, or to have studied the intricacies of it." That Prof. Shairp—Puritan as he is—should adore Burns, goes without saying; but is it not a little steep on his part to venture to hint that in the gift of perfect spontaneity Burns was even above Shakespeare? That Prof. Shairp is a Scotchman, and is *not* a critic, is painfully evident throughout the chapter devoted to The Homeric Spirit in Walter Scott. Let us take a passage at random: "It might be too great a shock to the nerves of critics to assert that Scott is distinctively and peculiarly a great epic poet. But even the strictest criticism must allow that, whatever elements of interest his poems possess, they contain more of the Homeric or epic element than any other poems in the English language. If, to a reader who could read no other language than his own, I wished to convey an idea of what Homer was like, I should say let him read the more heroic parts of Scott's poems, and from these he would gather some insight into the Homeric spirit, inadequate, no doubt, meagre, some might, perhaps, say, yet true it would be, as far as it goes." It certainly goes pretty far, when it makes a learned man like Prof. Shairp forget his Paradise Lost, which is epically inferior, it seems, to Scott's metrical romances. Prof. Shairp is very foolish, even for a Scotchman, in what he writes about Scott, the result of whose work is, he tells us in his fourth chapter, to turn the tide against the Illumination, of which Voltaire, Diderot, and the hosts of encyclopedists were the high priests; and who changed men's whole view of history, and of the way in which it should be written. "More than any man since Shakespeare, he had in him that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin, and he so imparted it to his own creations that they won men's sympathies to himself, not less than to his country and his people. Wordsworth has well called Scott 'the whole world's darling.'" Wordsworth also said, in substance, that Scott's poetry was not worth a sixpence; he also called Keats' Hymn to Pan, in Endymion, a pretty piece of paganism. The fact is that Prof. Shairp can find anything that he wants to find, and can never find anything that he does not want to find. He has an accommodating intellect.

As we said at the beginning, Prof. Shairp's book is one about which many good and bad things can honestly be said. But saying all possible good things would not alter the fact that it is amazingly absurd in a portion, and is written with an eloquence that is everlasting. If they like this sort of thing at Oxford, we are sorry for Oxford. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

SNAP, A TALE OF BORDER LIFE, By T. Buchanan Price. New York: W. B. Smith & Co. Price $1 by mail postpaid.

The days of old, when the great plains were inhabited only by the Indian and buffalo, and their wild mysteries were penetrated but by a few adventurous traders and bold-hearted hunters and trappers; the days when Kit Carson, the Bents, St. Vrains and other frontiersmen were in the height of their fame, and the Santa Fe trail was as much of a *terra incognita* to the majority of Americans as far Cathay was to the people of Europe before Marco Polo made his memorable trip to the kingdom of Kublai Khan have all passed into history. The wild life of the border has become a thing of the past. The ox train has given way to the locomotive and farms now decorate the landscape which was then innocent of a sign of civilization. The life of the frontier is always pleasurable reading, even to those who have tasted of its hardships to the fullest extent, and Mr. Price in writing this book has introduced many incidents which are easily recognized by those who have crossed the plains in the days of yore, and while the book possesses but ordinary merit as a literary production, its narration of border life will interest the class of young men for whom it was written as much as if it was of a higher order.

THE WORLD'S WITNESS TO JESUS CHRIST, by Bishop Williams of Connecticut. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.

Two friends of Kenyon College, Ohio, some time ago presented its trustees with $5,000 to be used in establishing a permanent lectureship in that college, the lectures to be delivered annually and upon subjects growing out of consideration of the relations of religion and science to each other. This volume contains the first lecture of the series, delivered in November last by Bishop Williams, under the above title.

LITERARY NOTES.

The next Round Robin will be "A Tallahassee Girl."

"Mrs. Mayborn's Twins," by Mr. John Habberton, is announced by Peterson Bros.

Sixpenny (twelve cent) republications of popular works are growing in England.

Mr. Browning's volume of "Dramatic Idyls," to be published in the spring, will contain two of some length.

Miss Owens Blackburne is about to publish a novel dealing with Irish politics. The title is "The Heart of Erin."

The new edition of Bret Harte will compress into five volumes the poetry and prose which has hitherto appeared in fourteen little books.

An English testator lately directed in his will that a book which can, it appears, be had for a few shillings, be preserved as a family heirloom.

The *International Review* for March will open with an article by Judge Kelly on the tariff question. Its title, "A Science Based on Assumptions," indicates its drift.

In the "Histoire de Bougie" M. Feraud, the Arab scholar, states that the heliograph existed in Northern Africa eight centuries ago. This is another of the rediscoveries.

Col. T. W. Higginson is superintending the publication of a new edition of his novel "Malbone" and his volumes of essays in a style uniform with "Common Sense about Women."

General C. B. Norton's "American Inventions and Improvements in Breech-loading Small Arms, Heavy Ordnance, etc.," will appear Wednesday in a revised and enlarged edition.

The French publisher Rothschild is about to issue a serial illustrated work which will do for Paris what he has already done for Venice and Florence. The first part will appear this month.

"The Charge of the Heavy Brigade at Balaklava," a poem, by Mr. Tennyson, which will appear in *Macmillan's* for March, celebrates a feat of arms as brilliant in every way as "The Charge of the Six Hundred."

M. Zola's new story, "Pot-Bouille" ("Pot-Boiler") now published in the *Gaulois*, shows unimpaired powers of nastiness. The *Gaulois* "points with pride" to it as the work of "the master in the art of raking among the sub-cellars of society."

"Ecclesia Anglicana, a History of the Church of Christ in England from the Earliest to the Present Times," by Arthur Charles Jennings, M. A., and "Modern Heroes of the Mission Field," are announced by Thomas Whittaker.

Reviewing Professor Bain's books on James and John Stuart Mill, the *Athenæum* says of the former: "Great intellectual power, enjoined with a thin vein of philanthropic sentiment, enormous self-conceit and accompanying impatience and irritability, narrow energy and sharp regard to self-interest—in short, a prig; such, we cannot help feeling from this *eloge*, was the character of James Mill."

M. Alphonse Daudet contributes to the *Nouvelle Revue* a second chapter of his literary autobiography. It treats of "Jack," and tells a good deal about the original characters and the original scenes upon which the story was based. He says that it took him nearly a year to write, being the longest and the most quickly written of all his books. It is full of disclosures regarding the author's manner of composition.

The world being fairly well supplied with birthday books of what might be called the monochrome, variegated, international and illustrated varieties, Miss Katharine Lu Bates, a Boston young lady with no small poetical gifts and much good taste, has determined to vary the style of compilation and has prepared a "Wedding Day Book," in which the dates of celebrated or important marriages are given with the three quotations for each day. D. Lothrop & Co. will publish the book in a month or two.

The Earl of Beaconsfield's literary executor is, says the *Athenæum*, arranging the earl's earlier papers with a view to publication. The quantity is very large, and among them are a considerable number of letters of a somewhat romantic cast, written during his eastern journeyings. There are among the papers many letters from the queen of special interest, but it is doubtful whether these can be published just now. Her majesty has permitted Lord Rowton to see Lord Beaconsfield's letters to herself, of which he kept no copies; but these, too, of course, it is not intended to print at present.

The *Century* magazine has secured the right to bring out in serial form an unpublished diary of the late Mr. Carlyle. It is a full account of a tour in Ireland in 1849, written in the author's raciest style and containing frank observations on such points of national character as are of the highest interest at the present political juncture. The manuscript, which is an autograph, was given by him to a friend who is now dead, who preserved it, as a kind of secret treasure, so carefully that its existence was long unknown. Mr. Froude had never heard of it; it has lately passed through his hands, and he has been so deeply impressed with its importance that he has volunteered to write an introduction to it when it ultimately appears in book form. The diary opens with a description of Carlyle going on board, on the 30th of June, 1849, a steamer in the Thames bound for Dublin. The present Irish secretary was one of his companions in part, at least, of the tour.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

Most of our comforts grow up between crosses.

When Jesus died on the cross Judaism died in the temple.—*A. L. Vail.*

A sinner's time is wasted if he does not repent; a saint's time is wasted if his heart does not grow in grace.

If divine love ever seems partial, it is when it redeems with so many yearnings the life of one who has shamefully slighted it.

When you are down-hearted and the world looks black to you, you ought to be hospitable enough to entertain a hope of better days.

Why cannot men begin to glorify God with a yard-stick, a pair of shears, a hand-saw and a pen in their hands, and not wait for golden harps?

Christians are often employed in digging wells to find comfort, and the deeper they go the darker they get; the fountain of life, salvation and comfort is above.

The missionary spirit is not a graft upon a christian life, and to be found in some places and not in others; it is the original christian nature.—*Rev. Alvah S. Hobart.*

If you would relish food, labor for it before you take it; if enjoy clothing, pay for it before you wear it; if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you.

I have seldom seen much ostentation and much learning meet together. The sun, rising and declining, makes long shadows; and in mid-day, when he is highest, none at all.—*Hall.*

There are Philistines among us who treat religion as the old Philistines treated the ark; they take it captive, and make a parade of it a little while and then send it beyond their borders.

"The virtue of paganism is strength; the virtue of christianity is obedience." As obedience is simply conformity to the law of life, it is the condition of increasing strength, while strength unconsecrated to service soon turns to weakness.

An eminent divine was asked by a celebrated skeptic why christians were uniformly gloomy? The clergyman answered, "I do not find them so, but I can readily imagine that the sight of you would make a good man gloomy at any time."

God feeds the wild flowers on the lonely mountain-side without the help of man, and they are as fresh and lovely as those that are daily watched over in our gardens. So God can feed his own planted ones without the help of man, by the sweetly falling dew of His Spirit.

Christ came down into the world to teach us of God, and he taught us of man—his need and the way of atonement. He was not one of many teachers; he was the only teacher. And the only question for us to consider is this: is he who speaks thus worthy to be trusted?

Happiness is like manna. It is to be gathered in the grains and enjoyed every day: it will not keep; it cannot be accumulated; nor need we go outside of ourselves nor into remote places to gather it, since it has rained down from heaven, at our very doors, or rather within them.

All we gain in this life of moral advantages we shall keep hereafter. And shall not all the knowledge, all the sound and educated ability, all the christian attainments which we can gather before death comes to remove us, go with us in the sacred and blessed employments and pleasures of the eternal life?

Mr. Spurgeon recently made this remark: "Doubts about the fundamentals of the gospel exist in certain churches. I am told, to a large extent. My dear friends, where there is a warm hearted church you do not hear of them. They do not come near; it is too warm. I never saw a fly alight on a red-hot plate."

There are some persons who are constantly asking for special rules of life. They would have an individual bible with particular instructions for each hour of their lives; but Christ dealt with great principles which are to be the basis and motive of all action, and from these, with the aid of his spirit, we are to draw out our own applications.—*Golden Rule.*

The Rev. Dr. Humphrey is said to have sent this message from his death-bed—"Thank the students for all their interest in me and in my instructions, and tell them that the theology of the heart is the only theology worth having. If they could only preach, as I now believe I could preach were I restored, it would be worth while for them to pass through what I now experience.'

Preaching should be direct, that it may reach the hearts of the people. Henry IV., of France, is reported to have addressed his army just before the battle of Ivry, thus: "Soldiers, the enemy is before you. You are Frenchmen. Charge!" That is the way preachers should address the church. "Brethren, the enemies of God are before you—all around you. Charge with the sword of the spirit!" Preaching, unless it impels the membership to aggressive action, largely fails of its main purpose.

Surely a Christian for whom life means vastly more than any other, cannot be content so long as he knows that life has a significance, a possibility of beauty and glory, which he does not yet fully comprehend. We must be anxious students of the problem of life until we know much of its meaning. Whence? Why? and Whither? are infinite questions which no Christian can let go wholly unanswered. As we reflect upon these questions we find that each life has a divine significance and an infinite possibility.

When the richest American of his day was in his last fatal sickness, a Christian friend proposed to sing for him; and the hymn he named was, "Come, ye sinners, poor and needy." "Yes, yes," replied the dying millionaire, "sing that for me. I feel *poor* and *needy*." Yet at that moment the stock markets of the globe were watching and waiting for the demise of the man who could shake them with a nod of his head. "Poor and needy!" How the sand sweeps from under a man's soul in such an hour as that!—*Dr. T. S. Cuyler.*

The Son of God lived till thirty in an obscure village in Judea, unknown, then came forward a matured and perfect man—with mind and heart and frame in perfect balance of humanity. It is a divine lesson (says the Rev. F. W. Robertson). I would I could say as strongly as I feel keenly. Our stimulating, artificial culture destroys depth. We are superficial men. Character in the world wants root. The world wants what has passed away, and which, until we secure, we shall remain the clever shallow men we are—a childhood and a youth spent in the shade—a home.

If the world is ever to be converted it is by God working through human instrumentalities. Christ bade his disciples go and preach the gospel to all nations, and he meant it. He did not intend that they should carry their selfishness into this great work, and confine their efforts within the cramped and narrow limits of their own locality, but he spread the map of the world before them, and showed them the field of their labor, and commanded them to enter into it. Are we obeying this command of our Lord and Master?—*Bishop Simpson.*

Make the first day of the week a bright, cheerful sweet day at home, and it will shed its radiance on the other six days of work and play. Do not limit its sacred freedom by domestic "Blue Laws," which would make it to the little ones anything but "day of all the week the best." But with music and prayer, with the bible and other good reading, with cheerful conversation and gentle graces, with the glory of the altar and the spirit of the sanctuary, with thankfulness and love to God and man any Christian household can make it a perpetual blessing to themselves and the community in which its lights are kept burning.—*Faith and Works.*

Now let me tell you a secret—a secret worth knowing. This looking forward to enjoyment does not pay. From what I know of it, I would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle moonshine for cloudy nights. The only true way to be happy, is to take the drops of happiness as God gives them to us every day of our lives. The boy must learn to be happy while he is plodding over his lessons; the apprentice, while he is learning his trade; the merchant, while he is making his fortune. If he fail to learn this art, he will be sure to miss his enjoyment when he gains what he has sighed for.—*Fifty Years and Beyond.*

God's most important dealings with his children are known to him and them alone; not the results of those dealings are known to all who observe those children. It is not easy to say what discipline has been brought to bear on another's soul; but it is easy to see that discipline has been doing a work. We may keep secret our mental and spiritual struggles; but we cannot conceal the effects of them. *How* God works on us and in us, only He and we can know. *What* He has wrought by His providences and by His spirit, we cannot conceal if we would. It ought to be an added inducement to us to improve our soul training, to realize that all about us will note our gain or our loss, accordingly.—*S. S. Times.*

No fact beyond the limits of our world is more prominent in the declarations of the bible, than the existence of a high order of intelligences denominated angels. The equivocal and the lower application of the term in a number of instances can deduct nothing from the palpable evidence of the fact. But who and what are angels? The effect of an assemblage of passages relating to them in the bible, the descriptions, narratives, and allusions, would seem to give an idea widely different from that of stationary residents in particular parts of the creation—an idea, rather, of perpetual ministrating agency, in diversified distribution of appointments, many of them occasional and temporary, in the fulfilment of which numbers of them visit or sojourn in this world.—*John Foster.*

GLADSTONE.

A Sketch of the Prime Minister of Great Britain from Personal Observation.

Chicago Tribune.

It is now five years since, at my suggestion, the liberals of North Wales made an effort to get Gladstone among us for a grand rally. His castle at Hawarden was near us. There he felled his tree; from it he was then sending his famous post-cards, some of which are in my own possession. We wrote him and he did not say No. It was a time when he wanted to speak out. Disraeli was in power; had come home from Berlin saying, "I bring you peace with honor." The queen smiled on Benjamin's mess, and did not smile on Gladstone's order. The star of the Jew was in the ascendant—that of the Gentile under a cloud.

To our town Gladstone came. We had hung out flags and banners. Some proposed to have a band of music; others of us said: "No; let us meet him as men meeting a man." Our voice prevailed; so we met him at the depot. He came, bringing with him his wife and two sons. Age has dealt gently with the old man eloquent. His hair is silver-gray—what there is of it; his brow is furrowed with thought and care. It was good to see him standing there at the depot—the people's William, as we called him—his wife and two big sons near him. The demonstrations of the crowd were cordial.

Into a carriage waiting for him he and his family stepped and I next met him at the house where he was to dine. In one of the rooms, previous to dinner, I had the honor of meeting him privately, and so had a near view of the greatest living Englishman. His manners are simple yet eminently refined. Seeing that the burden of his coming speech was heavy on him I did not speak much, but turned to his son, who is Vicar of Hawarden, and had a long conversation with him. It is quite evident that none of Gladstone's sons will ever equal the father. I was especially delighted with the womanly care shown by Mrs. Gladstone about the personal welfare of her husband. Like many others, he owes much of his success to a good wife.

But dinner is announced, and we enter. Like very many English dinners, it was rather a heavy affair. During dinner Mr. Gladstone chatted gaily with Lady Grosvenor. After dinner he gave the usual loyal toast. Here Mr. Gladstone was in his element. It was amusing to see how he managed to say just enough. Those who were behind the scenes, and know how much he had endured from royalty, could not but admire his generous utterances. But it was when proposing success to the liberal cause that he came out grandly, and carried with him the enthusiasm of every heart.

In the evening we had a great mass meeting. All the world knows how Gladstone can speak. All the world has not been near enough to see his *modus operandi*. When he arose he placed his hat in front of him, and across the mouth of his hat he spread his notes, which were pretty voluminous. He had some of his most important sentences written out with the greatest care.

Gladstone is a Scotchman to the core. He was awfully Scotch when that evening he scotched Lord Beaconsfield for making the queen an empress. His remark, "An empress forsooth!" was one of the most canny Scot remarks I ever heard. The scorn on his lips had to be seen to be seen to be fully appreciated. So also when he challenged Lord Beaconsfield to prove that he had ever spoken of him as being like Satan. After the by-play he launched into the speech, and denounced the conduct of
the government, saying then what the
says to-day, and what history will
future.

As an orator, Gladstone is not
John Bright for sweeping an audi
him. He enters so much into detail and
ciple that at times it requires an effort
low him. He was never pathetic, but
ways calm, strong, majestic. His p
was sublime.

That evening made an era in many a
He left us and returned to his own ho
we follow him there, what do we find
home of a true Christian gentleman. It
be good for all politicians to visit his
God is found there. He calls his ho
worship, and conducts the worship
same earnestness and thoroughness
shows in all his acts. On the Sabb
found in the village church. He and his
the Vicar, take the service between th
Gladstone reads well. If he was not a
statesman he would have made a great

He dwells among his own people,
greatly honored. Any one who ch
see him in his shirtsleeves, work
Scotch earnestness on his estate. Had
Washington been alive, he would ha
the best friend of William Gladstone.

Students will be glad to know that his
rary is not only extensive, but also
well chosen. I had the honor of sen
one of my books, and he has written me
that he will examine it with the deep
est in the subject—the subject being
ual Progress."

People sometimes ask me, "What is
Gladstone in religion?" I answer:
Episcopalian, loving his own church,
ing the deepest sympathy with all other
estants. Is he a Roman Catholic in
Nonsense, I answer.

Is he popular now? In reply, I have
say: London, which a few years ago
him, is now ready to worship him. No
Look at him last fall in the house of co
See him there hour on hour, with fold
and bowed head, watching all the deba
seems but to listen; but seel the spea
caught his eye. "Gladstone is up!"
the lobby, and the house fills rapidly,
speech has missed him. Every argu
and against the land bill has been
With consummate tact he pushes on
ness. And only when all danger is
he leave the battlefield. If some
gentleman is on the floor Gladstone
himself by writing a Latin poem—as,
stance, when he turns the hymn
Ages" into Latin. His powers of
are vast, but he has received some
late that he would do well to accept.

At present he is king in Britain, and
king he makes.

But he is not so popular with the roy
ily as Lord Beaconsfield was, say some
swer: He and the Prince of Wales get
rate. The queen herself honors the
ability of Mr. Gladstone; but Lord
field gave in to her more—flattered
made her an empress—spoke of glory
novels and sent her the first copy—in
court to her. Beaconsfield made the
first, and the nation second. Gladst
verses the order. In fact, Gladst
heart a sound republican. More than
is a *dour* man. When he puts down
neither queen nor empress will make
it against his own conviction. So long
good of the nation wants him, he will
lic; but, whenever he can be spared f
front, he will go back, as did Washingt
his home and to his people.

A MUTILATED MONUMENT.

Disfigurement of the Monument to Ma at Tappan, N. Y.

NEW YORK, Feb. 23.—A stranger to
in Tappan entered that village last
and asked the first man that he met the
the Andre monument. This is the
gray granite which Cyrus W. Field
the spot where the British spy was ha
1780. He was directed to the house of
O. Storms, which stands 200 feet fr
monument. He asked the same questi
Storms, who pointed out the way to th
About an hour later the stranger, who
dressed, returned to the house got a
his pipe, and went away. This mo
was discovered that the inscription
written by Dean Stanley had been hac
the most of it was illegible. The lett
been cut deep into the granite, but the
succeeded in clipping off quite a good
the stone and in making the words unread
The stranger had placed a small American
on the top of the monument and secure
there with stones. Under one of the st
was a sheet of foolscap, on which were wr
three stanzas of passable verse, depi
"this vulgar and insulting stone,"
"honors not sneaking Andre's death
black Arnold's crime." Americans
quested to proclaim that "he who dares
treason's statue again shall be hanged fr
crest." Cyrus W. Field will offer a rew
morrow for the arrest and conviction
man who mutilated the monument.

MEETING NOTICES.

St. Patrick's Day Convention.—
Convention will meet in Cahalin's Hall at
March 12th. Business of importance.
W. F. DUGAN, Sec'y. M. J. McMAHON,

Attention! A. O. H.—Division No. 3 will
their hall on Sunday, March 12th, for the
attending Holy Communion in a body.
M. FLANNIGAN, Sec'y. J. A. KELLY,

NEW TO-DAY.

That conform to the latest
of the Oregon Code. Printe
published by E. A. SWOPE
Printers and Bookbinders, 10
St. Orders by Mail will receive
ful attention.

STANDARD SER

We shall be please
see our friends and pu
lic generally at our ne
Store, Masonic Ha
building.

BOOT AND SHOE DEALERS.

GILMAN & CO. AUCTIONEERS

AT AUCTION.

Sale of Household Goods at the Residence,
Cor. Fourth and Jefferson Sts.,

TO-MORROW (MONDAY), MARCH 13,

At 10 o'clock A. M.

Will be sold a fine line of Brussels Carpets, Walnut Suits, Splendid Parlor Suits, Hall Rack, Walnut Bedsteads, fine Hall Rack, Stair Carpet, fine Cook Stove with water back, etc., affording a good opportunity to buyers. All are invited to attend the sale.

GILMAN & CO., Auctioneers.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

THE PARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE EXISTING under the firm name of Bencke & Mooney has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, Mr. Mooney retiring. Joachim Bencke will continue the business at the old stand, will collect all amounts due the firm and pay all bills against the same.

Portland, Or., January 1, 1882.
JOACHIM BENCKE,
S. J. MOONEY.

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listening to the
s. "Look sharp,
mocking laugh,
bird. You think
out for all your
t into the world
one who has un-

same that I left years ago; and these trees are not altered, even the little flowers are in the old places. How is—Kate?"

She spoke hesitatingly now.

"Kate?" he repeated. "Kate? I do not know."

"Do not know?"

and Springer offered an amendment that there shall be no more official stamps printed, but that all correspondence on official business shall be transmitted in penalty envelopes; adopted.

In the house of lords, on Friday afternoon, the appointment of a committee to inquire into the workings of the land act was agreed to.

Indicted for Negligence.

VIENNA, Feb. 25.—Eight persons have been indicted charged with contributing by their neglect to the recent disaster at Ring theater. The trial commences the 2d of May. Among the accused are Neeval, ex-burgomaster of Vienna; J. Eaust, manager of Ring theater, and Landsley, commissary of police.

GEO. W. BOYD.......Superintendent
SISTER MARY.......Sister in Charge
TERMS,
Including board, medicine and medical attendance:
Wards.......$ 7 per week
Private Rooms.......10 per week
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For admission apply at the Hospital.

WOOD. WOOD. WOOD.

SLAB WOOD—$1 50 PER LOAD—FROM WHIDLER'S Mill. Orders left at mill or in the box at Boss Saloon will be promptly attended to.
W. S. M. L. & M. CO.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE
Oregon Stove Foundry

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 12, 1882.

THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN

Is for sale at the following places:

Postoffice candy store.
Staples' Fourth and Morrison.
Beary's, Fourth and Yamhill.
Mayfield's, Third and Yamhill.
Browning's, 63 Morrison.
Durkheimer's, 187 First.
Blodgett's, 163 First.
Lemline's, First and Morrison.
North Pacific News Co., First near Occidental.
F. M. Cohn's, First and Alder.
Finnen's, First and Alder.
Potters', First and Washington.
Chanbomme's, First near Oak.
Stearns, 65 First.
S. L. Stone's, First and Ash.
Chas. Korell, First and C.
Geo. Taylor's, First near E.
On Stark street ferry.
Danziger, First and Taylor.
Wm. Emken, 11½ First.
P. Steeke, Madison and First.
H. Warren, Fourth, bet I and J, East Portland.
And at the counting room of THE OREGONIAN, cor. Front and Stark.

IN AND ABOUT PORTLAND.

Mr. Henry Ach left by last night's steamer for a short business trip to San Francisco.

Miss Nora Simpson, teacher in the Central school, East Portland, has resigned on account of ill health.

After an absence of seventeen months Mr. John Winter returned yesterday to his farm in Middleton.

Yesterday's record of real estate transactions in the county clerk's office showed deeds for property valued at $74,229.

Dr. J. Keck will lecture to-night before the the First Philosophical Society at Masonic hall on the evils of Chinese emigration.

Mr. James Laidlaw makes the statement that the contractors for the Canadian Pacific do not use giant powder, but an explosive of their own make—"nitro safety powder."

A slight blaze yesterday broke out in a shoe shop in Oregon City belonging to William Shades. It was extinguished a few moments after with but slight damage to the property.

A gentleman just returned from Mr. Volk's surveying party says that work on the O. C. R. R. extension south is progressing as fast as the weather and the nature of the country will permit.

James Gilpin was yesterday arraigned in the United States circuit court for selling liquor to Indians. He plead guilty and was fined $10 or serve 30 days in the county jail. It is his first offense.

Chas. Hamilton, known to have been implicated in the murder of J. N. Brown, has been authentically heard of from Mazatlan, Mexico. It is not known whether the authorities will take the trouble to send for him or no.

John W. McLaughlin was arraigned in Justice Bushwiler's court yesterday charged with stealing a copper pump from one of the O. R. & N. Co.'s river boats. He plead guilty, and was sentenced to thirty days in the county jail.

Captain N. Schneider was on trial in the police court yesterday afternoon under a charge of assault and battery on A. Burchard. The trial lasted the better part of the afternoon and ended with the acquittal of Schneider.

The Philosophical Society of this city, will to-morrow discuss the following question: "Is our present civilization due to the influences of Christianity," at Masonic Hall. The argument will begin at 2 o'clock. Everybody invited.

The annual meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association will be held at the hall on Monday, March 13th, at 7:30 P. M., for the purpose of electing officers, board of managers and hearing reports of the secretary and treasurer. All active members are entitled to vote.

In the list of arrivals at the Esmond yesterday morning were the names of R. W. Hill and wife of Salem. This is an error. They should have read Rev. Timothy Hill, D. D., and wife, of Kansas. Rev. R. W. Hill of Salem is the guest of Captain G. J. Ainsworth. Dr. Hill and wife left on the outgoing steamer. Yesterday they visited the Indian school at Forest Grove.

The case of Messrs. Corbett & Macleay against W. W. Thayer, Jos. Buchtel and others, was tried in the state circuit court yesterday. The suit was for the recovery of 160 acres of land lying northeast of Albina, which they claim to have secured from the party who bought it at tax sale. The original owner was Samuel Taylor, who is supposed to have died, without heirs, which left the property to the state. Hence the suit. Judge Stott decided against the plaintiffs and the property sold to Messrs. Jones and Stuart for $25 per acre.

CONTRACT LET.

The board of commissioners for the erection of a state insane asylum building opened the bids for furnishing the material for plumbing the building, and awarded the contract to John Barrett, of this city, his bid being $2135 22. Several important contracts will probably be let at their meeting in that city to-morrow.

A FINE PRIZE.

W. T. Shanahan offers a prize of a splendid steel engraving, heads of three horses, painted by Jno. J. Herring, as a prize for the best essay on "Our Dumb Animals," for competition by the pupils of the High School on the 23d inst. Mr. Shanahan was one of the founders of the Humane Society of this city, and has always taken a lively interest in all matters affecting the faithful animals which assist mankind to earn their living.

DEATH OF A. B. HENRY.

Anson B. Henry, one of the pioneers of Yamhill county died at his home near Lafayette, Friday night, after an illness of several months. He was a nephew of Dr. A. G. Henry, well known in Oregon politics in early days, and had resided in Yamhill county continuously for about 30 years. He lived a life of industry, honesty and frugality, and leaves to the wife and large family who survive him an untarnished name and a comfortable property. His funeral will take place from his late residence this afternoon.

COUNTY TAXES.

Those who expect to wait until the last day for paying county taxes and then receive the attention merited, will be disappointed. If Sheriff Buchtel were to employ ten deputies and an equal number of clerks, and keep his office open from 5 in the morning until 10 at night on the last two days before taxes become delinquent, those who apply could not be properly waited on. Hence it is necessary to remind the many who love to delay until the eleventh hour and then go home dissatisfied with long waiting and doubtful settlement, that a good time to pay taxes is this week.

BAR ASSOCIATION.

Last week the lawyers of this city organized a bar association, the object being to advance the science of jurisprudence, to promote the administration of justice, to establish a law library, to uphold the honor and dignity of the profession of law, and to encourage cordial intercourse among its members. Yesterday they filed articles of incorporation in the county clerk's office, with the following gentlemen as incorporators: Wm. Strong, E. C. Bronaugh, Seneca Smith, J. R. Stoddard, W. H. Effinger, E. G. Hughes, John Catlin, J. J. Baderay and W. B. Gilbert.

DEATH OF MRS. NEEDHAM.

Mrs. Anna Needham, wife of Dwight Needham, and mother of Mrs. A. B. Lillie of this city, Mrs. R. A. Tenny of Chicago, and Mrs. O. J. Bailey of Peoria, Ills., died at her home in Chicago, on Sunday, Feb. 12, 1882, in the 71st year of her age. On the 20th of July last she and her husband celebrated their golden wedding amid a gathering of four generations of their descendants who came to congratulate and honor them. Quite a number of Portland's oldest and most respected citizens were oldtime friends of Mrs. Needham, and will be pained to learn of her somewhat sudden, though not unexpected death.

THE BRUTALLY BEATEN CHINESE CHILD.

Yesterday afternoon an OREGONIAN reporter called at the residence, on Second street above Salmon, in which the Chinese slave, who received such bodily abuse, is lying. The poor child suffers agony all the time, and her limbs are one mass of inflamed flesh and running sores. Her right leg is in a pitiable condition, being so swollen that she cannot bend the knee, and it is thought the inflammation has set in the joint. The left arm with the exception of not being swollen so badly, is in as bad a state as the leg. Her feet are very sore, and gangrene is expected to set in at any moment. Her hands are also bruised where chop-sticks have been bound to them, as punishment. Several Chinamen who have taken an interest in the matter, say that the girl had been beaten with hot irons. Dr. Watkins, the attending physician for the city, thinks the story not at all improbable, as the nature of the sores verifies it, and at any rate show that the injuries do not come from natural causes. Chinamen not friendly toward the child's master, say that he has promised the girl, that providing she will say nothing of how she received her injuries, he would pay her way back to her home in China. Whatever the cause, she will not tell anything about it. Lee Wee Sun, her master, who is proprietor of a cigar store under the Chinese theatre, was yesterday arrested by Chief of Police Lappeus, with his alleged wife, Soo Lin, and lodged in the police station. They both said that the child is a slave, belonging to Lee Sun, and that he bought her in San Francisco about two years ago. They were arraigned before Judge Stearns who held them to answer in the sum of $1000 each. Their examination will take place in the police court Monday afternoon. The child is under treatment by Dr. Dickson, who has been employed by Lee Sun. She will probably be moved to the hospital to-morrow.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

Miss Amy Adams is spending her vacation at home.

Miss Minnie Brackett returned Thursday from a visit to Roseburg.

Col. Jos. Teal will arrive by to-night's steamer from an extended visit east.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Burnell return by the State from a short visit in California.

Mrs. Theresa Jackson of Springfield, Lane county, is visiting friends and relatives here.

Miss Annie Kellogg entertained the A. P. Society at her residence on last Tuesday evening.

Dr. E. M. Cheadle of Lapwai agency has been visiting friends in this city for the past few days.

Mr. Andrew Roberts and daughter return by the incoming steamer from a visit to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Mayer returned Tuesday from a winter's visit with their daughter, Mrs. Oscar R. Meyer, in New York.

Mrs. C. N. Scott was presented with a handsome silver set by her friends in the office of Mr. C. N. Scott, auditor of the N. P. R. R., the occasion being the anniversary of her birthday.

THE SANS SOUCI ÆSTHETIC HOP.

Last Friday evening the Sans Souci club gave a very enjoyable party at Turn Halle. Following was the form of invitation:

> Mr. ——— and ladies:
> Your soulful presence is intensely desired at a slightly
>
> ÆSTHETIC SOCIAL HOP
> (Informal)
> To be given by the Sans Souci Club, Friday evening, March 10, 1882, Turn Halle.
> Dancing at 8 o'clock.
> Compliments of ———
> This invitation is not transferable, and must be presented to secure admission.
> Æsthetic Fees—Gentleman and ladies, 50 cents; gentlemen without ladies, 75 cents.

The attendance was quite large, and a number of those present wore lilies and sunflowers. Altogether it was the pleasantest of the many pleasant gatherings of the club during the winter.

THE PURIM ENTERTAINMENT.

New Market Theatre, last Monday night, presented a somewhat different appearance from that usually witnessed by theatre-goers. Tableaux, choruses, grand march of maskers, and a hearty appreciation of Varney & Bray's dance music, completed the evening's programme. Every seat in the parquet was occupied and the two hundred extra chairs provided for participants were hardly sufficient to seat all those present. With the exception of mechanical effects not being brought out at the proper moment in some of the tableaux, the whole entertainment proved thoroughly enjoyable. The rendering of the Lovelli was really magnificent, and a repetition thereof would have been appreciated. The recital of "Belshazzar is King" was a grand effort on Miss Emma Friendly's part. The house fairly rang with applause at the conclusion of it. Before the grand march took place, a committee to award the elegant prizes was appointed. It consisted of Messrs. Hamilton Corbett, R. Jacobs, U. S. Pierce, W. D. Palmer and J. Bachman. For best sustained and costumed gentleman's character, Mr. B. L. Stone (representing a Chinese Mandarian), was unanimously selected. The ladies' prize was not so easily disposed of, as there were quite a number of contestants who could fairly lay claim to it. Notable among these were "The Almighty Dollar" (Mrs. S. L. Stone), "The Artist" (Miss Jane Davis), "Highland Lassie" (Miss Etta Harris). After eleven ballots the prize was awarded to Miss A. Mellis, who personated "Rebecca offering drink to the weary." "The Lightning Calculator" created a great deal of merriment, and but for the clause "best costumed," Mr. Antone Lobe would have undoubtedly carried off the gentleman's prize. This prize was presented by the successful contestant to the society, who in their turn sold it for the benefit of the Russian relief fund. The sum realized for the article (a revolving silver ice-pitcher), was $40, which amount was forwarded to Philadelphia per last steamer. Although the object of the Y. M. H. A.—the establishment of a complete library—has not been quite accomplished, the society may rest assured that their grand aims, "self-culture and elevation of the mind," are duly appreciated and encouraged by the people.

WHITEBAIT.

What is the reason that no one, during the smelt season, has ever undertaken to salt and smoke these fat and delicate fish? They are far superior to herring and would soon form a staple article of commerce. And, by the way, are they really smelt? Are they not identical with the eulachon of British Columbia?

The Seattle *Chronicle* is informed by those just down from the survey, that along the banks of the tributaries of Cedar and Green rivers are found thousands of dead salmon. The fish swim up the streams as far as they possibly can, and die. The bears also wade in the streams and kill them in large quantities.

Michael Hartley, who lives at the foot of lower Klamath lake, recently caught a fish weighing 47 pounds which was neither a salmon nor a lake trout. It had no scales, was a dark green in color and had a head very much like the ling that is found on the coast of Ireland. Big Mike killed the fish in a small sluice near his house, by striking it in the head with a garden rake.

The eastern trout imported into Washington Territory and domesticated by Capt. J. C. Ainsworth and H. H. Holt, have bred freely and are frequently caught by anglers, who will not be asked to throw them back after this year. They are not as hardy a fish as the native trout, nor half so prolific, hence there is no probability that they will supersede them in Oregon waters. But they are the handsomest fish that swims.

We learn that several attempts will be made during the coming season, to acclimatize the black bass in Oregon waters. What is needed, is a law to grant to any parties stocking lakes with these splendid fish, the exclusive right to fish those lakes for ten years, and after that time the fishing privilege reverts to the state. Massachusetts passed a similar law, four years ago, and has now better bass-fishing than New York. With such a law in force here, ponds would be stocked in every direction and the fish would occasionally find their way, during freshets, into the rivers, by which they would soon be scattered all over the state.

AN OBSCURE STAR.

EAGLE CREEK, Ogn., Feb. 28, 1882.

MR. W. KINROSS, SIR: Have you anything to do with managing the New Market Theater in Portland Oregon. If so, or if not, too, you might manage to get me a part in a play for example like: Pinafore, Undine, Hunchback, Much Ado about Nothing, and alsopieces like The Rifle Ball or Rosedale. Ive been on the Stage back east in Illinois and Colorado and don't see why I shouldn't try it here. Ive got a good ContraAlto voice and can sing any air by ear if I hear it 2 or 3 times sung or played. Please send a card or answer in any way.

My husband knows, that I am going to the Stage; he don't care he says; he is farming and can batch a while and I can go staging, he says. I am 26 years of age, spanish complexion and pretty well shaped.

SUFFERING IN ARKANSAS.

The following telegraphic dispatches explain themselves:

PORTLAND, Or., March 10, 1882.

Gov. T. J. Churchill, Little Rock, Ark.: Is the suffering in overflowed districts as great as represented? Are people actually starving?

E. C. BRONAUGH.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., March 11, 1882.

E. C. Bronaugh, Portland, Or.: Suffering indescribable. Thousands have lost everything and are starving. Great loss of life also.

T. J. CHURCHILL.

MADGE'S LETTER.

DEAR OREGONIAN:

We had been enjoying a cozy little dinner, Philemon, Udolpho and I, and were regarding each other over our coffee cups with that amiable satisfaction which is the immediate consequence of such a proceeding. We had cracked jokes with the walnuts and made piquant remarks over the cheese—we had come successfully through to black coffee and sustained conversation in happy avoidance of that horror of well-bred host or hostess, the wretched and alas! too frequent dinner-table argument, when Philemon lighted at once his cigar and the fuse which was to slowly eat its way toward the hidden mine beneath our feet. "Udolpho, old fellow," cried he, "you ought to have heard our first concert. Incredible, you know! Six weeks' rehearsal, man, and everything in tolerable shape—eight numbers and all good, if not all classical." "I wonder you played at all if everything was not strictly and uninterestingly classical," sneered Udolpho, and at this

UNPROVOKED ASSAULT

Upon Philemon's gentle enthusiasm I gasped in dismay. "The truth is," he continued, "I am heartily sick of this mooning affectation on the subject of music, and as music is not a science, only a something that is designed to please, I contend that you have no right to place the music which you *pretend* affords you pleasure one degree higher than that which appeals to me. I tell you that your musical fireworks, your symphonies and your sonatas and your fugues, are not superior to the simple music which goes straight to my heart." Now, I like Udolpho; he is a good boy, if an ignorant one on the subject of music and noting, from signs which have never yet played me false, that Philemon was already to boil over on him and scald his rash ideas at their birth, I strove to avert the rising storm by saying pleasantly, "And why, Udolpho, do you say that

MUSIC IS NOT A SCIENCE?"

"Because," answered he excitedly, "you can show me no mathematical rule why two notes played in unison make harmony or discord; you have only the proof afforded by the human ear, which we know to be frequently a faulty, a defective organ. Then, again, all the world over a circle is a circle, and a straight line proves its own directness, while in China they call our music excruciating sounds, and we term their fiddling a horrid din; yet the Chinese music should be ranked with the classical and correct, for it existed before ours." "Don't talk to me about China," screamed Philemon; "don't tell me they know anything about straight lines. Look at that odious fan, which Madge thinks is the perfection of

'ARTISTIC DECORATION.'

Observe that three-cornered Mongolian walking, with one foot on Mt. Ararat and the other in his wife's tea-cup, in the valley of Pekin. Look at that distorted and long-legged bird. His nest is supposed to be in that tree, whose topmost boughs barely reach his ankle; and you admit these people the right to criticize our music on the strength that they have already the same principles of drawing. I dare say, Udolpho, that your sketches resemble these, but mine do not." And Philemon laughed a savage laugh. "You are not fair to each other," I interposed; "nor you, Udolpho, to music. We were not discussing the relative merits of the music of different countries, but only the comparative merits of that music which belongs to us. Classical music—" "Classical music is only a fashion," interrupted Udolpho, rudely, a fashion like the big sunflower or Madge's frizzed front hair." "Classical music," I continued, smoothly, having gained an idea from his interruption, "is not a fashion. It is the heirloom of great masters to modern intelligence—it is superior to cheap trash, inasmuch as it requires deeper study and finer mind to properly grasp it. It is not a fashion, for fashion changes with the hour, while the names of Beethoven and Mozart have lived through generations of fickle fashion, and to-day shine with a more luminous splendor in the eyes of true musicians." Here I stood up, feeling that I had delivered myself of a fine sentiment, and enjoying Philemon's evident regret that he had not said that himself. "Udolpho," said Philemon, with awful calm, "define

CLASSICAL MUSIC."

"Classical music," replied Udolpho, with fatal alacrity, "is thunder in the bass and lightning in the treble; it means musical pyrotechnics, followed by disastrous explosions; it means a great deal of what you musical fellows term 'execution,' to which all idea of true melody has been wholly sacrificed, and as for you, Philemon, and all insane devotees at this shrine of clattering, banging sound, you persuade yourselves into an unholy admiration of this execution and you forget the charm that lies in melody." "And where," pursued Philemon, ignoring the personality in the attack, "and where have you gained these ideas of classical music? From years of patient, faithful study, I presume." "There you go," said Udolpho, "you think, as Madge said once, that the confession that one hates classical music is at the same time a confession of ignorance, and you are going to say now, 'Poor idiot, he doesn't know anything of what he speaks,' but I tell you I have haunted concert rooms, and heard the best pianists. I have listened to Joseffy, Von Bulow and Arabella Goddard, and in every one there was always the self-assertion and desire to shine in the musical gymnastic line, that sickened me with their classical selections, and I have gone away and listened to a little girl sing 'Bonnie Doon,' and believed that the simple song had more of true merit and worth, because of its simplicity." Philemon flew from his chair and grasping Udolpho by the shoulders, immediately mounted the hobby behind him. "Now you are talking sense—now you have shown us why your mind is perverted and your reason run astray—and now we can give you help. You have made

THE PIANO

And worse than that, the piano under somebody else's hands, the exponent of classical music. You have not allowed yourself to consider that even though their interpretation were the right one, that it is very personality of artists which so disgusted you, had power to rob from the music its simplicity, nay, had undoubtedly led them to select from among the countless gems of classic beauty and simplicity, some whose more gorgeous setting might display their own peculiar ability, power and execution. My son, when you have heard some musician who loves his music better than himself loves it so that he can smother his individuality beneath his interpretation of a master's thoughts, then will it be time to say, 'Now will I die, for having tasted true happiness upon this earth all else will be as poison to the lip.' And in the meantime, Udolpho, don't willfully peer through some other mortal's eyes—eyes that may, remember, have a crooked cast or be color blind into an enchanted world whose doors are thrown wide open to bid you enter." Udolpho went away much smaller and wiser, naturally, and Philemon, contented with his victory, graciously pursued the subject with me. "Madge," he said, "I am disposed to quarrel with the piano, or I suppose it would be a plan more just, to quarrel with the many who abuse it. As soon as a child has mastered the first principles of its language it is put upon the piano stool, regardless of the presence or lack of individual talent. Why not a violin, or any other instrument? Again, as I implied while convincing Udolpho, the piano forte is not the true and only exponent of classical music; compositions that were written for and should never be attempted save by full orchestra—compositions intended only for strings; all are alike arranged for the piano, their finer points thus stifled and deadened, their delicacy marred or lost; and we cannot censure those who, with no time for personal application, are gifted with appreciation and capacity to enjoy, yet turn disheartened from the classical music, which not properly presented to them, seems incomprehensible, therefore to be sneered at. "Philemon," I said, tenderly, "we will have a new world made for you." * * *

Let me see, you have heard nothing about the

KINDER SYMPHONIE

For my last letter missed the post. Well, Mrs. Reed threw wide her hospitable doors and a very appreciative audience listened to the funny little band. We had two violins, cello, piano and drum to give dignity to the sounds we made, and the toy instruments consisted of a cuckoo, two nightingales, a triangle, a rattle, the bells, three trumpets and two mirletons. What are mirletons? Never mind; go purchase one and toot into it and and you will appreciate that it defies description. Besides the symphony there was music, instrumental and vocal. A violin solo by Mr. Coursen and Mrs. Wyatt's song two features to be remembered.

There has been a wedding this week that was a little prettier than most weddings, and had a bride and groom so popular that even the good Episcopalians were fain to forget the gloom of Lent and offer their congratulations in garb belonging to a gayer season. That the life of this young couple may be a smooth and happy one, that success may closely follow them, that every kind word offered them may be fulfilled, is the wish of MADGE.

LA MADELAINE.

If in the holy ground
Where saints lie sleeping, and the fir trees shiver
Above them, in the white mists from the river
No place for me is found,
Yet shall my heart find rest and peace forever.

My resting place shall be
Far from the crowded city of the dead
Above me shall the sun-browned cedar spread
His canopy,
And night winds sway his boughs above my head.

The long grass creeping o'er
My grave, which none shall hallow with a tear,
Will give my weary heart a pleasure dear
To feel that evermore
Its voice still whispering "rest, tried soul," is near.

On hovering wing
The gold-flecked butterflies o'er the green mound
Shall flit like wandering flowers; the wild hare bound
Unscared, the wood-birds sing
Their sweet wild notes, through summer's gladsome round.

Let but the violets there
Bend kindly over me with tears of dew,
Or when the hoar frost comes the gentian blue
Bloom in the midnight air;
They shall be sweet companions, ever true.

They will not vex my soul
With question of my creed, or vain demands
For talents doubled by my careless hands.
There will the Law's dead scroll
No more dismay me by its stern commands.

The quiet pool indeed
Bounds may control and check its sluggish tide;
But who shall stem the torrent's foaming ride?
Or will he heed
The voice that feebly bids his flood subside?

And who hath power to say
To the deep heart's springs thus far ye shall flow,
No farther? Let him judge who sees its woe
In the tempestuous day
When Passion's storms shriek for its overthrow.

I know not of the word
Given in thunders from the sacred place
In churches fair, be thine, oh king of grace,
But let me look, like Mary, on thy face,
With tears, and say "my Lord."

PORTLAND, March 11. G.

PAPER SHELLS.

A man was recently shot with a gun, without lock, stock or barrel. At Menomenee, Wis., Mills and Seaman have been making it decidedly unhealthy for the foxes this winter, and as they returned from hunting the other day Mr. Seaman proceeded to clean the gun he had been using some days before, which is a muzzle-loading shot-gun. He took the barrels off and washed it out. Seeing some substance in one of the tubes, he stepped out of the door, laid the barrels across his arm (pointing toward the house), put on a cap, took his knife and struck the cap, and lo! the empty (?) gun exploded. The charge of No. 8 shot penetrated the walls of the house, and took effect in the arm of Mr. Mills, who was sitting inside, wounding him quite severely, but not dangerously. This reminds us of the boy whose father licked him with a ramrod. He immediately gave an opinion that a gun is a dangerous weapon without lock, stock or barrel.

We paid a half hour's visit to the British bark Isle of Bute yesterday, and Capt. McEvay showed us the coops of Chinese pheasants and poultry sent over here by Judge Denny for acclimatization. The latter were merely a novelty on account of their feathers turning the reverse way, like ruffled pigeons, but the former were objects of interest. There are twenty-six of them, six cock birds and twenty hens, the latter being a sober-looking bird very much resembling the prairie chicken of Eastern Oregon. The cock birds, while entirely differing from the English pheasants, are equally beautiful in their plumage, having dark blue heads, red necks with a narrow white band through the red, tapering into a rich bronze and then into a sober brown body color. As the mating season is at hand, these birds should be set at liberty without further delay. Capt. McEvay also showed us the many curious plants sent over by Judge Denny and entertained us very hospitably. His vessel was formerly a full-rigged ship, but is now a bark and sails faster for the change in her rig. She is from Shanghai in ballast, and will load wheat for the United Kingdom. She made the passage from Shanghai to Astoria in 29 days, the shortest on record, bringing three days' later advices than the mail steamer.

A movement is on foot here to get up a first-class pigeon tournament in July, on the 17th, 18th and 19th of that month, when $730 in prizes will be given. On each of the first two days there will be a free-for-all shoot and also a shoot for men who never have won a prize of $20 or upward to date of match. This will let in many second-class amateurs who are hardly equal to competing with our crack shots. The first day's prize will be a fine buggy worth $225 and the second day's a gold, independent, second-timing watch worth $150. The amateur prize on the first day will be a $60 breech-loading gun to the best shot and a $20 split-bamboo rod for second best. The second day's prize for amateurs will be a $45 breech-loading gun and a $10 fishing rod for the two best scores, respectively. The third day will have but one shoot, for a purse of $200 in gold, at twelve birds each, first man to receive $110, second $60 and the third man $30. In the event that enough birds cannot be obtained here they can be had by steamer from San Francisco. The entrance money on all these prizes will be ten per cent. just as it is in races, and such an attraction should draw a large attendance. From Walla Walla, we may expect a large delegation of such excellent shots as Justice Arberry, Messinger, Harkness, Taylor and Schumacher. From Eugene, Messrs Stevens, Meek and others; six or seven from Salem and Albany. These with the "home guard," numbering at least a dozen as good shots as can be found in Oregon or Washington Territory, will be apt to make a first class tournament. May the contemplated programme be carried out and "may the best man win."

SOUTHERN HOME LIFE.

VANCOUVER, W. T., March 7, 1882.

YOU DEAR OLD GRIZZLY:

I was sitting in my chair last night smoking a corn-cob pipe and reading your "Trespasses," and the reading did not "carry me back to Ole Virginia," but it did carry me back to "my Mary-land," where, thirty years ago, after I had put away the horses, and got the wood for next day, I used to eat my supper of corn-bread and the like, and then sit down by the fire-place, in a room covered with a rag carpet, so cosy and comfortable, and talk with the boys and girls. The girls dressed in calico, and the boys in home-spun and the talk was so commonplace. We didn't know anything about "so utterly," "perfectly lovely," or "stunning," or any slang at all. We were very simple, and could only say in plain language just what we meant. Perhaps we would sing "Lilly Dale," or "My Mary Ann." About nine o'clock the master would say, "Come, youngsters, 'tis about bed-time," and he would take the good old bible and read a chapter, then we would sing a hymn, and then kneel down, while the master would commend us to Him to whom "the darkness and the light are both alike."

Then on Sundays we used to go to "meeting," the girls in their calico dresses and sun-bonnets (and they did look so nice and sweet), and the men in summer with linen suits on. I had a very fine suit; it cost me seven dollars. When the minister had given out the hymn, the leader would tap his thumb nail with his tuning-fork, and begin. Perhaps we would sing "Arlington" or "Lennox" or "Cornation," or "Perhaps Dundee's Wild Warbling notes Arise." We had no fine "arias" or solos or operatic stuff, it was music to which angels would listen. After the "meeting was out," neighbors would visit. The young men and maidens would gather in groups and chat and talk, and how the girls would have blushed and the men "got mad" if they had heard any of the vulgar, indecent, slang and stuff which is now-a-days considered the correct thing. Then, after a due course of "sparking," two young folk would marry and—and—well, *stay married*. In those days children knew both their fathers and mothers. Ah, me! I would like to go to a corn-husking, and be standing by one of those girls with her calico dress on, and find a "red ear," and then—O, pshaw! I am just as foolish as old "Grizzly" is.

MY MARY-LAND.

TURF TOPICS.

The Latest Gossip Heard About the High-Mettled Racers.

PURCHASE OF A GRAND TROTTER.

The Challenge from Patsy Duffy to Red Boy—Gov. Stanford Owner of Piedmont—Notes and Queries.

Newton Carnahan, owner of the stallion Patsy Duffy, has issued a challenge to John Early, of Boise City, offering to run Patsy against Red Boy, two races for $1000 or $2000 each, at any one of the four tracks hereinafter named—Baker City, La Grande, Walla Walla or East Portland. He offers to give Mr. Early not only the selection of the track but also the privilege of naming the amount for which each race is to be run. As a compensation for this, Mr. Carnahan claims the right to name the distance to be run, two mile heats for one race and mile heats, 3 in 5, for the other. Now it is a well established fact that the gate-money in such a race would be double at Portland what it would be at either Baker City or La Grande, and the pool-box five times as much. Hence if the owners of these horses are about to make a *bona-fide* race, it will pay them best to run at East Portland. For our own part, we should like to see a sweepstake of two miles and repeat for these famous horses, with Trade Dollar and old Joe Howell thrown in. We know, from conversation with Mr. Early, that he does not want anything of this kind; that he thinks it an impossibility to get a fair show in a race with Duffy and the flying mare of Walla Walla. He says they were run in together all last season; that Ordnance, belonging to another man, was run to death to enable Trade Dollar to win races without beating Patsy Duffy; and that the race between Patsy and Trade Dollar in September was the worst kind of a job. Hence he is not afraid of either of them single-handed, but objects to having them "double up" on him.

Nor will he run against Patsy Duffy at Baker City, now that Mr. Carnahan has seen fit to omit Boise City from the list of tracks at which he is willing to run. Mr. Carnahan would have no worse chance at the capital of Idaho, than Mr. Early would have at Baker City. And to judge from the decision in the Othello-Trifle race run at the latter place in September last, not as bad. Hence any allusions to a race to be run at Baker City might as well have been omitted from Mr. Carnahan's letter. This virtually leaves the matter open for consideration by Mr. Early, as between La-Grande, East Portland and Walla Walla. The first of these places cannot afford to add $800 of gate money to any race run there and there is always "a kick" about paying what is offered. Walla Walla is better. It has a good track which would do well, if properly managed, though it is somewhat run down of late. But East Portland has a track that is already good and, with the expenditure of a few hundred dollars more upon it, will be second to none on the coast. If these matches can be run here, one of them, at least, will be witnessed by about five thousand people. This is the place and the matches should be run here.

The purchase of the noted trotting stallion Piedmont, by ex-Governor Stanford, augurs well for the trotting stock of the Pacific coast. He already has four-year-olds by Electioneer, whose get have trotted faster for their age than any other colts in the known world. Piedmont will be the successor of Electioneer in the stud and combines rare strains of trotting blood with the rich life-current of the sire of Hinda Rose and Wildflower. Piedmont trotted in 2:17¼ three times during the past season and found no difficulty in making for himself a grand reputation through the campaign. He is a horse about 16¼ hands high, a dark brown in color, and possessed of great substance and stamina. He will be bred to Governor Stanford's best mares and will probably become as noted in the stud as he is now on the turf. His worthy sire, Almont, has more horses in the 2:30 list than any other stallion of his age. It looks as if California would soon outstrip Kentucky in the production of trotting horses.

Thomas Smyth, of Squaw Creek, Idaho, has seven thoroughbred mares, six of which he is breeding to Marmaduke. The oldest of these is Pirouette, by a son of Asteroid, out of Farfalletta, the dam of Falsotto and Fortuna; Wreath, by King Lear, out of Heliotrope by Knight of St. George; Nacouchee, by Tom Bowling, out of Lapwing, by Lightning; Lava Beds by King Lear, out of Lava by Australian, own sister to Helmbold; Monopoly, by Monarchist, dam by Vandal; bay mare by King Lear, out of Jentling by Planet. In a few years hence Mr. Smith will be one of the leaders of the northwestern turf. Next season will see the get of Marmaduke on the turf and they are likely to be very troublesome, as Marmaduke was a good mover up to the time he got crippled and was thought to be a formidable rival of Day-Star, Himyar and Lord Murphy.

James F. Bybee, the veteran trainer of old Rye Straw, arrived here from the Spokane Falls, last week, and evidently intends getting the gallant old gray in condition for the summer campaign. It beats all your modern turf newspapers to wind up the old man and listen to his recital of the great race between St. Louis and Louisa Jordan or the mighty struggle between Betsy Miller and Red Morocco. For strong and expressive language, devoid of slang, the old man's reminiscences of races run forty years ago are about as interesting as anything we can name.

H. P. Isaacs Esq., of Walla Walla, owner of Trade Dollar and Caddie R., was in town during the fore part of the week and informed our reporter that he should breed Caddie this season and perhaps Trade Dollar, the former to Chesapeake and the latter, if at all, to Monday in California. Greatas is the sire of Molly McCarty and Lottery, we hope he will make another selection. Monday is badly spavined, the worst of any horse we know and will be apt to transmit this defect to his posterity. We have always been in hopes that Trade Dollar would be sent east and matched with Longfellow, Aristides or Enquirer. Her owner has ample means to meet the expense, from which we believe he would realize a horse equal to MeWhirter in speed and to Thad Stevens in gameness. If he does not desire to send her east, there are Shannon, Hubbard and Grimstead, in California, three of as fine horses for size and blood as the world can furnish.

The Kisber colts are coming out in fine form and, if the weather holds good, we may look for some phenomenal trotters to be developed in Oregon this year. They all show a high degree of form, which is one great qualification. Men tell us that "horses trot in all shapes," but we find generally that they have to have the shape before they can trot. Kisber was a real Bonanza to Oregon and should have died hereafter. Twenty years hence, every fashionable home-bred trotting stallion in Oregon will have a cross of this dead hero in his veins; and the only trouble will be to find a sire to replace him, for his equal is elsewhere.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Emelie Melville has made a genuine hit in opera bouffe in New York, and the Bijou Theater is crowded nightly.

James A. Herne's "Hearts of Oak" combination is delighting the Michiganders. Played at Kalamazoo on the 29th ult.

John McCullough, Lawrence Barrett and Lotta will be among the leading attractions at the California Theater during the coming season.

A St. Louis paper pronounces Barton Hill's Othello "a piece of dramatic butchery." He is playing with Edwin Booth and Miss Belle Pateman.

Miss Clara Jean Walters is now in rustication at Eureka, Nevada, where she officiates as tutor and stage manager of the "Silver State Dramatic Club."

Burt Haverly, who played here last June with Hooley's "Big Four" troupe, was married to Miss Nellie Carter, a well-known belle of San Jose society.

Charles Wheatleigh, well known in San Francisco and this city, is the Dunstan of "Hazel Kirke Company No. 2," and will be here some time in June or July.

Many critics who have seen Miss Wulff play Cyprienne in "Divorcons," pronounced her rendition of it superior to that of Alice Lingard. She plays it in German, of course.

Leavitt's Minstrels are giving Emerson quite a close rub in San Francisco. Billy Arlington, who was here in 1877, is with them, and old Frank Moran, a most wonderful eccentric darkey.

Pauline Maurel, of Emma Abbott's Opera Company, died at Boston, Mass., on the 8th ult., aged 26 years. Her real name was Nellie Wood, and she appeared in San Francisco last year with Rice's Evangeline troupe. She was the wife of Sevaro Strini, now playing at the Tivoli in San Francisco.

Booth's theater has been sold to the Tammany Hall Association for $575,000, and instead of Hamlet and Richelieu, the chief attractions hereafter will be John Kelly and Hank Purroy.

Etelka von Gerster has been shaking with the chills at Mobile, and takes quinine in her egg-nog before going to rehearsal. A dose of port wine and Peruvian bark would do the old girl a power o' good.

The Wallace Sisters combination will be the first to play the Oregon circuit this season. They are under the management of Frank Dobson, or Wemyss Jobson, or some other man who is a choice of Hobson.

Miss Wixom is a graduate of Mills' seminary, California, class of 1876. She is a very beautiful, well educated and accomplished young lady. She is not ashamed of Nevada, and certainly Nevada has every reason to be proud of her.

Mrs. Jane Grey Swisshelm says Anna Dickinson's Hamlet is "a thing destitute of the simplest and noblest properties of manhood." Woman's inhumanity to woman makes countless thousands of actresses mad as Helen Blazes.

Richard Wagner, author of "Tannhauser" and "Lohengrin," is living at Palemro, in Italy, where he lives the life of a recluse and sees no company. He is hard at work on his new opera of "Parsifal," which he expects to finish early in June.

David Belasco's new play, the "Curse of Cain," is pronounced fully equal to the "Lights of London" as a powerful melo-drama. Belasco was here several years ago with Bert's "Tour of the World in 90 days," and later with Ada Cavendish.

Miss Marian Singer, now married to a gentleman of Boston, has presented her husband with twins. If they are boys they should be called Louis and Fabien, after the Corsican brothers. If girls they should be named Giroflé and Girofla.

Minnie Hauck and Col. Mapleson had a big fuss on the stage at Cincinnati last week, in which the latter called Miss Hauck's husband a "puppy," and other Chesterfieldian expressions passed on both sides. Skip the 'ard words, me lud.

The most excruciatingly funny thing that has been got off lately is the Geistinger's singing of "Yankee Doodle" in low Dutch. It has completely demoralized San Francisco for the next three months, and there's no telling when they'll recover from the shock.

Joe Norcross, who was "middle man" in Maguire's minstrel troupe which visited here in June, 1876, has turned out to be an immense favorite in opera bouffe. He does the prince in "La Mascotte," and throws an extraordinary lot of funny business into the part.

The San Francisco papers speak highly of Haydon Tilla's performance of Jean Grenicheux in the "Bells of Corneville." Harry Gates, who came here with poor Caroline Richings four or five years ago, is also a member of the party. Hattie Moore, whom a local baritone once called "a pretty little pig," has gone east.

The Josephi sisters, who attempted to do Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, in the "School for Scandal," made a frightful mash of the business. It was an unfortunate selection for a *debut*, and such parts should never be attempted save by those who have been through another school—the life-long and bitter school of experience. Such performances should be discouraged by every well-wisher of the drama.

Sheridan went east on the 4th inst., bound for Philadelphia, with the body of his dead friend, William E. Gemmill, formerly lessee of the Arch street theater and late manager of the Lingard troupe. How this will affect his proposed trip to Australia, remains to be seen. He defends himself rather ably against the charge of having disappointed an audience at the Baldwin theater, recently.

Mr. Charles Haase, the celebrated German tragedian, is about to make his first bow to a San Francisco audience and the *Brevities* predicts "an overwhelming reception" for him. What constitutes an overwhelming reception for a tragedian, it is hard to say. We saw Frank Lawlor make his *debut* in Oroville, twenty-seven years ago, as "Richard III," and he was was overwhelmed—with "garden sass," so to speak. We trust that Mr. Haase's reception will be of a different character. *Ya wohl, mein herr!*

NEVADA'S FAMOUS SINGER.

We take the following from a California exchange:

A letter from Dr. Wixom, dated Pisa, Italy, January 20th, has been received at Austin. It contains an account of the triumphs of his daughter, Miss Emma Nevada. At Genoa she gave six representations of Sonnambula; at Florence she appeared six times in Mignon, and on the 22d of December came to Pisa, where she has given twelve representations—four of Faust, four of Sonnambula, four of the Barber of Seville. A procession of 2000 people, with torches and a band of sixty pieces, escorted her carriage home from the theater, and 600 students from the university gave her a serenade. She will go to Florence, where she will give ten representations of Faust and Sonnambula, and then to Rome for eight representations of the same.

OUTGOING PASSENGERS.

The steamship Oregon left at 12 o'clock last night with the following list of passengers:

M D Kane,
Edna Taylor,
N Harris, wf and child,
Wm Young,
E Sheffen,
Mrs T J Peabody & 3 chdn
John King,
J S Oakford,
G W Sager and wife,
Capt James H Douglas,
A Waldman,
N Meller,
E Frank,
H Asch,
S D Ives,
Mrs Malarkey,
Master Malarkey,
J S Woods,
Mrs J W Cochran,
T Hill and wife,
James G White,
Mrs W J Cottle,
Mrs Lemston,
Geo B Oavet,
James Gennance,
Thomas Varwig,
J R Brigham,
F Stence,
W J McClure,
F H Reed and 2 chdn,
J Meyer,
Mrs Seit Lumm and neice,
Mr Kern,
Dr O Toole,
J L Watson,
S Hauskaten,
F O Griggs and wife,
H M Green, wf and 3 chdn
W W Thompson,
Mrs Guffey,
W Whitwell,
G W Monroe,
W J Deneen,
Jessie Selling,
L Stearns,
G M Meyer,
F Drews, wf and 3 chdn
F Schrader,
J C McLeney,
C M Talbott,
F R Charman,
Miss Malarkey,
C A Malarkey, and child
G F Meacham,
Mrs A B Meacham,
M E Sheffield and wife,
H M Chase,
Miss Aquilla Hohn,
M H Lilly,
J R Roland,
H J Hamilton,
J S Fisher,
L Strauss,
F B Kendall,
J G Brophy,
S Sussman,
Mr J W Lumm,
M P Collender and wf
C Hodge,
F Lombard,
N H Allen,
H C Frazer.

Mrs. R. F. Haskell, No. 43 Boston street, Salem, Mass., writes: "I have used St. Jacobs Oil on my daughter for a pain in her left side, and it proved itself a splendid physician. Everybody regards it as a reliable friend."

REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

DEEDS.

L R Holmes & wf to T R Strong, north ½ blk 163, Couch, Feb. 6—$3380.

Amos N King and wife to Gustav and Alfred Burkhardt, lot 70x100 ft on G street, 360 ft west of 21st street, March 11—$1050.

W E Watson and wife to A J Watson, lot 6, blk 7, Watson's add., Feb. 24—$500.

Chas Hodge and wife to J F Buchanan, blk 7, Proebstel's add. to Albina, March 10—$4000.

S G Skidmore to School District No. 1, lots 1, 2, 3 and 4 in blk 159, Couch's add., March 11—$4000.

Geo Hoyt and wife to School District No. —, lots 5, 6 and 8 in blk 159, Couch's add., March 11—$4000.

John Sedlak and wife to School District No. 1, blk 55, Caruther's add.—$10,000.

Callie Charlton, guardian to A E Borthwick, 108 75-100 acres in T 2 N, R 1 W—$1700.

W H Smith, C H Woodward and Geo Woodward and wives to H A Hogue, blk 147, Couch's add., Feb. 14—$10,500.

Geo R Scoffins and wife to A D Quick, 5 acres in Sec. 21, T 1 N, R 1 E, March 11—$255.

D R Wilson and wife to Rosana Caroline Slaughterbeck, lots 6 and 7, blk 213, Couch's add., Feb. 21—$1500.

P J Martin and wife to Henry D Newbury, lots 4, 7 and 8, blk 12, in P J Martin's tract, March 4—$825.

Wm Wilson and wife to Geo W Snitzler, 325 acres in Secs. 5, 6, 7 and 8, T 1 N, R 1 E; also 44 8-100 acres in Sec. 5, T 1 N, R 1 E; also 80 acres in Sec. 5, T 1 N, R 1 E, March 2—$2.

Francis M Snitzler to Geo W Snitzler, property above described, March 1—$2.

United States to Wesley Van Schuyver, 320 acres, claim No 63, in T 1 N, R 1 E, Jan. 18, 1859.

Samuel Helple and wife to C H Meussdorffer and C M Wiberg, lot 200x346 ft in the Samuel Herpl tract, East Portland, March 11—$6000.

C H Meussdorffer and wife to C M Wiberg undivided ½ of lots 3, 4, 5 and 6, blk 71, East Portland, March 10—$6000.

Geo Marshall and wife to H A Hogue, blk 129, Couch's add., Feb. 20—$10,000.

Geo Marshall and wife to H A Hogue, blk 132 Couch's add., Feb. 20—$11,000.

Geo Marshall and wife to J N Dolph, Trustee, blk 114, Couch add. to H A Hogue, March 10—$16,000.

Aaron Meier and wife to H A Hogue, east ½ of 8, blk 149, Couch add., March 10—$3500.

SHEET MUSIC—Largest stock on Northwest coast. Orders filled promptly. Send stamp for catalogue and Musical Journal. Wiley B. Allen, Portland, Oregon.

Splendid dinners, in fact all meals, are served by those experienced caterers, Smith & Hansen, of the St. Charles Restaurant. Call in when you wish an excellent meal.

PORTLAND PULPITS.

Who will Fill Them To-day and what Their Themes will be.

Baptist church—Rev. J. A. Gray, pastor, will preach morning and evening. Sunday school at 12:30. Seats free.

First Congregational Church, Holladay's addition to East Portland, Amos W. Bower, minister. Services at 11 o'clock A. M. and at 7 P. M.

German-Methodist church on Sixth street, between Morrison and Alder. F. Bonn, pastor. Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath school at 9:30 A. M.

Christian Church—Preaching morning and evening at the usual hours. Subject, 11 A. M.: "Temperance in all things." All are made welcome. Bruce Wolverton, pastor.

There will be service in the Baptist Church in the Swede language, Sunday at 3 o'clock P. M., and on Wednesday night, the 15th, at 7:30 P. M. All are welcome. Preaching by Rev. O. Okerson.

The German Lutheran Congregation will have services to-morrow at the church in Stephens' addition, at 11 A. M. and 2:30 P. M., at the Congregational church, East Portland. Ed. Doering, pastor.

Hall Street M. E. Church—H. K. Hines, pastor. 11 A. M., subject: "The Spirit's Witness with Ours." 7:30 P. M., subject: "Outcasts; the Murrays and Prange Society." What can be done for them.

First Presbyterian Church, corner Washington and Third streets, A. L. Lindsley, pastor. Public worship morning and evening; ushers in attendance. Sunday school at 12:30. Lecture on Thursday evening.

Unitarian Church, T. L. Eliot, minister, services at 11 and 7:30. The evening sermon is the fourth in the course on existing churches. Theme—The Protestant Episcopal Church. The public are cordially invited.

German Evangelical Church—Corner Eighth and Clay streets. Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 9:30 A. M. Friday at 7 P. M. preaching at Milwaukie. All Germans cordially invited. Chas. Waehlte, pastor.

Advent Christian Association—Meetings held at the Hall, Northwest corner Sixth and Salmon streets, on Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Prayer meeting on Thursday at 7:30 P. M. Worship conducted by E. C. Bronaugh.

Norwegian Dane Lutheran Church, R. R. Bull, pastor, services every Sunday, except the first Sunday in the month, at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. in the Episcopal chapel on Fifth street. Pastor's residence, Sixteenth street, between K and L.

Rev. John Reid of Port Townsend, W. T., will preach at the First Congregational Church, at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school immediately after morning service. This is Mr. Reid's first visit to Portland. He is said by those who know him to be an excellent speaker.

Taylor Street M. E. Church—Geo. W. Izer, pastor. Morning discourse 11 o'clock. Subject: "Supreme Motives." Evening discourse 7:30 o'clock. Subject: "God's Responsibility to Man." Praise meeting at 6:45 P. M. Ushers in attendance. All who come will be made welcome.

Calvary Presbyterian Church, corner Eleventh and Main streets; preaching at 11 A. M. and at 7½ P. M. by Rev. R. W. Hill; Sunday school at 1 o'clock; prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7½ o'clock; communion service will be observed at the close of morning service. Pews free, congregational singing, and a cordial invitation to attend is extended to all.

Services at the Episcopal Church—Trinity church (Oak and 6th), Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; St. Stephen's chapel, (Madison and Fifth), Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; St. Mathew's chapel, (First and Caruthers), 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.; Trinity mission chapel, (Watson's add.), Sunday, 7:30 P. M.; St. Timothy's chapel, (Grammar school), Sunday, 3 P. M.; Good Samaritan hospital, (21st and L), Thursday, 3:30 P. M.

REAL ESTATE MARKET.

The following special report of the real estate market is furnished THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN by J. Fred. Clark & Co., real estate agents:

One of the latest of the developments of real estate dealing is the appearance on the sidewalk of a number of curbstone brokers. For the most part they are without visible means of support, and such as have limited capital, have no office and hang out no shingle. They seek to do the work of the broker without incurring any of the numerous expenses attendant on the conduct of legitimate business. They have no status and no responsibility. Their business is to chip in. A case came under our notice during the past week where a curbstone broker, having secured a refusal of a certain property, at once offered and strongly recommended it at 25 per cent. above the price to be paid for it. He did not effect a sale. We probably would not have mentioned the sidewalk broker were it not for the fact that proceedings like that above recorded are liable to bring the business into disrepute, and they are certainly damaging to property values, as well as unjust to both buyer and seller. The business of the real estate broker is as legitimate as that of the banker, attorney or merchant, and equally requires a recognized place of business. The legitimate real estate broker, having a reputation to maintain, is content with legitimate commissions. The curbstone man, being merely a bird of passage, assuming no responsibility, having no office or clerk hire or advertising to pay for, having no business reputation and traveling solely on jawbone, can gouge at will all who are foolish enough to entertain his proposals.

The transactions for the week as shown by the country records number 69 and amount to $304,673 distributed as follows:

Couch and northward	29	deeds	$143,275 00
City proper	6	"	122,500 00
Country and suburban	17	"	22,766 00
East Portland	12	"	11,301 00
Caruthers and southward	2	"	4,600 00
St. Johns	1	"	125 00
Cemetery	2	"	46 00
Total	69	deeds	$304,673 00

D. W. Prentice & Co., leading music dealers, the only house in Portland that deal in musical merchandise exclusively. Largest stock of pianos, organs, sheet music and everything that pertains to the music business. Send your orders direct to us.

F. A. Bochlofsky has taken charge of Sol's restaurant, 67 First street, and will open the same this morning. Fred, while in the Holton House, won a name that will live long in the memory of those who have dined there.

Garrison's Sewing Machine Store, 167 Third street, is the best place in Oregon to get all kinds of machines repaired, for needles, attachments, silk thread, machine parts, etc.

Do not forget the clearance sale at the Pacific Boot and Shoe House, 109 First street. Every boot, shoe and slipper at actual cost, for ten days only.

Dress and Cloak Makers Wanted.

Wanted immediately, several first-class dress and cloak makers. Apply to Mrs. L. Pilger.

For a fine piano, second hand, call at 153 Third street. A bargain.

Fine oil paintings, engravings, chromos. Ornamental frames made and regilding done. Volney's, 153 Third St.

NEW TO-DAY.

WANTED—HAND-DRILLERS AND STONE-cutters at Granite Point, Snake River. Apply at the works or to CHAS. A. COLTER, Room 1, third floor, Zeta Psi Building, Portland, Or.
m12d2w D. D. McBEAN.

WANTED—A GIRL TO DO UP-STAIRS WORK. Inquire at 163 Eighth street, cor. Morrison, between 9 A. M. and 2 P. M. m12d2t

FOR RENT.

FURNISHED ROOMS, SUITABLE FOR GENtleman. Call at N. E. Fourteenth and H sts. 1t

TO LET.

TWO UNFURNISHED ROOMS IN PLEASANT location. Carpets down and stove down. Rent low to permanent occupants. Address W, Columbia, 108, or this office. m12s1t

A COMPOSITOR FOR A JOB OFFICE WANTED Apply at No. 8 Washington street. m11d6t

WANTED—CANVASSER FOR CITY AND country. Also, all kinds of sewing machines to repair. All work warranted. Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Co., 88 Morrison St., Portland.
m11dtf CRAIGIE SHARPE, Jr., Manager.

FOR RENT—FURNITURE FOR SALE.

NEW HOUSE—7 ROOMS, WELL LIGHTED; healthy location; latest improvements. Address P. O. Box 911. m11d2t

FOR SALE.

CHOICE LOT IN COUCH ADDITION.—LOW price to cash purchaser. Address P. O. Box 831. m11d2t

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS.

A BOAT WILL BE DESPATCHED FROM CELilo on April 3d, 1882, destined to Priest's Rapids, with freight for Yakima and Kittitass valleys. For further information apply at the office of the O. R. & N. Co. JOHN MUIR, Supt. of Traffic.
G. J. AINSWORTH, Supt. River Division. m11d6t

SOME BARGAINS.

LOT AND HOUSE WITH SEVEN ROOMS, ON Seventh street, Couch's addition, near the great railway depot (about to be erected); price $2250. What will it be worth in twelve months from now? Go with me and see the property. Secure yourself a little fortune with a little money. Time given if required.

A magnificent two-story residence, with seven hard finished rooms; two lots of ground, highly improved; splendid barn; one of the most commanding views in Holladay's addition. Can be had for $5000; payments made easy. You will want it if you ever see it.

Sixty-acre farm, two miles east of the dry docks in East Portland; 20 acres heavy timber; 24 acres in cultivation; balance open land; small orchard; small fruits; house; barn; large cistern; all fenced. Price $100 per acre.

Come and see my list of city and country property and take a free ride to it.

HARRISON B. OATMAN,
m11d1w NE. corner First and Stark Sts., Portland, Or.

SOL'S RESTAURANT,

ON AND AFTER DATE, WILL BE CONDUCTed by the undersigned, who invites all his old customers and the

PUBLIC GENERALLY,

To come and see him.

F. A. BOCHLOFSKY,
Formerly of the Holton House.

The morning sun shines brightly for that man cured of that relentless tyrant, dyspepsia. King of the Blood never fails, when faithfully used. See advertisement.

John Loomiller, who was furnished money by the county authorities of Jackson county a few years ago to enable him to reach his friends in Jacksonville, Ills., has returned the sum with interest. He says that he has become religious since arriving east, and believes that he obtained the money under false pretenses, therefore desires to return it.

Prince Burki, father of the king of Ashantee, denies the story that the king massacred 200 young girls for the purpose of using their blood to mix mortar with for his new palace.

FINE WINES AND LIQUORS.
Sole Agents for the
J. H. CUTTER OLD BOURBON WHISKY
And for
VAL BLATZ MILWAUKEE BEER.

FOR SALE—A NICE LOT
TILLAMOOK BUTTER.
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U. S. Bonds deposited with State Treasurer in Oregon
Letter of Credit, Bank of British Columbia, Portland, Or.
W. F. BROWN,
MANAGER.
No. 27 Stark St., Portland.

[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible] [hon]est[y] and truth
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
A hate of tyrant and of knave
A [love] of right, a scorn of wrong
Of coward and of slave

A kind true heart, a spirit high
That could not fear and would not bow
Were written in his manly eye
And on his manly brow

Praise to the bard! his words are driven
Like flower seeds by the far wind sown
Where'er beneath the sky of heaven
The birds of fame have flown

Praise to the man! a nation stood
Beside his coffin with wet eyes
Her brave, her beautiful, her good
As when a loved one dies

And still as on his funeral day
Men stand his cold earth mound around
With the mute homage that we pay
To consecrated ground

And consecrated ground it is
The last, the hallowed home of one
Who lives upon all memories
Though with the buried gone

Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines
Shrines to no code or creed confined
The Delphian vales, the Palestines
The Meccas of the mind

—Robert B[illegible]

HAZEL.

Lippincott's Magazine

Hazel risked life and limb nightly at Coppee's Nonpareil circus wherever it chanced to be. She was nineteen, and an acrobat who had grown up in the ring, and who, for all she either knew or expected, might die there on its tan and sawdust any night.

Lately she had often dreamed such a thing. One moment she saw herself tranquilly poised above the vast expectant sea of upturned faces, the roar of applause still echoing from the roof; the next the air went whistling shrilly past her ears, the circus lights and the sea of faces below seemed rising up to meet her with the ground, and with a groan and stifled shriek she lay upon the tan in the ring, a sickening sensation of pain shooting through her in every part, a great cry from the multitude going up as from a single throat, the hurrying feet of strong men rushing forward to lift her poor maimed body that had just life enough left in it to be conscious yet, followed by frantic appeals for a surgeon in the front, the snuffing uneasiness of the horses as she was carried past, the lamentations of her comrades, and then a merciful blank that ended all.

To-night she thought of it again as she stood in the little dressing-room she shared with Mrs Bridgeman, the wife of the trained-goat man, and made her face up with red and white. How lustrous her eyes shone out above the rouge! How hideous and how staring they would look out through all the mask of paint if the life behind them should suddenly go out! "Well, there's nobody but old Tom to care much," she said, with a half sob, staring at her reflection in the little glass.

"Here, Hazel, hurry up! What's the matter with you? You'll be late again and Spear will make a devil of a row," said the deep voice of a middle-aged man who had entered the room without the ceremony of a knock. He was Tom Scully, the man who had brought her up and trained her to her perilous profession. He had evidently only just quitted the ring, for he wore tights and spangled trunks, and his face was red and glistening with an oily perspiration he was mopping with a handkerchief whose grayish hue proclaimed that it was not over-clean.

"Can't Bridgeman go on with his trained goats after Clyde?" asked the girl, with a sort of tremor in her voice.

"You ain't a fluke again to-night, I hope?" said Scully, coming closer and speaking in a low voice, as if he did not wish to be overheard.

Hazel met his glance and half nodded.

Scully puckered up his lips and whistled. "That's bad," he said, in the same low key. "You'll come a cropper some time, sure enough, Hazel, if you keep going on this way. Where's your nerve? A year ago I'd have backed you against all the world for square nerve. Don't give in. Here the shoutin' crowd in front. Let the noise put spirit in you. Pluck up and go on."

"I can't," said Hazel, dejectedly, "I wish I could cut the whole biz!"

"Cut it and be d—d," said Scully. "You ain't sick, I hope."

"Sick! Oh, Lord!" cried Hazel, "I'm sick of life,—that's all!" She raised her arm to the level of her face, and kept it there awhile, screening her eyes.

Scully eyed her narrowly, and, stepping back, closed the door. "Look here, Hazel," he said anxiously, "you haven't been up to any shines I don't know of, now, have you, my dear? You ain't been fair to keep dark. I'd never stand in your way, as you know. If you were my own child I couldn't be any squarer to you, now, say."

"No," said Hazel, "I'm all right, Tom, but for those dreams."

"Dreaming again?" said Scully. "Come, now, my dear, no fooling, dreams go by contraries, don't you know? Hark! You're called. And they're howling out there in the front like mad. That's for Clyde."

"Hazel!" called a voice from the depths.

The girl darted to the door and rushed out. On the way she passed a tall, handsome young fellow, who had just left the ring. It was Clyde, the bareback rider of the troupe, a Texan, and this was his first season with them all. He was so reserved and quiet in his manner, and so distant to the other members of the troupe as to be little liked. Apparently he did not see Hazel as she passed. She saw him clearly enough, and her eyes flashed, finding herself unnoticed. The next moment she sprang forward in the ring, and she was greeted with a deafening burst of applause.

At the side of the ring a ladder was strongly braced, that led to a little platform near the roof. Hazel cleared the space between almost at a single bound, put her foot on the first rung of the ladder, and scrambled up it like a cat, amid the cheers and bravos of the house. Scully, who was watching from below, applauded with the rest. "Clear grit she is, through and through," he cried. Suddenly he saw she was standing fingering the ropes with an uncertain, hesitating air. He shouted something that sounded like, "Stretch the net!" and dashed after her across the ring and up the ladder to her side, where she had not yet done fingering the ropes. "I'll look out for you," he panted in her ear.

Down below it was only noticed that another performance was to be substituted for the "Great Leap for Life, by Hazel, without the net." Nobody but the man beside her saw the awful graveness of the girl's face growing underneath its mockery of red cheeks.

"We'll give 'em the 'Brothers,'" said Scully. "You can do that—it's safe. Take the 'Leap' afterward, if you feel up to it then. Now, then! Stand back! Up she goes! Steady—ready, let go."

"I'm so cold," muttered Hazel, but the man had swung himself already far out upon the rope.

He saw her waver before she sprang to him, and her hands, when he caught them, were damp and chilly. Alive to the danger he swore at her, and while they rocked together suspended in the air he managed to get his handkerchief, which was plentifully chalked, and dabbed her hands. "Mind what you're at," he told her in a hoarse voice that was hardly human in its sound to Hazel's ears. "I swear I'll not let go you, so if you miss and drop you'll drag me down, and there'll be murder done, and you'll go out to your eternal judgment with my blood on your soul."

After that Hazel went safely and mechanically through her part. There was a recall afterward, but Scully had to go on and show himself alone. Hazel lay in a dead faint in the little room.

He found her there with Mrs Bridgeman when he returned, and Bridgeman fuming around the door. The house was clamoring for her again, but she refused to be seen again that night.

"I'm not [illegible]," she cried excitedly, as she saw Scully. "I am not fit to [illegible]. See for yourself what a state I'm in. What's got to me, do you suppose, to make me faint? Oh, it's awful, Tom. I tell you all of you it's an awful feeling. Why, my head swims yet. I never felt so, not even the first time I ever went so high without the mattress or the net." She did not seem to care who heard.

Bridgeman arrested Scully at the door. "I've [illegible] [illegible] that," he whispered to him. "[illegible] here has gone spoons on Clyde."

"If I thought that," cried Scully, and he [illegible] [illegible] on his hands.

"It's [illegible] sort of a point," continued [Bridgeman], [illegible] whispering as before. "I wouldn't trust him out of my sight with any other woman in the world than [illegible]." He nodded in the direction of Mrs Bridgeman as he spoke.

He [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] his whisper had been. "Don't [illegible] [illegible] of that," said [illegible]. "You['ll] [illegible] [illegible]. Clyde has nothing to do with me, and I'm [illegible] [illegible] the reason why he never looks my way. He lights his cigarettes and walks off when I'm called. He has never seen me go through a single act—the only man who was ever here at Coppee's and didn't care to see me in the ring."

"Great shucks," whispered Bridgeman again. "D[illegible] [illegible] with [illegible]. She watches for him every night. I told you she'd gone spoons."

Hazel noted the whisper, which this time she failed to hear, and it maddened her, nervous and upset and weakened as she was. She pushed Mrs Bridgeman aside and went over to the two men, shaking with passion that put her beside herself. "Clyde minds his own business," she said pointedly to Bridgeman, "and that's more than you do, old as you are. I don't want you whispering about me to Tom or any one, and I'll not have it, do you hear? Stop telling lies about me, or I'll stick you for it some time, sure."

"Great shucks, what a spitfire," laughed Bridgeman as he walked away.

"She don't mean it," his wife called after him.

"Don't I, though," said Hazel, "you too, if you don't look out."

"Bah, you mountebank thing," retorted the older woman, running a contemptuous eye over Hazel's shapely limbs so lavishly displayed.

"You never did anything worth speaking of in your line anyway," said Hazel fiercely. "If it wasn't for Bridge's goats you couldn't get a scratch engagement anywhere on earth."

"Oh, shut up and shake hands," cried Scully testily. "What's the row all about?"

"Clyde thinks himself a cut above her, is the matter with Hazel, Mr Scully."

"Here, we've had enough of Clyde," said Scully, in a rough way.

"Some of us can never get enough," cried Hazel, her eyes on Mrs Bridgeman's face.

"And some of us can get so precious little that we get sick over it and fret ourselves for more," began Mrs Bridgeman, with a malicious air.

"You git!" cried Scully, "and go tell old Bridge I said so, if you like. I'll not see Hazel annoyed. She ain't herself to-night."

Mrs Bridgeman went away after that, with her head in the air and the tread of a tragedy queen.

Hazel put her face up against Scully and began to sob. He sat stroking her head very much as he would have patted one of his favorite animals, in a kindly sort of way. "So it's Clyde?" he said, after a while. "Look up and tell me about it, Hazel. I won't give you away."

"It's not Clyde," she said shortly, and sat up by herself.

"Nor nobody else?"

"Nor nobody else," she replied.

"Then what is it? I'd like to know."

"So would I," she said, trying to laugh. "I'm not sick, and it's something worse than the dreams I told you of, Tom. It's something goes with me to torment me night and day—night and day."

"I've heard men talk that way," said Scully, absently still stroking her hair, "women too, once in a while. But you haven't the same reason for it they had."

"Don't mind me," she said. "Try and forget it, that's what I try to do, Tom—forget all the time. And to-night it just seems as if I couldn't forget any more. I'm just done for. The time has come to shut down. I can never be good for anything in my line again. The game's up with Hazel after this."

"Nonsense! rot!" said Scully angrily, but he could say nothing to divert the girl's mind.

"I wish you'd go away and leave me, Tom," she said, after a while. "I want to be alone."

He left her, but before he went he did what he seldom did now, she was not a child and had given up climbing on his knee; he laid his lips to her lips and kissed her good night.

In the morning she was haggard looking and white, and there were dark circles under her eyes. She tried to laugh it off with him, and said, "Look as if I'd been on a tear last night—a regular howling racket, as the boys say—don't I?"

"No," said Scully, "just a little 'off'—that's all. You'll be all right by night."

Hazel returned his glance in a way he never forgot. A smile crossed her lips, but she did not speak.

"D—n him!" said Scully under his breath as he thought of Clyde.

"The worst of it is that he doesn't care shucks for her," said Bridgeman.

Scully kept a lookout all that day for Clyde. After a while he saw the Texan moving among the horses, and stopped him as he was going away. "You heard how Hazel disappointed the house last night?" he said.

"No," said Clyde, with a scarcely concealed impatience at being detained.

"She didn't follow the bill—wasn't up to the 'Leap.'"

"No?" said Clyde again.

"Have you seen her in that?"

"No."

"Good Lord!" muttered the other, "can't I get anything out of the man but 'no'?"

Clyde was pulling at his mustache in a bored, indifferent way.

Scully wondered what Hazel could see in him to like. "I want you to be in front to-night," he continued, "and see her when she comes on for the 'Leap.' It's the best thing she does."

"Yes," assented Clyde, with an uninterested air.

"You'll be sure to be there? Sit close by the ladder, if you will. I'll have a place kept for you. You can be there easily enough, if you will. You don't ride after half-past, and what do you generally do with yourself after that?"

"Go to bed, I believe."

"Join us to-night at supper, Hazel and me."

"Thank you, but my digestion is everything to me. I don't eat late."

"All right," said Scully, and he let the young man pass.

Mrs Bridgeman seemed to be waiting for him a little farther on. The two walked away together.

Hazel came up directly and took hold of Scully by the arm. "She likes him, Tom," she said, without any sort of a preface, "and she's always putting herself in his way and speaking to him whether he will or not."

"What's there in him to like?" asked the man, putting in words the thought that was uppermost.

"I don't know," said Hazel. "He's different from any one else I ever saw."

"He's a—" began Scully suddenly, and checked the word on his lips. He had caught the electric flash in the girl's great dark eyes and the rising flush on her face.

"A what?" she demanded imperiously.

"A pretty decent sort of a chap, I guess?"

"He's a gentleman, Tom, through and through."

"My poor girl!" said Scully to himself, "you're hit hard, no mistake."

"You were talking to him just now, Tom. What did he say?"

"Asked him to supper to-night, but he wouldn't come. Thinks a sight too much of his d—d digestion for that."

He said nothing more.

"Yes, I believe he wants to see you from the front to-night. Asked me too to keep a place for him by the ladder."

"No? not really," cried Hazel, and it was a sight the other hated to see, the little dimples of pleasure that made radiant her face.

She was unusually animated all the rest of the day. She even seemed to have forgotten or overlooked her disagreement with Mrs Bridgeman last night. Possibly Mrs Bridgeman had not forgotten, but deemed it wisest to overlook. She seemed nervous and agitated as the day wore on, starting whenever she was suddenly addressed and trying to avoid Hazel's eye.

Scully sent out while Clyde was riding and got a bunch of nodding roses and clover pinks from a florist's just across the way. As Clyde came off hot and flushed he met him and fairly thrust the flowers in his hand. "Will you give these to Hazel as she mounts the ladder?" he asked.

"Certainly," said Clyde, "but I must have time to change my dress first."

"I've looked out for all that. Bridgeman is to go on with his trained goats before instead of after the 'Leap.'"

Scully was not prepared for the sudden dark flash of annoyance that stirred the Texan's face. It actually seemed for the moment to him as if the intelligence was unwelcome, and that Clyde, for a purpose of his own, preferred the usual arrangement of the night's performance in the ring. Bridgeman was making his entry with the goats when Mrs Bridgeman stopped Scully to speak to him. She was [illegible] street things and seemed impatient to [illegible].

"I'm going home," she said. "I'm [illegible] [illegible] any more to-night. Won't you tell my husband when he comes off where I [illegible]. [illegible] like him to know [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] you to take [illegible] [illegible] supper with you if [illegible] could."

Scully thought nothing of her going, [illegible] [illegible] she had [illegible] [illegible]. She [illegible] Hazel [illegible] and tripped [illegible]. The girl was [illegible] full of confidence [illegible] he saw.

"Is Clyde there?" she whispered. "I want to know."

"Yes, in an overcoat. He's just [illegible] round."

Hazel was eager enough to go now. After the first burst of applause that before it had done echoing to the roof she ran to the ladder at the side of the ring, her eyes fastened on Clyde, who was seated there in a listless sort of a way, and saw the flowers in his hand. He half rose and extended them to her, saying something that evidently pleased the girl. She took them from him and fastened them securely at her belt. Another round of applause for the simple action from the house, and Hazel began her preparations for the act. She did not see Clyde slip away and edge himself out through the crowded house until he was behind the high wooden barrier that screened the view of the ring from loungers near the entrance door. She only caught sight of him out there as she was about to launch herself in the air and take the leap. The gate keeper was asleep and the box office was closed. Mr Bridgeman was waiting to meet Clyde, and he put his arm around her with an easy air of possession and kissed her nearest cheek. Instantly a wild cry of despair and blind jealous fury came from the girl upon whom all eyes in the place but those of these two were fixed.

It was all over in a second, half a second perhaps. The great "Leap for Life," as down on the bills, was of death. Hazel lay with her arms outstretched and motionless face downward upon the ring. The bunch of flowers shot out from her belt in her fall, dropped at the other woman's feet. The house was still and then broke into cries. The quick rush of many tramping feet was heard in the ring. The gate man woke up and pressed forward with the rest. Mrs Bridgeman unconsciously put her foot upon the flowers and crushed them.

"Don't look," said Clyde, and taking advantage of the confusion and their consequent seclusion—the only two of all that vast assembly behind the wooden barrier—he kissed her there on the lips twice unseen.

The gate man returned to take his place at the door. Many in the crowded house began to struggle out. The performance in the ring had been resumed. No one seemed to know the extent of the injuries that Hazel had received.

Clyde put the question to one of the members of the troupe whom he saw going away. He had gone out in the street with Mrs Bridgeman on his arm, and they walked as far as the side entrance when they met his man.

He passed his hand over his eyes before he answered, as though to shut out the sight of some dreadful thing. "She's dead now," he told Clyde.

"She had just breath enough left to call for your husband, Mrs Bridgeman, and he was with her before Tom got into the room. Poor old Tom! He's taking on awfully. It was him made her go on to-night, he says. You ought to have seen how her hair turned from the shock, the doctors all say, the minute she knew she had missed her time was up. Well, it was jet black, as you know—white when we picked her up—white as snow to the ends."

Clyde then said something to his companion in an undertone as the men moved away.

Mrs Bridgeman gave a little shiver. "Oh, it is awful!" she said. "Let us go home."

The door behind them opened suddenly and Bridgeman came out. His lips were compressed till they seemed a mere line on his face. His eyes narrowed as he saw his wife on the Texan's arm. "I've been looking for you," he said, and his wife seemed to think that he spoke to her, though his glance was full into the other man's sphinx like face, handsome, expressionless, and well bred.

"I'm going home," she said. "Mr Clyde will take me there. You had better stay and do what you can for poor Tom. I know all about it. She's dead."

Bridgeman paid not the slightest attention to the sound of her voice or to what she said. He took the Texan suddenly by the lapel of his overcoat and swung him round so as squarely to face himself. "I've been looking for you," he said, and his expression was that of some wild beast. "I'm going to send you where you belong."

Clyde saw his right hand move back of his hip. With the other he still held the Texan by the coat. Mrs Bridgeman dropped Clyde's arm and threw open the little door behind. Clyde wrenched himself free and he fell through, and a shot flew past his ears.

The shot startled the members of the troupe and the hangers-on within. Mrs Bridgeman literally flattened herself against the wall as her husband dashed past her and after Clyde.

There was another scene in the rings that was not down on the bills.—Clyde, bare-headed, running for his life in obedience to the blind animal instinct of escape and the knowledge that he was unarmed, and Bridgeman after him, aiming and firing his pistol as he ran. The house—what remained of it after Hazel's accident and had not heard the fatal termination of her fall—broke into animation at the sight. Clyde was in the middle of the ring, the same place where the tan had been hastily raked over the spot where Hazel fell, when the last bullet from Bridgeman's revolver did its work. He threw his hands up over his head and dropped.

Bridgeman flung his useless weapon over the Texan's prostrate body, and turning on his heel walked quietly back the way he had come. His own comrades about the door seemed paralyzed. They made no effort to detain him, but fell back and let him pass.

The house had just begun to realize its mistake, and that a dread tragedy had been enacted in its midst. A strong current of air from open doors rushed in and set the lights flickering. Some one ventured into the ring and turned the Texan's white face up. There was no doubt about it, he was dead.

Tom Scully had pushed himself among the crowd now in the ring. They had to put him gently out of the room where the dead girl lay.

"What is it?" he asked in a dazed sort of way. "It's Clyde, ain't it? who did it, Bridge?"

"I'd rather handle dynamite than have fooled with Bridge's wife," said the man who had turned Clyde's face to the light. "Hazel said something that put him on the track to-night."

"She did, eh?" said Scully, with a return of his old air. "And Bridge shot him for it. Thank God he's dead!"

"It's a dead loss for Coppee this season," said one who stooped to lift up the murdered Texan, "but it will advertise him the next just like smoke."

Scully turned and followed the regular tramp of the bearers across the ring, so he had helped to carry Hazel this very night. Instinctively he thrust his hand into the breast pocket of his old coat and touched there a soft lock of hair that had just been severed from its young owner's head, though it was as white as snow.

"Thank God he's dead!" he muttered to himself as he thought again of Clyde.

Marie Taglioni

Marie Taglioni died in Berlin the latter part of December at the age of eighty-seven. She was the Countess de Voisins, an incomparable danseuse, and as much respected for her virtues as admired for her talents. She was born in 17[illegible] and was the daughter of Philippo Taglioni, ballet dancer and first master at the Stockholm theatre. Then when but eight years of age she commenced the study of her profession. Marie Taglioni made her debut at the Imperial theater, Vienna, in June 1822, in a ballet composed by her father and entitled "[illegible] of a Young Nymph at the Court of Terpsichore." Her first appearance realized all the hopes of her success. But at the moment [illegible] her father said she appeared on the stage [illegible] [illegible] was so great that she suddenly [illegible] that had been taught her at the rehearsal, and was [illegible] to improvise her first step [illegible]. This was an inspiration which revealed at once her natural talent, and her success was tremendous. She was recalled eight times. Not only did she reign at the theater, she was queen of society as well, and all the women of fashion made haste to copy everything she wore. Her triumph in Vienna was repeated in Munich, in London, in St Petersburg, and in Paris. The 23d of July, 1827, she made her first appearance in Paris at the opera in the "Sicilian." Many distinguished persons asked the honor of an introduction. Among them was M. Thiers, who, however, at that time was only a journalist. She appeared [illegible] in 1828. When she married the Count Gilbert de Voisins she retired from the stage. A son and daughter were the fruits of that union. The daughter in 1860 married in Berlin the Prince Joseph Windischgraetz, a major general in the Austrian army. The son, after having served in the French army, went [illegible] and married an English lady. All the nobility and dignitaries of the [illegible] [illegible] her funeral.

[illegible]

THE GIMMAL RING.

Of all the [illegible] that make trouble [illegible] [illegible] jealousy [illegible] [illegible] Mr Donald McDonald was all [illegible] the most [illegible] [illegible] matrimonial.

When Lucia [illegible] [illegible] with him she did not dream of [illegible] [illegible]; he seemed about as indifferently [illegible] and haughty a man as one could picture. Perhaps she flirted a little rakishly with him and another, lest he should divine her secret; perhaps on that account he thought that the only way to get her was to take her by storm. She did not flatter herself that he remembered her when out of his sight till one day, the [illegible] party of them having been talking gaily of their possible futures, and all having left but herself, he came back, and leaning against a pillar and pulling down a rosebud: "What is that you are doing, Lucia?" he said. "It will require all your attention. [illegible] at me, Lucia," and she thoughtlessly obeyed. "When we were all speaking of our path in the future, was there any seriousness in what you said? Did you suppose I would ever listen to any plan of a future for you in which I was not a part?"

"[illegible]," looking up at him where he towered above her, dark and superb as Lucifer.

"I— And I tell you now, Lucia, you are going to marry me, or nobody. You are to be my wife, or no man's wife." And many of Lucia's distresses came from the acquiescence in which her glad heart stood still a moment before it beat upon her lover's, in which her hand lay trembling in his while he slipped upon its finger a curious gimmal ring of rubies and brilliants. If she had repelled, if she had coquetted or dallied, she might not have remained in the half humble light which made her more like a slave than a wife; if she had obliged him to sue instead of allowing him to claim, he might hardly have ventured on such a lordly and dictatorial demeanor. He hurried the wedding so that she had no time to perceive anything but his passion for herself. And now that regret was too late, all there was for her was as straight a path, looking neither to the right nor left, as a wealthy woman in society could walk. But to a friendly, beautiful creature like Lucia, who liked everybody and whom everybody liked, this was no easy matter. Nor especially was it easy when some of her former lovers came along, to whom she felt it right to be particularly gentle in view of their regret and her felicity.

For Lucia was really happy. She desired no indiscriminate admiration, her husband was enough for her. She had his adoration, and she knew it, and he was her all in all, nothing more grand and noble, and beautiful than he was possible to her conception of a human being. She loved him so that if he had trampled her heart out of her body, she would have thought it but a fit service she rendered him in suffering it. And it cost her nothing to relinquish all companionship but his, for she wanted no other.

The one hindrance to her happiness was that her husband failed to recognize all this, and seemed to have a constant fear of loss of her affection if she became aware of the existence of anybody else. She knew that his bursts of anger through suspicion did not mean that he loved her any the less, but they frightened her, and caused her unwisely to conceal any attention, flattery or kindness that she received. She tried to frost her manner, but it only acquired an icy sweetness that made her all the more attractive, and her house was thronged, and her invitations were a multitude.

Nevertheless, Lucia almost forgot herself one day when the servant announced Mr Dunstable. "Tom Dunstable!" she exclaimed, before she thought. "I am delighted," and she held out both hands to this old schoolmate and sort of cousin, her eager face aglow, to hear what account he had to give of himself, asking if he remembered this and replying as to whether she remembered that, laughing over circumstances which occurred before her husband's reign, and all at once starting and looking about for her husband, beckoning him, and, when he would not stir, taking Mr Dunstable over herself and introducing him with another grand mistake, as a dear old friend who was one of the family, but not a scrap of relation.

"A dear old friend, one of the family, and not a scrap of relation!" Nothing more was needed to kindle Mr McDonald's altar fires. He was flint and steel already. "Wasting her sweetness on a curmudgeon," said Mr Dunstable to himself. And if for a minute he had a mind to give Mr McDonald something to fret about, in another minute he thought he would cut his hand off before making Lucia any trouble. "So," he said to her when Mr McDonald had walked off and left them as a great dog leaves a couple of children that have disturbed him, "you have a jailor—"

"I have the best of husbands!" she exclaimed. "And I adore him. Besides—"

"Besides, I mustn't talk to you that way. Well, I won't. I shouldn't like him to speak so to my bonny Kate. I am going to be married to Kate Despard—the sweetest girl! I must come and tell you about her to-morrow. What hour shall you be alone?"

To-morrow? Lucia had begun to recollect herself sufficiently to know that her husband's wrath would be a bright and shining light to-morrow if such an interview took place. "To-morrow?" she said. "But I have an engagement. How long are you to be in town? Only two days? Let me see. I shall be at Aunt Marbury's to-morrow at three."

Ah! Lucia McDonald, her inner conscience cried, a clandestine meeting at another person's house! No wonder if her husband were angry! And yet it seemed hard if she could not hear about the marriage of one for whom she had such an innocent attachment. And she hated equally that any one she honored should think her heartless or see her husband's one weakness. The fact that she felt a little guilty made her humility and sweetness incarnate in her manner toward her husband, and the fact that she was so sweet and submissive made him a trifle lordlier than before. She knew the drift of his thoughts too well, and he need not have taken the trouble to formulate a pronunciamento, as he did at dinner.

"A married flirt," said Mr McDonald, apropos of little or nothing, "ranks with the monstrous. Once convinced of such a deformity in a woman's character I would not live with her an hour."

"By the way," said Lucia, the least bit tremulously, "Tom Dunstable is going to be married."

"You are very familiar, Lucia, but why by the way? Is Mr Dunstable a flirt?"

"He? Oh, no, but Kate Despard is, and he is going to marry her."

"He is to be pitied, then," said Mr McDonald, with asperity.

"Yes, Tom is the most faithful fellow in existence. He will never forget the time I saved him from Master Brownlow's rage by taking the ferruling myself."

"You, Lucia? And the hound let you. Well, I would thank him to forget. I want no man with reminiscences of my wife."

Lucia did not remind him that it would be difficult to blot out her past existence. She only laughed and said: "Oh, it makes no [illegible]; [illegible] is not the same person. I am a totally different being from that one. It hardly seems as though I had been alive before I married you, Don." And any [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] would have melted at the smile she gave him.

But the next day she went to her Aunt Marbury's to find Tom there before her, and to listen to his enamored account of Kate Despard, his marriage, his hopes, his plans. "I gave Kate a plain ring to wear as a wedding ring by and by," said Tom. "I want an engagement ring for her that has never been on anybody's finger, and made like one you wore just before you married, the quaintest thing. You have it on now, Lucia, perhaps."

"Yes, indeed. Don gave it to me. It was my engagement ring, Tom."

"Then you would not care to lend it for the goldsmith to copy?" asked Tom.

Lucia hesitated. She did not want the ring her lord thought so sacred to be passing from hand to hand. To tell the truth she had a little rather neither Kate Despard nor another had a ring just like it. And then Don would be certain to misconstrue. But Don need not know. She hated to disoblige Tom. It would be away only a night. She slowly slipped off her glove and gave it. "Kate will thank you so much," said Tom. He took her hand and [illegible]. "It is a kind little hand," he said. "It will always wear the [illegible] of great [illegible]. [illegible]," he added, half laughing, "[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] this hand in my own." And then she [illegible] [illegible] Mr Donald McDonald towering, like an avenging deity, in the doorway. He had heard only the last phrase.

"Do not let me interrupt you," he said in his [illegible] [illegible] of withering scorn.

But Tom was too quick for him.

"[illegible]," she cried, regardless of appearances.

"[illegible]. I suppose we meet at Mrs Maynard's dinner to-night." But she was at the carriage [illegible] her husband before the words had passed Tom's lips.

"Aren't you going to [illegible] [illegible], Don?" she asked.

"Do you wish to enter?" asked the grand [illegible].

"Why, certainly, I do. I told John to drive round and wondered he was so slow."

"Slow? Too quick, I should say," he answered, while John shook his white reins to the prancing beasts.

"Oh, now, Don," she exclaimed, "you are angry at poor Tom's palaver."

"I don't know any right poor Tom has to be talking palaver to my wife."

"He was telling of his happiness with Kate Despard."

"I don't know any right my wife has to receive confidences from another man."

"Don, aren't you ashamed?" cried Lucia desperately. "An old friend, all but brought up in the house with me."

"Is that any reason he should be saying to you that once he expected to call your hand his own? You a married woman listening to him. And for all I know he had kissed your hand. It is shameful. It is monstrous. It is abominable."

"He never kissed my hand."

"Why is your glove off?"

"Oh, Don, my darling, how ridiculous you make yourself!"

"Answer my question. Have you been exchanging rings with that rascal?" he cried, his eyes fairly blazing in his white face. "By the Lord, if that is so I will have his life! Where are your rings, Lucia?"

"Gracious, Don, what a flame you can blow up from a spark. Do you expect me to wear my rings about like so many fetters? Rings hurt one's hands under gloves, and I don't always wear them."

"You will let me see," his eyes growing blacker and blacker, as if his wrath condensed its darkness through them, "every ring I have given you, the moment we enter the house, whether you find them fetters or not!"

And the brilliant and rubby gimmal in Tom Dunstable's pocket! What on earth was she to do? Why had she not told him the whole story at first? Now, under threats, it was too late. He would be only the more infuriated.

"Do you mean to say, Donald," she exclaimed, turning on him her beautiful eyes, "that you are accusing me, your faithful wife, of the thing your words imply?" Then the worm turned. "How long do you think you can keep my affections—"

"I don't imagine I can keep them. I don't imagine I have kept them—" And when, as just at that instant they reached their own door, a band of music set the horses to dancing, the carriage wheels ran up the stepping stones, and a crash ensued out of which she was lifted in a dead faint, Lucia counted it one of the good fortunes of her life.

Of course, with the servants running this way and that, with confusion and cries in the house, rings and reproaches were forgotten, and Mr McDonald, calling himself a brute, hung over his wife in despair, and Lucia had a delightful hour of recovery and devotion; and then, against her husband's remonstrances, proceeded to dress for Mrs Maynard's dinner.

"Ah, what a hypocrite and actress I am becoming!" she sighed to herself. "And what a coward! And all because I love him so."

But nobody would have thought the lovely creature sweeping into Mrs Maynard's drawing room in her white gold-embroidered satin, was any of the horrible things she called herself. They were the last arrivals, and when Lucia went out on Mr Maynard's arm she found herself in a little spasm of fright, with Tom Dunstable at the other hand and her husband nearly opposite. It was a moment of absolute terror to Lucia. She knew that the sight of Tom Dunstable would bring back all her husband's mood. She saw the black cloud shut down over his face instantly, and she felt that her least motion would be watched with lynx like narrowness.

But she must get that ring, and before she put on her gloves again. "Tom," she whispered, not looking at him, scarcely moving her lips, and her face placid as sunshine, "Give me that ring at once, as you value my life."

"Great heavens!" murmured Tom, "it is at the goldsmith's."

The consternation and pleading in her eyes would have ruined her had not her husband trod on Miss Ormond's train in the general seating and been a moment preoccupied. In that moment Tom, nodding an excuse to his neighbor and to Mr Maynard, slipped into the hall and was back again before the rustle had quite subsided. It seemed to Lucia as if every oyster was a turtle, sipping her soup was like the effort of the old woman to sweep the sea from her door. Through roast, entree, course by course, what intermediate torture was this she endured! She would have declared they had been at the table half the night. All the time she felt her husband's glance pursuing her, while she manipulated her hand to evade it; and all the time she had to talk with Mr Maynard, and gave her repartees on this side and on the other with the gayest of the gay, with no more idea of what she was saying than if in a trance. What an eternity it was becoming; what a reckoning was to follow! She was receiving the punishment of her deceit a thousand times. Dazed and dizzy, a scarlet spot on either cheek, she felt hardly able to keep her chair. She wanted to scream out to her husband the whole story, she was afraid she would.

The prairie chicken was being served when she saw, as if in a dream, a waiter, who had just come in, stooping to pick up Tom's napkin, and a side-long glance showed her Tom fumbling with a tiny parcel. In another breath it was all right. The color left her cheek, she understood what was said around her, the prairie chicken had some flavor. She stretched her hand for a bit of bread. "I beg your pardon," said Tom, "this is your roll, I think." And she crumbled the roll between them, and the ring touched the tip of her finger, and with the help of the crust and the table-cloth she worried it into its usual place, while answering Mr. Maynard's question as to her preference regarding game. And as she raised her hand to brush back a love-lock falling too low over her beautiful eyes Mr Donald McDonald saw the blood-red flash of the ruby gimmal ring.

It was not till a year and a day that he heard the story from his wife's lips, and, forgiving her for her part, promised better fashions for his own.

WOMEN OF GENIUS AND MATRIMONY.

San Francisco Bulletin

Nilsson's husband is dead. He lost money and became insane. He seems to have been a weak and visionary man, inheriting the taint of insanity, although from anything that appears to the contrary he made a kind husband, and Nilsson was much attached to him. Why is it that women of genius generally contract the most unfortunate matrimonial alliances? Patti had trouble enough. Jenny Lind and Parepa Rosa were exceptional instances. Both were good women and married fairly good husbands. A great singer or actress has an income of a hundred thousand dollars a year. She is a prize eagerly sought by adventurers. Sometimes the latter have titles and little else, not even a good reputation. Marriages of this kind turn out badly. The wife comes to learn the mean and mercenary character of her husband, and he squanders her money, lives on her [illegible], [illegible] manliness and often decency. In course of time she despises him. Then comes a separation with intolerable scandals. One would think that women of genius who see so much of the world would have some practical views on the matter of selecting a husband. But the children of genius are often unwise. Nine-tenths of the star singers and actresses marry men who are mere parasites. The exceptional instances are so few that everybody notes the fact as something extraordinary when one of these star performers gets a good husband. The public has been talking about Jenny Lind's choice of a good husband for more than a quarter of a century. She made choice of a good average man and settled down to a happy domestic life. As for the others, they have a sorry lot of husbands. Some of them were broken-down counts, gamblers, roues and what not, mere adventurers who were looking around for spending money and wanted nothing better than to select their victim from women of genius.

There is one other difficulty in the way of comfortable marriages on the part of such women. Most of them know nothing about home life. [illegible] [illegible] theory that it is very desirable, and that [illegible] will [illegible] [illegible] happy [illegible] retirement, but [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] have been [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] happy lawful [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

The change is a radical one. The situation becomes tame, monotonous and sometimes unbearable. The woman breaks over the bonds of domestic life and goes back to the stage because she is only at home there. Here and there one has had enough of it. Domestic tranquillity and home life are never a burden. How many women of genius find such experience. It were good if such women were married to their vocation and to that alone. What between making a choice of bad or indifferent husbands, and having small capacity to be good wives, even if they had good husbands, the chance for domestic felicity is small. It is always safe for a woman of genius to be married to art. She is at home there, but never at home with an adventurer who worships only her money.

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN

Mr Beecher Tells of Men Who Can and Cannot be Pardoned, and of His Visit to the Jardin Mabille

N Y World

The text of the sermon was from Matthew xii, 31 32: "Wherefore I say unto you all manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men, but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men. And whosoever speaketh a word against the son of man it shall be forgiven him, but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come."

"The word forgiveness," said Mr Beecher, "runs through all of the new testament and through all civil and criminal procedure. It is the remission of the consequences of a violation of law, natural or physical. Violations of law are not necessarily fatal. If a man violate a physical law, and reforms, he recovers, nature has forgiven him. If a man break a limb and he calls in at once proper assistance, in six weeks, if he is a temperate man, and in six months if he is a drunkard, he gets the use of his limb again, nature has forgiven him. But there are unpardonable sins in the physical world. If a man of vicious courses uses himself up so that he is old at thirty, infirm at forty, and at fifty a wreck, there is for that man no forgiveness. He cannot be restored to health. In the wide organization of society we are obliged to put magistrates and governors to represent the great body of human society, and this is very imperfect. The most luminous government would be that of the individual, a monarchy; if you could get a man good enough, but this is impossible, and so we have to surround the governing power with checks and balances, and it is the great fault of theology that we have in thought transferred to God those qualities which inhere in the governing power in human society. So we say that God must take charge of the moral thought of the universe. We might as well say that God must eat and drink because men do. Earthly governors may in certain cases use the pardoning power if they think that the man can be safely trusted to be restored to society. They don't pardon for that reason, however, as a general thing, they generally pardon those who have a long tail of voters behind them. Our governors pardon scoundrels. Now when you consider the divine government, you must consider it from an entirely different standpoint. I believe that when a man has sinned and resolves to do better, that very moment he's forgiven. According to the old theologies they used to take a soul to hell and after keeping it voyaging around for a season it was brought to the forgiving love of Christ, where it might just as well have been brought at first. If a man has been a drunkard and stops drinking, that settles it; nothing else is necessary; and it is so with a man that has been leading an evil life; if he stops and quits sinning and determines henceforth to do well, that is sufficient. He is forgiven. Is there then a sin unpardonable? When I was in Paris I went to hell. I had heard before I went there of the Jardin Mabille, a place where courtesans resort and where strangers from places far away go to look at them. I went there and saw men that I understood were paid by the government of the place to conduct the frolics for the people, and if ever I saw hell in the form of lust it was in the faces of those men. Men past all shame were these, the embodied personifications of lust; of all that was corrupt or corrupting, and as I looked I said: Can it be that such men can be forgiven? I think not. They are gone too far, for the unpardonable sin is not an act, it is a state that permits of no recovery. Now, there is a class of men called 'lobbyists.' I am told that there are very good men among them; I know that there are some not as good and some not good at all. Where a man has come to that state that he does not believe that there is anything in patriotism, that there is anything sacred in law, where he comes to feel that bribing men is not wrong and that it makes no difference how you bribe them, when a man takes all that civilization has left behind, all that law tramples underfoot, all that manhood disdains, and uses them and plays with them, he has lost all sense of corruption, all sense of shame. Do you suppose that such a man could come home and make a deacon in church except for hypocrisy? No, he is gone, gone, and as men deal with this government, so men may deal with the other and become utterly unsavable."

QUEER FOOD.

Some Peculiarities of Different Nationalities Named.

New York News.

The Germans in New York have stores in which specially Teutonic delicacies are vended. Dried, or rather, smoked, goose is an odd feature of these. Smoked geese come from Pomerania, where their living originals are raised in large flocks. They are plucked for their down, and then killed, cut in sections, very slightly salted and smoked. Pomeranian goose, however, costs twenty-five cents a pound, and is esteemed a great dainty among German epicures.

There are a couple of stores here where Spanish edibles are dealt in. These consist chiefly of nuts and dried fruits. Dried goat meat forms a favorite feature. It is prepared very much as our dried beef is. The Spaniards seem to rely more on their peculiar methods of cooking what they eat than on any peculiarity of the food itself. The peculiarities of the French food stores are beyond comparison. The question in regard to them is not what they do, but what they do not sell. There is probably nothing from a section of boiler iron or cobble stone down to a crooked pin or a broken horseshoe nail, that a Frenchman cannot provide a dressing for to make it appetizing. An odd feature of the French shop to an American is the horsemeat department. They all deal in horse-flesh, both fresh, dried and salted. Horse-flesh sausages, made, or supposed to be made, in Lyons, and called Lyons sausages, are very popular. Sausages made of a compound of asses flesh, pork and veal, also have an extensive sale.

Sharks fins dried, are sold in every Chinese shop in New York. They are imported from China. There are three kinds, of which the best are the fins of the white shark. These are worth $3 50 a pound. The poorest kind, which is known as black shark fins, is sold for half as much and even less. Sharks' fin is a popular dainty among Chinamen. It is salted and dried for export, and looks like a section of whalebone when raw, but boiled in water a gelatinous substance is extracted which is esteemed very savory. A species of stew made of shark's fin, dried oysters, rice and peppers is a champion Chinese dish. Dried oysters are ordinary bivalves extracted from the shell, dipped in salt, and strung on strings to dry in the sun. They come from China, and look for all the world like figs. John Chinaman infinitely prefers them to the freshest of fresh oysters he can buy here. Mussels, conks and clams are preserved by him in the same way.

The famous bird's nest is also a feature of any respectable shop in Mott street. It is queer stuff to look at, for it rather resembles gravel than anything vegetable or animal, and tastes a little like gum arabic. The nests, it seems, are dried and rubbed into these fragments in this land when they are packed for transportation. Bird's nest is worth from $10 for the commoner variety to $25 a pound for the best. It is essentially a luxury, for a pound of it will only make soup for at most forty people, so that it rates higher than turtle soup in the dearest season. Another dainty which Ah Sin has to have imported all the way from China, is dried cabbage.

Some score or so of contributors to a French sporting journal dined one day upon the hind quarter of a lion killed by Constant Cheret in Algeria. The flesh of the lion was found to be particularly firm and close grained, like that of a horse, but although pronounced palatable it only achieved what is termed a succès d'estime, while the heart, skillfully prepared with truffles, was unanimously voted tough and indigestible.

CHILI COLORADO.

To be Taken as Spice by Readers—Boiled Down Wisdom of Others.

SAUCE FOR GOOSE AND GANDER.

What Smarter Folks than we are Think of this Wicked World and Its Woeful Works and Ways

Blessed are the poor, they have no accounts to keep.

The drummers of Chicago have a club, but they need it.

The man who wears his hair long is generally short on brains.

[illegible] *Queen* wants an irreligious defaulting cashier for a change.

Beautiful women will be at a premium next summer for circuses and such.

St Louis calls for more policemen. Some of the cooks are actually lonesome.

Another Brooklyn girl has died from the effects of having her ears pierced.

He who builds higher than his neighbor is sure to get his neighbor's smoke.

A pretty girl looks well in a brown stone front house, and she also looks charming in a frame.

It is easier to tie a knot in a cord of wood than to do an evil deed and get rid of the consequences.

Man's most deadly weapon. The night-key slays more men than the musket.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Columbus made an egg stand, but Italians of less renown have made the peanut stand.—*N. Y. Post.*

Why is the letter "O" like the equator? Because it is a circle dividing the gl-o-be into equal parts.

A Boston man describes his sensations while walking through a plate-glass door. He felt embarrassed.

A Chicago editor remarks: "Oscar Wilde gets $200 a night for being an ass, while we remain poor!"

"You're a dear girl," he sighed, after paying for two dishes of ice cream and three-fourths of a pie for her.

When Abel was followed to the grave the funeral procession consisted only of members "of the first family."

Three degrees of mining speculation—positive, mine; comparative, miner; superlative, minus.—*Baptist Weekly.*

The American miller says that on a diet of bread a man can live on $10 a year. But who wants to live on $10 a year?

The hunting is good in Ireland. Foxes are scarce, but process servers and rent-paying tenants are brought down freely.

"Generous to a fault" may be said of many men. At least they are generous enough to their own faults.—*Lowell Citizen.*

A change of name probable: After a few more political mistakes they will probably call him Prince Missmark.—*London Punch.*

A man running for office in Texas was detected drinking water, and was defeated by the biggest majority ever known in the district.

A St. Louis lawyer objects to knee-breeches "because he does not care to appear before the court in the shape of marks of parenthesis."

Kentuckians are actually praying for rain. That people in that state should ask for water in any form is surprising.—*Lowell Courier.*

"Marriage," said an unfortunate husband, "is the churchyard of love." "And you men," replied his wife, "are the grave diggers."

Recitation in Political Economy—Senior (afraid of being called up)—What's the foundation of the Bank of England? Special—Brick, I think.

A London newspaper says that short honeymoons are the fashion now. It is presumed the honeymoon ends when the last quarter is reached.

Candid.—Counsel—Why are you so very precise in your statement? Are you afraid of telling an untruth? Witness (promptly)—No, sir! —*Punch.*

It is proposed to illuminate Hell Gate, near New York, with electric light. Judging from the name, it ought not need much in the way of illumination.

Uncle Moses says something. "Politeness kin be carried too fur. One day I lifted my hat to a lady and lost the handkerchief outen it."—*N. O. Times.*

Many lives are like an Autumn day, full of heavy clouds for the most part, lighted here and there by a little blue sky. Such lives are constantly on the bile.

They say that Oscar Wilde wasn't satisfied with the Atlantic. "It is not," he said, "so majestic as I expected. I would like to see the ship's bridge carried away."

Nashville has four doctor schools, four theological academies, two places to learn the apothecaries business, and two seminaries where tooth-pulling can be acquired.

Clergymen in Chicago want the cries of the newsboys on Sunday mornings suppressed. They want to make all the noise on that day themselves.—*Syracuse Herald.*

The napkins furnished at railway restaurants are not for people to wipe their mouths on. They are simply door mats which have escaped from their proper positions.

Between man and wife: "Gontran, my dear, which of my costumes do you like best to see me put on?" Gontran, after a moment's reflection, "Your traveling costume, my darling."

A hotel clerk of Denver, Col., says of all the people who visit "his hotel," the gamblers and sporting men are the best and most honorable men to deal with. Colorado folks must be a nice lot.

The Gainsborough hat has been crushed at last. Now and then a young lady from the country, who has no other hat, wears one to a theatre, but this seldom occurs.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"Pa, why do they call 'em high schools?" "It's because we pay so much for 'em, my son. You'll understand these things better when you get to be a tax-payer."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Pensacola people object to putting a barbed wire around the plaza. It is agreed that the square must be inclosed, but a fence on which a citizen cannot sit and whittle is repugnant to the average human mind.

The present chief of the Cherokees is a polished and highly-educated gentleman. He dresses in black broadcloth, wears faultless linen and sparkling emeralds for buttons, and might be mistaken anywhere for a high-toned gambler.

Seven watchers with clubs couldn't prevent a ghost from holding carnival in a vacant Vermont farm-house, but a good healthy skunk, let loose in the building, sent the ghostly visitor away on the gallop. There's your remedy for ghosts.

Louisville is hoping to found an art gallery. They've already got lithographs of Mary Anderson, Stuart Robinson and Sam Devere and a photograph of the late Spotted Tail, and think they're doing mighty well for a beginning.—*Boston Post.*

A North Carolina justice of the peace recently married a couple as he sat enthroned in state on the back of a mule, and the animal for once realized that there was bigger trouble going on than he could produce, and kept his heels still.—*N. H. Reg.*

There are annoyances in life. Two professional gamblers played it so well that each mistook the other for a green Vermont farmer, and they put in two days trying to pluck each other before they found out their mistake. Then they realized the acme of disgust.

A Paris photographer has invented a process by which he can take a likeness in the one-hundredth part of a second. This time is not so short, however, but that the average boy could change his position three or four times during a sitting.—*Titusville World.*

One of the gallery gods writes to a New York paper complaining of the admission to the gallery at Wallack's of a man who wore a dress coat. The deities should be charitable and consider that perhaps the wearer, like the fellow down stairs, hasn't got any other coat fit to be seen.

"How many tenses are there?" asked the teacher of a boy. "Seven," answered the boy, "the present, the perfect, the imperfect, the pluperfect, the first future, the second future and the Oscar Wilde." "Why?" asked she. "What tense is he?" "Oh," replied the boy, "he's intense!"—*The Judge.*

The ass who runs the Allegan *Tribune* has let out two or three reefs in his ears, and has added an octave of flats to his bray, is the way the New Jersey *Enterprise* indicates its non-concurrence in the remarks of the *Tribune.* The *Enterprise* clearly didn't intend its observations to be mistaken for flattery.

Kate stood for a moment, listening to the sound of the retreating wheels. "Look sharp, Dick Ashley," she said with a mocking laugh, "or you'll lose your pretty bird. You think you have her safe caged, but for all your watchfulness she may fly out into the world and leave you, and I am the one who has un-

[illegible] same that I left, years ago, and these trees are not altered; even the little flowers are in the old places. How is—Kate?"

She spoke hesitatingly now.

"Kate?" he repeated. "Kate? I do not know."

"Do not know?"

[illegible] Springer offered an amendment that there shall be no more official stamps printed, but that all correspondence on official business shall be transmitted in penalty envelopes, adopted.

In the house of lords on Friday afternoon the appointment of a committee to inquire into the workings of the land act was agreed to.

Indicted for [illegible]

Vienna, Feb 2[illegible].—Eight persons have been indicted charged with contributing, by their neglect, to the recent disaster at Ring theater. The trial commences the 2d of May. Among the accused are Neeval, ex-burgomaster of Vienna; J [illegible], manager of Ring theater, and Landsley, commissary of police.

GEO W BOYD [illegible]
SISTER MARY [illegible] Sister in Charge
TERMS
Including board, medicine and medical attendance
Wards [illegible] $7 per week
Private Rooms [illegible] 10 per week
DR. HOLT C. WILSON, Attending Physician
For admission apply at the Hospital.

WOOD! WOOD! WOOD.
SLAB WOOD—$1 50 PER LOAD—FROM WEIDler's Mill. Orders left at mill or in the box at Boss Saloon will be promptly attended to.
W S M L & M CO

[illegible]
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE
Oregon Stove Foundry

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 12, 1882

ENTERTAINING HER BIG SISTER'S BEAU

BY BRET HARTE

My sister'll be down in a minute, and says you're to wait, if you please,
And says I might stay till she came, if I'd promise never to tease,
Nor speak till you spoke to me first. But that's nonsense; for how would I know
What she told me to say, if I didn't? Don't you really and truly think so?

And then you'd feel strange here alone. And you wouldn't know just where to sit;
For that chair isn't strong on its legs, and we never use it a bit.
We keep it to match with the sofa. But Jack says it would be just like you
To flop yourself right down upon it and knock out the very last screw.

'Spose you try. I won't tell. You're afraid to! Oh! you're afraid they would think it was mean!
Well, then, there's the album—that's pretty, if your fingers are clean.
For sister says sometimes I daub it; but she only says that when she's cross.
There's her picture. You know it? It's like her; but she ain't as good looking, of course.

This is me. It's the best of 'em all. Now, tell me you'd never have thought
That once I was as little as that? It's the only one that could be bought—
For that was the message to pa from the photograph man where I sat—
That he wouldn't print off any more till he first got his money for that.

What? Maybe you're tired of waiting. Why, often she's longer than this.
There's all her back hair to do up and all her front curls to friz.
But it's nice to be sitting here talking like grown people, just you and me.
Do you think you'll be coming here often? Oh, do! But don't come like Tom Lee.

"Tom Lee?" Her last beau. Why, my goodness! He used to be here day and night,
Till the folks thought he'd soon be her husband; and Jack says that gave him a fright.
You won't run away, then, as he did? for you're not a rich man, they say.
Pa says you're as poor as a church mouse. Now, are you? And how poor are they?

"Ain't you glad that you met me? Well, I am; for I know your hair isn't red;
But what there is left of it's mousy, and not what that naughty Jack said.
But there! I must go. Sister's coming! But I wish I could wait, just to see
If she ran up to you and kissed you in the way that she used to kiss Lee.

MARCH GARDENING.

Hints to Horticulturists at the Approach of Spring.

HOW TO BEAUTIFY HOMES.

A Few Things that Can be Done and Should be Done to Adorn the Front Door-Yards.

The window gardens which have been so carefully tended and so faithfully watched and watered now give the full reward of all your labors, and fully repay the attention you have given them. Plants cannot be watered judiciously and their needs attended to for one week and then neglected the next week without showing the lack of constant care, and only those who have given such care can expect to be rewarded by the bloom and beauty of their cherished plants. To be sure, all the labor you have given is not returned to you in leaf and flower alone, but as the "winged hierarch" who held converse with Adam in the garden of Eden said:

—Flowers and their fruit,
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublimed
To vital spirits aspire, to animal,
To intellectual; give both life and sense,
Fancy and understanding; whence the soul
Reason receives, and reason is her being.

So the care of flowers sustains and strengthens many an aching heart and lifts it above the grossness of earth to purer airs and to a higher life. As we trim and tend and water the growing plants we also trim and tend our souls and prepare them to bud and bloom in the paradise above the skies, where grief is never known. At this season the tempting catalogues of the florists and seedsmen throughout the United States fill the mail bags and bring visions of lovely beds of flowers into thousands of households, and by March it will be time to make out lists of annuals, perennials, bedding out plants and vegetables, wherewith to fill our parterres and flower-beds and kitchen gardens in the sweet summer-time. A small amount of money judiciously expended in seeds will in a few months produce a great diversity of floral beauty which will gladden the heart of the possessor. It is an excellent plan for neighborhoods to club together, and avail themselves of the lower prices advertised for clubs, and if one package of flower seeds will not furnish enough for a large number of ladies you can send for two of a kind and reduce the expense of them decidedly.

It is also a pleasure at this season, when frost and snow and ice have taken possession of all nature, and full "six feet deep lies the winter's snow" upon my garden, to plan out its beds upon paper, and in my mind's eye to see brilliant beds of geraniums and fuchsias, and sweet clusters of heliotropes and roses and odorous bunches of mignonette and sweet alyssum, and delicious rows of painted lady, sweet peas, and beautiful beds of pansies and verbenas. And while I let my fancy stray amid such sweets stern winter has lost its hold of me, and I revel in summer's beauties.

Such reveries do the florists' catalogues bring me. But soon I wake from them and rise to water my window gardens, which now show beautiful baskets of oxalis in full flower, whole casements of double and single geraniums budding and blooming. Winter flowering fuchsias, carnations, primroses, hibiscus, begonias, etc., all in a blaze of beauty. They have been watered, when the soil required it, i. e., was thirsty enough to need water, with quite warm water on the soil and a cup of boiling water in the saucers. Every washing-day hot suds have been turned into the saucers, taking it from the boiler rather than the wash tubs. This will kill all the little white worms that hide away in the soil and feed upon its fatness. Once a week I have given them a stimulant of one ounce of saltpetre and one ounce of carbonate of ammonia dissolved in a gallon of water.

This has kept the leaves fresh and green and brought forth buds and flowers. When the small white worms first appeared I dissolved unslacked lime in boiling water, and when it had cooled a little and the lime had settled I poured off the water and thoroughly applied it to the plants, having let them become quite dry for two days so as to have the lime water do its work well, and I have had no trouble from the small black fly or the white worm which comes from its larva.

If plants become chilled in the frosty nights which often come in some localities at this season of the year, a bath of cold water with a little spirits of camphor mixed in it will soon make them as fresh and bright as ever. To a gallon of cold water add two tablespoonfuls of the camphorated spirits and dip into it the leaves and branches of the frost bitten plants; also turn some of it on the surface soil. Place the plants in complete darkness and they will show no ill effects the next day.

At this time many house plants are infested with the green aphis, the red spider and the brown scale. Because they are not in a healthful condition these insect pests attack them, and can only be routed by stringent measures.

For the aphis a thorough showering in the kitchen sink or in the bath tub is the best remedy. If the plants are kept clean these insects will not touch them. If they are thickly covered with them two showerings may be needed, or you can take a single plant upon a newspaper in your lap and with a thick, soft wing or a feather brush off all the insects, and then dip the plants into a pail of warm water to clean them thoroughly from them. For the red spider, showerings of hot water are also a good remedy, and dusting the leaves of the plants with red pepper or with pyrethrum powder, which has been so much used of late for killing flies. The red spider thrives in a hot, dry atmosphere. Where there is steam heat it is not often seen.

The brown scale attacks hard wooded plants like the camellia, azalea, oleander, orange and lemon trees. Make a wash of one tablespoonful of hot water and half a tablespoonful of ammonia water, and dip an old tooth brush into it and rub over the branches which the scale has invested, and you will destroy every one. Then dip the branches if possible into warm water or shower them from the ammonia water.

Towards the end of this month verbena and pansy and tomato seeds can be planted in small boxes and placed under glass to make early plants for the spring.

All the heliotropes and geraniums which were stored in the cellar should now be potted and cut back and placed in a [illegible]per sunny window where they will soon push forth leaves and buds. Cut back the plants closely and the roots will send up stronger shoots.

All succulent plants like the cacti should be placed close to the sunlight now and given a good supply of warm water daily, and then their buds will appear, and in a few weeks they will delight you with the splendor of their scarlet and pink chalices, tasselled with pure white tassels and lined with violet and apple green hues. No plants of graceful, delicately cut foliage can boast of such exceedingly beautiful flowers as the homely cacti exhibit. A single blossom is a picture in itself, a rare consummate flower. Azaleas are commencing to flower now, and they are always lovely for the window garden. Before the buds form these plants do not require much water, but after they have formed they must be taken [illegible] not to let the soil become dry, as it will check their growth. Warm water is desirable for them as for all other plants.—*Floral Cabinet.*

VARIOUS ITEMS.

When Vennor goes out sleighing with his girl this winter and allows the horse to run away and destroy the vehicle, the damage may be charged to the prophet and loss account.

Ex-Senator and Mrs. Hendricks, who have been boarding a good while, have just gone to housekeeping in an unpretentious way at Indianapolis, and are giving a series of parties.

The efforts of the Tammany tail to wag the democratic dog do seem to be not entirely without foundation. There is danger that the dog will get sick of the operation.—*Graphic.*

Joaquin Miller met Oscar Wilde on his arrival in New York and said: "I am glad to see you. New York is a second Liverpool, but go to Boston and your heart will open like a flower."

Henry Irving's limbs are thus concisely criticised by a London female critic: "Mr. Irving's legs are limpid and utter. Both are delicately intellectual, but his left leg is a poem."

Walt Whitman and Ralph Waldo Emerson are the favorite American poets of Oscar Wilde. He says the great Jersey marshes should be utilized for the culture of calla lilies.

M. LeDuc, ex-commissioner of agriculture, is happy at last. He is now an M. N. S. A. F.—member of the national society of agriculture of France. This just suits him to a tea.—*N. Y. Ex.*

The Washington gossips go to the bottom of everything. They say that Senator Hoar's recent visit to Judge Gray, at which there were about thirty guests, cost just a plump thousand dollars.

Student (not very clear as to his lesson)—That's what the author says, anyway. Professor—I don't want the author, I want you! Student (despairingly)—Well, you've got me.—*Harvard Crimson.*

A practical youth in Raleigh, N. C., who had invited a young lady to attend a public entertainment, employed two colored men to clean a dozen street crossings between her house and the hall, that she might walk dry shod.

Some one says that Christmas comes but once a year, but from the merry actions of some men we have seen lately one would suppose that Christmas comes on an average about three or four times a week.—*Puck.*

The Buffalo *Express* relieves itself of this graceful sentiment: "Just remember that there is always somebody poorer than you are yourself." In that case the question naturally arises, who is the champion poorest man?

A Chicago grand jury asks the mayor and chief of police to explain why thirty gambling houses are open in the business part of the city. The explanation is simple enough. The business men demand 'em.—*Boston Post.*

It is reported that General and Mrs. Grant will, at an early day, issue cards for a dinner party at their residence in New York city in honor of President Arthur, who will come on from Washington especially for the entertainment.

There is still living a lineal descendant of Martin Luther in the person of one Herr W. Wolters of Stuttgart. He was formerly a court actor, and claims descent through Luther's daughter Anna. The male line has long been extinct.

Some women resemble that noble stream the Mississippi because their mouths are always open.—*Elmira Telegram.* And some men would like to be like the Mississippi with a bar always before their mouths.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

A witty M. P., celebrated for his *bons mots*, said in a recent discussion in the house of lords on the Deceased Wife's Sister Marriage bill that one point in its favor had not been dwelt upon, viz: that by marrying two sisters you escaped with one mother-in-law.

Roscoe Conkling is now keeping house rather quietly in Thirty-sixth street. He may be seen nearly every afternoon walking up Broadway from his law office wearing a Derby hat of sufficient brim to attract attention, even though his striking and familiar personality did not do it.

There is always something happening to the true Ohio man. John Lysle of Belle Centre, in that commonwealth, has been totally blind for eight years, but the other day he felt a queer sensation in his eyes, and the next thing he knew he could see as well as he ever did in his life.

President Taylor of the Mormon church recently married his twenty-eighth wife, a buxom Massachusetts widow. Four days after the wedding she so disturbed his family arrangements that he shipped her to San Francisco. She was the kind of wife every Mormon should have.—*Eastern paper.*

It is said that Queen Caroline of Saxony is suffering from fatigue caused by over-exertion in the kitchen. But pray don't think from this that she does her own cooking. No, indeed. Why, the idea of a queen doing housework is absurd. She probably went down there to wallop the cook with a rolling pin.

The Chicago *Times* has a correspondent at Rio Janeiro who says of the Emperor of Brazil: "On every occasion of his going about the city it is with his fancy carriage, six horses, attendant servants and a squad of mounted soldiers, and all going at best speed, the Emperor smiling benignantly on his subjects as he passes."

"You may talk about Gainsborough hats," said an old theatre goer recently, "but I'd rather take my chances behind one of those monstrosities than to be just back of the man with a head that goes away up from his shoulders and shuts out the entire stage. I lost the whole performance the other night when I got behind a head of that sort."

The widows of India who used to get on a pile of wood and be burned with the bodies of their husbands don't do that any more, but go and get married again. The American widow has always wondered why the Indian widow should leave a world full of charming bachelors to bury herself in an ash heap with the man she happened to marry first.

A modest disclaimer. The professor, opening his wife's prayer book by chance, [illegible] with all my worldly goods [illegible] Why, when [illegible] Maria, I hadn't a penny to bless myself with [illegible] Maria.

The faithful watchman in Washington [illegible] Susan B. Anthony [illegible] Senator Hoar [illegible]

An Arizona exchange tells the following [illegible] Los Angeles [illegible]

Working up the Hog Product at Home

The *National Live Stock Journal* [illegible] has these suggestions: [illegible] 100 head [illegible]

[illegible] during the next [illegible] third. At about the end of each week shake the layer off into a box or tub. Add fresh sugar, etc., to the mixture and rub this into the flesh as before again, putting on a liberal coating, as before. Four or five weeks handling will fit the meat for the smoke house. [illegible] temporary structure, made of [illegible] scantling and [illegible] boards, covered with the same, and if 12 feet square will do for the hams and bacon of 30 or 40 hogs. A small arched furnace built a few feet away beneath the surface with brick will afford a safe and economical mode of distributing smoke to the meat. When this is done you can easily supply your own table and sell the surplus to the retailer. Nothing can be easier or more simple. As compared with dairying [illegible] so generally permitted. The selling of this product [illegible] a reflection upon our methods.

WHO POCKETS PROTECTION.

How Much the Workman Gets Wages and the Tariff—The Iron and Steel Manufacture.

[illegible]

I have been solicited from most influential quarters to give in a short and lucid manner the actual percentage of wages obtained in the amount of goods produced. In my review of Senator Morrill's ultra tariff speech I have shown that in woolen manufactures the workingman is interested to the extent of about 18 per cent. That is to say, the workingmen in the mills were paid about $18 for every $100 worth of finished woolen goods. I shall to-day, for the benefit of my friends who so urgently demand more light on this subject, show to what extent the workingmen are interested in the greatest of our manufactured productions—that of iron and steel.

In the first place I must say that the country may well be proud of this enormous industry, which has but one superior—that of Great Britain, and no other equal in the world. With this remark, of which more hereafter, I shall present the following figures taken from the census returns:

1. There were in 1880 1005 establishments in the United States working iron and steel.
2. There was an invested capital of $230,971,884 (real and personal) in the business.
3. There were employed 140,978 hands in the manufacture of iron and steel.
4. These 140,978 hands received $55,476,785 in wages.
5. The total value of the whole production was $296,557,685.

Now the $55,476,785 total wages paid on the $296,557,685 worth of finished product represent a trifle less than $18.75 wages on every $100 finished goods. In other words, if we deduct the $55,476,785 wages from the finished product of $296,557,685 we get a sum of $241,880,900. Now a simple protection of 23 per cent on the above amount would yield the sum of $55,458,607, or only $18,000 less than the whole wages paid. In short, if there is any truth in figures it must be clearly seen that such an enhancement of 23 per cent on the manufactured product gives the American iron and steel producers the advantage of paying for the whole labor. But as it might be objected that the price of the American goods is not enhanced to anything like the extent of the tariff, let us look at one of the largest of the metal productions—namely, steel rails.

In 1880 we paid $1,478,658 duty on 52,809 tons of steel rails, which was $28 a ton. The cost in England of these 52,809 tons of steel rails was $1,643,700, which is as near as possible $31.37½ per ton. Thus the duty of $28 a ton added brings the price up to $59.37½, without freight or charges. The average price of steel rails in 1880 was over $60. Hence the full pound of flesh as the tariff was obtained, and what is still more, the average duty on steel rails was, if calculated ad valorem, 90 per cent. All these official figures as to the price of steel rails abroad, the duty collected and percentage can be verified from Commerce and Navigation of 1880, page 532.

Now as to bar iron. There is before me a London circular dated Jan. 6, 1882, which quotes Staffordshire bars at £7 5s. to £7 15s. in Liverpool. Taking the outside price of £7 15s. and the sovereign at $4.90, a ton of Staffordshire iron in Liverpool costs $38. The duty on bar iron not extra sizes is one cent per pound, or $22.40. If we add this duty to the price of bar iron in Liverpool it amounts to $60.37 per ton. Let us now turn to the American price of bar iron. A New York wholesale price-current now before me, dated Jan. 5, 1882, quotes the price for common bar iron at 2.7 cents per pound, which is exactly $60.48 per ton. Thus we again see that the *full pound of flesh is exacted*, but with this difference, that the price in New York does not allow the importer for freight, insurance, or commission.

From the census bureau it will be found that in 1870 there were 808 establishments engaged in manufacturing iron and steel throughout the Union, and that in 1880 there were 1005, or an increase of 24.38 per cent. When in 1870 the invested capital was $121,772,074, in 1880 it was $230,971,884, an increase of 90 per cent. Now a curious fact is at once developed. In the decade from 1870 to 1880 those familiar with the trade know that these seven years were the worst that ever befell the iron and steel interests of the country. Referring then to this increase of capital during the ten years the question arises, from whence did this money come which invested in the making of iron and steel is so largely in excess of that used in 1870? It could not have been put into the business by persons engaged in other pursuits. A certain familiarity with iron and steel, it is supposable, induced only those in the trade to venture a large stake in the business. It is then in the highest degree probable that the major portion of the additional money placed in these special industries during the last ten years was derived from the profits made during the decade in addition to the large dividends paid to the stockholders.

These figures are given simply to convince the American consumers of iron that the price of iron and steel is enhanced by the tariff in the most important cases to the full extent of the duty. This duty on common bar iron is [illegible] per cent, whereas, as I have shown, a protection of an enhancement of 23 per cent is [illegible] to the cost of the labor on this [illegible] product.

It will be well for the legislators to represent the great agricultural interest of this country to study carefully the foregoing figures. They may perhaps come to the conclusion that the great farmer body is the innocent victim who has to pay a tax to the manufacturing oligarchy, and the workmen are the catspaws that pull roasted chestnuts out of the hot ashes. They may further conclude that it is about time to modify this villainous [illegible] system of protection by cutting its vulture claws.

DRAWN AND UNDRAWN FOWL

An Important Matter Between the Cooks and the Hotel Keepers.

[illegible]

[illegible] more or less filth in the feathers and scalding causes this to permeate the flesh and destroys the flavor. It is less trouble to pluck a scalded fowl, so they spoil the bird to save work. Sheep, pigs and lambs never come to market undressed, and could not because they would spoil before they could get here. If dressed, however, before they get cold they will keep at least two months.

Mr. Ferdinand Fere, the chief cook of the Astor House, who is a Frenchman, takes precisely the opposite view. "Poultry in order to be good," said he, "must not be drawn. If it is, the air gets in and spoils the flavor. I would not use drawn poultry. One might as well try to eat an old shoe. No taste in nothing. Poultry should be kept until a little stale. If in warm weather it may be killed, drawn and eaten the same day. If in cold weather it should be kept undrawn three or four days. It should be picked dry. Scalding destroys the rich ate flavor of the fat just under the skin and injures the meat. I would pay more for dry picked than for scalded poultry. I think the aldermen would be old fools to pass the proposed ordinance. I have been twenty seven years in this business and I should be very sorry to see the aldermen interfere with the kitchen."

G. N. Siger, the chief cook in Koster & Bial's restaurant on Park place, the next expert, is from Switzerland. He agreed perfectly with M. Fere of the Astor House. He would not buy undrawn poultry, and he had a decided preference for dry picked fowls. His arguments were similar to those used by M. Fere.

The chief cook at the Union League Club did not speak English, so the steward was called upon for his opinion. He is an Italian and he too was in perfect accord with M. Fere and Siger. He was emphatically in favor of undrawn poultry if it was fresh, and would have no other.

Major George S. Leland, of the Sturtevant house, agreed with Mr. Sutherland. "Take, for instance," said he, "the poultry killed in Vermont and Rhode Island in October and November and kept there in coolers until May and June, when it is sent to the New York market. That poultry is all drawn and it arrives here perfectly sweet and healthy after having been frozen stiff for five or six months. Now in some portions of New York state they kill poultry and leave the entrails in. It is frozen and kept like the other. When that poultry is exposed for sale in the Washington market the atmosphere causes it to sweat, and it will spoil sooner than the drawn poultry will. This is caused by the action of the juices which have been frozen up and imprisoned in the fowl for six months, and which as soon as they are loosened ferment and sour, and spoil the meat. Undressed poultry saves time and money for the dealers. If poor people thoroughly understood this question they would all be in favor of having the poultry drawn. As to the healthfulness of the meat, any physician will tell you that the dressed fowl is more healthy than the undressed. Under the present system the farmer not only saves half of the labor of preparing his poultry for market, but he is able to stuff their crops with corn before killing, and to sell that and the head and legs at the same prices which he gets for meat. Now if this system of selling fermented corn, head and legs for turkey meat could be stopped, it would certainly be a great saving to the consumer, to say nothing of its advantage in a sanitary point of view."

A Mighty Farmer.

Some veritable Baron Munchausen, writing over the signature of "Farmer Ruggles," recently made certain assertions as to his ability to gather and consume corn stalks as fuel, and this is the way the Keokuk *Gate City* takes him to task:

The *Gate City* is anxious to know the address of Farmer Ruggles. It asked him to send it. It wants to know him. It doesn't care much about his height, weight, color of his hair, age, nativity, complexion, married or single, or whether his grandmother chawed rosin. It wants to confer by letter with him and get the exact facts as to his corn-stalk fuel-practice. From what is before us Farmer Ruggles is a myth or a man of wonderful powers which should not go unrecognized in this broad land. A man famous for splitting rails, another great from making military breastworks of cotton bales, another full of brassy mouthed reputation for giving a little more grape—and so on—was made president of the United States. So may Farmer Ruggles leap from his forty pound bundle of corn stalks into the chair of the chief executive of the greatest country, etc. The *Gate City* will aid him in this laudable ambition, or in any other way which his great powers may indicate. Farmer Ruggles has wood and coal on his farm, but corn stalks are the best and cheapest fuel he can get. Six hundred bundles of forty pounds each tightly bound will do for the winter. He binds 600 bundles in two days alone. He has no help; he does it all alone. He is a strong man; he is a mighty man of valor. Let us see. In two days of twenty working hours he binds tightly 24,000 pounds, or twelve tons of corn stalks, and has them ready for his air tight stove. In one day he binds 300 bundles of corn stalks of forty pounds each, or 12,000 pounds, or six tons, alone. Nobody to lay them out straight, or to cut off the strings (if he binds with strings), or to help him bundle his six tons of cornstalks in a day's work of ten hours. Farmer Ruggles must make up and bind a bundle or cornstalks weighing forty pounds every two minutes—thirty every hour—and handle 12,000 pounds of his "cheapest and best fuel" when there were both wood and coal on his farm. He is a mighty fast worker and a herculean man in strength is Farmer Ruggles. Doing this he may well smile at the idiots of Minnesota who have fifty acre corn fields and still go cold or buy coal. He has a right to smile. In fact he might with safety enjoy a good chuckle. And on some especially cold day he might even laugh heartily at the idiots who insist on burning wood or coal. Why not? Farmer Ruggles tightly binds alone 24,000 pounds of the best fuel—600 bundles of corn stalks in two days alone—two minutes to a bundle, forty pounds to the bundle—thirty bundles to the hour, and all the time he is at work he laughs at the idiots who burn coal and wood, but contemplates with sublime satisfaction the wagon load of ashes he has left for the fertilization of his wheat field. Farmer Ruggles, send the *Gate City* your photograph.

A Silesian physician, Dr. George Guttman, has published the results of his experience with pilocarpin, a newly introduced medicinal principle, in the treatment of diphtheria. While studying the effects of this drug he found that it produced a greatly increased flow of saliva without inflammation of the salivary glands, and he was led to believe that the increased secretion of saliva would tend to dissolve and remove false membrane of diphtheria. He therefore concluded to try the remedy in cases of that disease, and has met with such remarkable success that he [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] *Western Sentinel.*

[illegible] Kansas City girl [illegible]

Scriptural [illegible] —*Quincy* [illegible]

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

What Busy Brains Effect while Sluggards Sleep.

MEN WHO TOIL FOR THEIR RACE.

Being a Bundle of Brevities about Those who are Fighting over the Old Battles to make the World a Better One.

The silk factory which began operations at San Jose some time ago has met with great success.

The paper trimmings of a large printing office like the Harpers or Appletons are worth thousands of dollars a year.

The new product of condensed grape juice is now manufactured to some extent in Italy, being evaporated in a vacuum pan until reduced to one-fifth of its bulk.

Because the cotton seed product imported from America is used in adulterating olive oil, Italy has advanced the duty on it from six to twenty per cent, making it prohibitory.

Pleasures of science: A scientist claims to have discovered a kind of wasp that doesn't sting. He must have had a heap of fun experimenting before he found it out.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Lumbermen have found uses for nearly every part of a tree, and scraps that a few years ago accumulated so rapidly as to be a source of inconvenience and consequently expense are now sold for a good price, and are in great demand.

A scientist says that every adult person carries enough phosphorus in his body to make at least 4000 of the ordinary two-cent packages of friction matches. Appearances are deceitful. It is hard to realize that a tramp is worth so much.

It is said that the receipts from the sale of the refuse of starch mills, which is used by farmers as feed for hogs and other stock, constitute a large part of the profits, and that if this refuse could not be sold some mills would be compelled to be run at a loss.

Porter Rhodes is said to have declared that £100,000 would not induce him to part with his magnificent diamond found at his claim in the Kimberly mine, South Africa, although the stone is yet uncut and described as looking like a lump of alum, with a weight of 150 carets.

A rain tree in the public gardens of Madras has shown a remarkable rapidity of growth. In the nine years since the seed was planted the tree has attained a circumference of nine and one third feet at the ground, a height of forty-six feet, and a spread of branches of eighty five feet from north to south.

The marble foundations of the Pantheon at Rome were until the last year, covered up under thirty feet of ground, level with the street. They have now been laid bare and present a wonderfully beautiful appearance, owing to the artistic fineness with which they are sculptured. The wine shops that desecrated the building's walls have been removed also.

In Nevada crystalized soda can be dug up as ice is dug from a pond, except in the case of soda no one knows how far it is to the bottom of the pond. Out near Ragtown there is an inexhaustible supply of pure soda extending down to an unknown depth. On the surface of the ground are two or three feet of sand, but below this the soda looking like a solid mass of ice.

The construction of the great railway tunnel, which shall bring Paris into more direct communication with Italy than is now afforded by the tunnel through Mount Cenis, is still contemplated by the French government. The projects proposed include a tunnel through Mont Blanc and another through the Simplon or the Great St. Bernard, the two first named being the most probable.

An ingenious New York clock-maker, named D. A. Buck, has made probably the smallest steam engine in the world, for it is almost microscopic in its dimensions. The whole machine weighs only about a dram, or fifteen grains, and is entirely covered by an ordinary thimble. The stroke of the piston is a little over two millimeters or one and one-half inch, and its diameter is something less than a millimeter and a half. Nevertheless it is built of 140 distinct pieces fastened together by 52 screws, and three drops of water suffice to fill the boiler and set the toy mechanism in motion.

In the shops of jewelers and others where articles are manufactured of gold and silver, great care is taken to prevent the waste of the precious metal. Every particle of filing, scraping or grinding is preserved for the assayer. The wheels upon which gold and silver have been polished, when worn out, are burned, and the fire develops particles of the precious metals which could not be seen by the naked eye. Even the sweepings, after great care has been taken to pick up every bit of metal that may have fallen on the floor, are preserved, and in New York city sell for $70 a barrel. It is calculated that when a jeweler's shop floor is to be renewed the dirt accumulated in the crevices will more than pay the cost of the new floor.

The work of the geodetic survey, which has been actively prosecuted in Nevada during all the time that the weather has permitted, has been suspended. A member of the party lately said to a reporter: "We are in the field about six months in the year, roughing it in the mountains. We have a complete camp outfit and transport our provisions, tents, instruments, etc., for about eighteen or twenty men on pack mules. It is about as hard as army life, except where it is worse. Near Cherry creek we were pounced upon one day by a lot of men who thought we were a gang of counterfeiters. They expected a large reward for taking us in. We showed them the various instruments by which we made the surveys and finally convinced them that we were not coining lead into standard dollars."

In 1879, a year before the invention of the photophone, M. Treve made an experiment which is the reverse of the photophone. A Fizeau condenser, consisting of sheets of paper alternating with tinfoil, was rolled and placed in a Geissler tube, which was connected with an air pump. The current of Rhumkorff coil was passed into the tube and a telephone was placed in the induced current. While the current was passing, the roaring of the electricity in the condenser could be heard in the telephone. If the pressure of the air in the tube was gradually diminished by the air pump the roaring subsided, when a vacuum of two or three millimeters (.079 to .118 inches) was reached the noise ceased altogether, and light began to play against the leaves of the condenser. It was not the well known vague and diffused light of the Geissler tubes, but a special condensed pearly radiance. It was necessary that the electricity should be manifested in some way, and as it could not be transformed into sound on account of the rarefaction of the [illegible] it was changed into light.—*Les Mondes.*

The value of tobacco scraps are more highly appreciated in Europe than in America, but even here in the manufacture of cigars very little is allowed to go to waste. The stems and ribs of tobacco leaves that are rejected by [illegible] are sold to farmers for manure. The cuttings and odd scraps are sent to [illegible] cigarette manufacturers [illegible] Europe [illegible]

[illegible]

INSURANCE.

MARINE INSURANCE.

The Thames and Mersey Marine Insurance Co.,

OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital Subscribed	$10,000,000
Capital paid up	1,000,000
Reserve Fund, in addition to capital	1,875,000
Cash Assets, June 30th, 1881	5,334,665
Deposit in Oregon	50,000

Risks accepted and POLICIES WRITTEN at the agency,
NO. 5 FIRST ST., PORTLAND, OR.
PHILIP C. SCHUYLER, Agent.

South British and National Fire and Marine Insurance Cos.
COMBINED
CAPITAL $10,000,000
With unlimited liability of shareholders and

The City of London Fire Insurance Company of London.
(LIMITED.)

Capital	$10,000,000
Deposited in Oregon for security of policy holders	150,000

JAMES LAIDLAW & CO., Gen'l Agents, 16 North Front St.
T. H. ALLEN, Jr., Manager.

COMMERCIAL UNION
ASSURANCE COMPANY
OF LONDON.
CAPITAL $12,500 00
Office [illegible] First and Washington Sts. Portland, Oregon.
J. W. [illegible] HARVEY, General Agent.

UNION INSURANCE COMPANY
OF SAN FRANCISCO.
FIRE AND MARINE.
Capital - - - - - $750,000
Branch Office for Oregon,
108 First Street, Portland, Oregon.
W. S. CALDWELL, Agent.

THE INS[illegible]
IMPERIAL, LONDON, NORTHERN and QUEEN Insurance Companies of London and Liverpool.
Deposit in Oregon $200,000 00
Aggregate Cash Assets Forty-One Million Eight Hundred and Ninety-Six Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty-Three Dollars,
$41,896,923 00.
Joint Policy Issued by the Four Companies
Office 29 and 31 Front St., Portland, Or.
CORBITT & MACLEAY, General Agents.
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INCORPORATED 1868.
Home Mutual Insurance Co OF CALIFORNIA.
FIRE ONLY.
Losses Paid Since Organization, $1,334,633 44.
Losses Paid in Oregon in Six Years $162,363 29.
OREGON BRANCH OFFICE,
GEO. L. STORY, Manager,
Southeast cor. First and Stark Streets,
Opposite Ladd & Tilton's Bank,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

1794. 1881
HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Capital, - - - - $1,250,000
Assets, - - - - $4,072,575
GEO. L. CHASE, President. C. B. WHITING, Secretary.
A. P. FLINT, Manager Pacific Department, San Francisco, Cal.
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NEW ZEALAND INSURANCE COMPANY.
FIRE AND MARINE.
Capital - - - - - $5,000,000.
With unlimited liability of stockholders
U. S. Bonds deposited with State Treasurer in Oregon $50,000
Letter of Credit, Bank of British Columbia, Portland, Or. $5,00
W. F. BROWN, MANAGER,
No. 27 Stark St., Portland.

HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL,
Corner Front and Morrison, Portland.
(On the European Plan.)
THOS. GUINEAN, Proprietor.
(Late of the Arcade, Sacramento.)
THIS HOTEL IS THOROUGHLY FIRE PROOF. Contains 120 elegantly furnished suits and single rooms, which have been refitted and refurnished in modern style. Free coach to and from all trains and boats.

Attention!—Something New at
SOL'S RESTAURANT
No. 67 First Street.
[illegible] 25c.
Hot English Muffins for Breakfast.
Also the finest and best meals, including a pint bottle of good table claret for 50 cents. Game and Poultry always on hand.
S. A. SOLOMON, Prop'r.

WANTED,
GUESTS TO FILL THE EAGLE HOTEL,
Just opened, cor. Second and E Sts.
The Best Dollar a Day House in the City.
J. THOMAS, PROP'R.

CLARENDON HOTEL,
PORTLAND, OR.,
ZIEBER & KNOWLES, Proprietors.
Situated opposite all the Railroad and Steamship offices. Street Cars pass the house every five minutes. Free Coach to and from the house. Street car tickets free to guests.

MARKETS.

A. H. JOHNSON,
Central Market,
Wholesale Butcher and Packer.
Special attention paid to supplying ships.
Highest price paid for all kinds of fat stock.

J. S. KELLER,
Corner of Madison and First Sts.
Is prepared to supply Fresh
Beef, Pork, Mutton, Veal, &c.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

THE ACCIDENT [illegible]
President: SIR ALEXANDER T. GALT, G. C. M. G.
Head Office, Montreal, P. Q.
Authorized Capital $500,000
$100,000 in Government Bonds deposited with Insurance Dept. of the State of New York.
Before going on a journey call at our office and get Insurance Tickets, insuring the holder for $5000, or an indemnity of $15 per week, if disabled by accident, at the small rate of 25 cents per day.
J. D. WILCOX & CO.,
AGENTS OREGON AND WASHINGTON TER'Y,
102 First Street, Portland.

OCEAN STEAMERS.

HAMBURG-AMERICAN PACKET Co.
THE MAGNIFICENT CLYDE BUILT steamships of this line—Cimbria, Gellert, Lessing, Suevia, Westphalia, and Wieland—leave New York for Plymouth, London, Cherbourg and Hamburg every THURSDAY. C. B. RICHARD & CO., General Agents, 61 Broadway, New York, or J. P. MEINKE & CO., 401 California street, San Francisco.
Steamship and Railroad Tickets, Money Orders and Drafts. Issue Letters of Credit and forward Freight and Express Parcels to all cities and interior towns in Germany, Austria, Hungary, Belgium, France, Great Britain, Ireland, Holland, Italy, Roumania, Russia, Poland, Scandinavia, Sweden, Norway, Spain, Switzerland and the Orient. OLDENDORFF, HARVEY & CO., Agents, Portland, Or.

FOR ASTORIA—FAST TIME.
THE C. T. COMPANY'S STEAMER FLEETWOOD,
Which has been thoroughly refitted for the comfort of passengers, will leave the foot of Morrison street on Saturday, Jan. 28th, and on each Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, thereafter, at 6 A. M., carrying passengers, and arriving at Astoria at 1:30 P. M. Returning, leaves Astoria on each Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6 A. M., arrives at Portland at 2 P. M. Passengers by this route connect at Kalama for Seattle.
C. A. MANN, Secretary. U. B. SCOTT, President.

People's Transportation Co.
STEAMER WASHINGTON,
CAPTAIN J. H. BURGY, will leave Portland at 2:30 P. M. and Vancouver at 8 A. M. daily, Sundays excepted. For freight and passage apply on board, foot of Morrison street. Towing from 9:45 A. M. to 2 P. M.

Independent Freight & Passenger Steamer
A. A. McCULLY,
I. B. SANBURN, Master.
Will leave Portland
For Wheatland, Lincoln, Salem, Eola, Independence, Fairview, Buena Vista, Albany, Corvallis, Harrisburg, and all intermediate points on Willamette river.
Office and landing, Pacific Dock.
Z. J. HATCH, Agent, 220 Front street.

Vancouver Transportation Co.
STRS. LURLINE or VANCOUVER, CAPT. JAS. T. GRAY, leave Portland at 2 P. M. and Vancouver at 8 A. M. daily, Sundays excepted. For freight or passage apply on board, at foot of Yamhill street, Northrup & Thompson's dock.
TOWING between 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

ZAN BROTHERS,
Manufacturers of
BROOMS AND WOODEN WARE, AND IMPORTERS OF WILLOW WARE.
Nos. 12 and 14 North Front St.

R. SHERLOCK, SUCCESSOR TO
S. SHERLOCK
Established 1858.
Manufacturer and Importer of
Saddles, Harness & Saddlery Hardware,
Also a Complete Assortment
HEAVY CALIFORNIA TREES
For Stockmen's Saddles.
N. E. cor. Front and Oak Sts.,
PORTLAND, OREGON.
Agent for Knights' Patent Denver Stirrup & Hick[illegible]

Engines and Boilers
FOR SALE.
INQUIRE OF
SMITH BROS. & WATSON'S IRON WORKS
PORTLAND, OREGON.

E. MARTIN & CO.
WHOLESALE LIQUOR DEALERS,
AGENTS FOR THE CELEBRATED
MILTON J. HARDY OLD BOURBON & PURE OLD RYE WHISKIES
AND THE
ARGONAUT BRANDS OF WHISKIES,
408 FRONT ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. 128 & 130 FRONT ST., PORTLAND, OR.

Shelf Hardware
AT WHOLESALE.
DAYTON, HALL & LAMBERSON,
Corner First and Taylor Sts. Portland, Or.

CARPETS, CARPETS, CARPETS!
UPHOLSTERY GOODS,
NEWEST DESIGNS AND COLORS.
WALTER BROS., 85 First Street.

the record he has made.
PORTLAND, Or., March 11, 1882.

[illegible] Pape, Sr., Treasurer. Chas. S. Peltz, marshal.

Perfection is not of this world, but we feel safe in asserting that, as a destroyer of pain and exterminator of rheumatism, St. Jacob's Oil approaches the nearest to it, among remedial agents.

The morning sun shines brightly for that man cured of that relentless tyrant dyspepsia. King of the Blood never fails, when faithfully used. See advertisement.

John Loomiller, who was furnished money by the county authorities of Jackson county to go to enable him to reach his friends in Jacksonville, Ills., has returned the sum with interest. He says that he has become religious since arriving east, and believes that he obtained the money under false pretenses, therefore desires to return it.

Captain Dawson was convicted of the murder of Percy St. John at London on Tuesday, and sentenced to death. The jury were out but half an hour.

Prince Burki, father of the king of Ashantee, denies the story that the king massacred 200 young girls for the purpose of using their blood to mix mortar with for his new palace.

the east [illegible] small as had been their baggage, every man had his well worn and fully thumbed prayer book in his hand. After singing a few solemn songs, with that rapidity of syllables which is a peculiarity of the Hebrew tongue, a number of selections about David, the simple shepherd, and Goliath, the proud possessor of power, the cantor sang in more

IMPORTERS
FINE WINES AND LIQUORS.
Sole Agents for the
J. H. CUTTER OLD BOURBON WHISKEY
And for
VAL. BLATZ MILWAUKEE BEER.

FOR SALE—A NICE LOT
TILLAMOOK BUTTER.
EVERDING & FARRELL.

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 12, 1882.

GENERAL NEWS.

Five Hundred Troops Preserving the Peace at Omaha.

THE MOB GROWING BUT MAKE NO DEMONSTRATION.

Scoville says Guiteau should be Hanged to give American People a Lesson.

SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE OREGONIAN.

MALDEN, Mass., March 11.—This morning the cotton mills and Aiken & Munsen's blocks were burned. Loss, $40,000; insured.

Steamboat Explosion.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., March 10.—The steamer Sidney burst her boiler to-day, and two men were killed instantly, one scalded fatally and ten others severely. One or two are likely to die.

Run Down in a Fog.

The captain of the Cunard steamer Caledonia reports when off Point Linas he came in collision with an unknown barkentine, during a dense fog and he believes the latter sank with all on board.

The Situation Alarming.

OMAHA, March 10.—The strike is more serious than ever and violence is feared. Three hundred and twenty more men have quit work, but no overt acts have been committed yet. At a meeting to-night hot speeches were made.

No Cause Assigned.

DEADWOOD, D. T., March 11.—Thomas W. Locke in the U. S. court for the murder of Lieut. Cherry in the Sioux Indian country last May, pleaded guilty of manslaughter to-day. The fourth day of the evidence failed to develop his motive for committing the crime.

A Runaway Locomotive.

DENVER, Col., March 10.—*Tribune's* Leadville: A Denver and Rio Grande engine became uncontrollable and ran down a heavy grade between Malta and Leadville to-day at about fifty miles an hour. It jumped the track about fifty feet from a train full passengers and was smashed to pieces. No one was hurt. The engineer and fireman escaped by jumping.

Filley in Bad Business.

CHICAGO, March 11.—*Times'* Washington: Chauncey I. Filley is the reputed author of the bitter attack in to-day's *Post* on General Garfield. The communication declares the writer saw the Garfield-Chase letter in 1867 at Chase's house. The communication appears to be written in the interest of Rosecrans, whom the writer says is worth a thousand Garfields.

A Railroad Purchase.

BOSTON, March 11.—The *Post* says the A. T. & S.F. railroad company has purchased the Sonora railroad and secured an independent line to the Pacific. The contract of sale provides that the Atchison road shall guarantee interest upon first mortgage seven per cent bonds and issue one share of Atchison stock for two shares of Sonora stock. The subsidy paid and to be paid amounts to $2,608,200 in gold, while the Atchison roads give but $1,700,000 in stock at par for Sonora stock.

Scoville's Opinion.

CHICAGO, March 11.—George Scoville yesterday remarked to a *News* reporter that he believed it was the best thing for the country that Guiteau should hang, for then there would be a revulsion in public feeling, and Guiteau would do the country the great service of bringing about the revision of laws to protect the insane. He had, however, asked President Arthur to have Guiteau sent to prison for life, and then if he became a raving maniac it would be easy to have him sent to the asylum. He believed this letter greatly angered the president.

Suit to Recover Damages.

DENVER, March 10.—The Boulder Valley railroad company have entered suit against the Union Pacific to recover $500,000 damages claimed to have been sustained by them by the non-payment of $700,000 mortgage bonds of the Boulder Valley in 1871. The Denver Pacific purchased the Boulder Valley road and agreed to pay these bonds and protect the coupons from the gross earnings of the company. The mortgage remains unpaid, and the coupons have not been paid for the last three years. The Denver Pacific has been consolidated with the Union Pacific, but is operated under the old charter, hence the suit against the Union Pacific.

Chinese Naturalization.

NEW YORK, March 11.—On the question of Chinese and their naturalization, the *Tribune* says the interest which Chinamen in this city take in the question, and the fact that they read the papers, was illustrated in the clerk's office of common pleas yesterday. Three of them hurried in and wanted to get at once their papers "to votee," but Jarvis, clerk of the court, found that they had never declared their intentions and therefore they had to stop at that point and will have to wait two years before they can "votee." Of course if the bill passed by the senate with its amendment becomes a law, it will prevent this state, as well as the federal courts from issuing any more naturalization papers to Chinamen, but the fifteenth amendment to the constitution will protect those already naturalized.

Sergeant Mason's Sentence.

NEW YORK, March 11.—The finding of the court martial of Sergeant Mason who shot at Guiteau last September was made public yesterday by order issued by Gen. Hancock from headquarters of department of the east at Governor's Island. The court martial finds him guilty and pronounces sentence as follows: To be dishonorably discharged from the service of the United States with the loss of all pay and allowance now due or to become due to him, and then to be confined at hard labor in such penitentiary as proper authority may direct for eight years. An order issued yesterday states that the findings have been approved and that sentence will be duly executed. The penitentiary at Albany is designated as the place of Mason's confinement. He is now at Washington and will be held there until further orders. The selection of the Albany penitentiary as the place of imprisonment for Mason is subject to approval of the secretary of war.

A Cleveland Murder.

CLEVELAND, March 11.—Mrs. Dempey Davis Sam, wife of a Chinaman, was found dead, fearfully gashed with a razor, this afternoon. She was married last July in Cincinnati. She had been working as a domestic in Nashville, but about three months ago she and two Chinamen—George Sam and Lee Chung—came here, and for six weeks the trio jointly occupied a narrow basement, where the body was found. Sam made and peddled wax flowers, and Chung peddled tea. Both Chinamen were out this afternoon selling their wares. Sam returned at 4 o'clock and found the woman stretched on the bed, cold in death. He informed the people upstairs, who notified the police. Both Chinamen were imprisoned pending inquest. Ah Sam says deceased has for several days believed her husband (Davis), whom she was not divorced, was boarding in art of the house and would arrest her for bigamy

Comments on the Chinese Bill.

NEW YORK, March 11.—The *Tribune* says: The senate has passed the Chinese immigration bill and has tacked on an amendment or two which perhaps might better have been left off. Comment on the provision which prohibits state courts from conferring citizenship on Chinese is suggested by the fact that Hop Sing of this city yesterday made a formal declaration before the proper officer of his intention to become a citizen. It is to be regretted that any such bill as this is needed, but sometimes expediency is statesmanship of the highest order.

Times: United States Commissioner Shields yesterday granted naturalization papers to Hop Sing, a native of China, who applied for what are known as first papers. Under the laws of the United States Chinamen cannot be naturalized. The act of 1804 was amended in 1870, so that the revised statutes reads thus: "The provisions of this title shall apply to aliens of African nativity and to persons of African descent." In 1875, when additional amendments to naturalization laws were under consideration, attention being called to the fact that the statute as it stood would authorize the naturalization of Asiatics, the section was amended so as to read: "The provisions of this title shall apply to aliens being free white persons, and to aliens of African nativity and to persons of African descent." There are at least two decisions under this statute adverse to applications of natives of China for naturalization papers. One was given by United States Circuit Judge Sawyer of California in 1878, and one by Judge Choate in the United States circuit court of New York in 1879. As a native of China is not a "free white person," or "of African nativity," or "of African descent," it is difficult to find where Commissioner Shields gets his authority to issue naturalization papers to such persons.

Progress of the Northern Pacific.

ST. PAUL, Minn., March 9.—A tunnel contractor on the Northern Pacific gives some interesting particulars of the progress of winter construction. The road is now ironed a few miles west of the mouth of the Rosebud, on the Yellowstone, more than forty miles west of Miles City. The track laying is still in progress, Winston & Co. following fast on the heels of Clark & Co., grade contractors, with the iron bands which are soon to span the continent from St. Paul to Portland. Light grading has been done to Guy Bluffs, about ten miles below the mouth of the Big Horn, or about 100 miles west of Miles City. Some heavy rock work is encountered there, which may detain the contractors somewhat, but they are superior to such obstacles and will cut through it. Fine progress has been made during the winter. The grade through the Crow reservation is completed except a little heavy work, with which the workmen are now wrestling. The entire grade through the reservation will probably be ready for the rails by April, including the tunnel work this side of Junction City. This tunnel is 1100 feet long, 18 by 20 in size, through a formation of soft sand rock and soapstone. This is a point where the bluffs descend abruptly to the brink of the Yellowstone—the exception to the rule of the valley, which is an open and level plain. It is but rarely that the bluffs approach the stream from the mouth of the Tongue river, at Miles City, to the lower canon. Here the surveyed line of the road leaves the valley of the Yellowstone and enters the Gallatin through the Bozeman Tunnel of the belt range—the water-shed between the Yellowstone and the Gallatin. From present indications it will be laid the entire length of the Yellowstone by autumn.

The Omaha Strike.

OMAHA, March 11.—At noon to-day three companies of regulars from Sidney, two companies of regulars from Omaha, sharp shooters, and a battery with gatling guns and howitzer, and nine companies of militia from different points in the state proceeded to the B. & M. R. R. dump, and were there put upon duty to protect the same from violence or interference at the hands of the strikers and the labor union. B. & M. laborers were brought into the city on a special train, and no serious disturbance occurred. During the afternoon a big crowd gathered in vicinity of the military camp. Some laborers and union men amused themselves by jeering and taunting the militia. One militiaman, enraged beyond endurance, slightly bayoneted one of these men this evening. The regulars all proceeded to Fort Omaha to pass the night and the militia are camping in two or three vacant buildings that are being moved off the B & M grounds. Regulars and militia are all in command of Colonel Colley of the first regiment of Nebraska militia. Altogether the military force consists of over five hundred men. Governor Nance and Adjutant General Alexander arrived in town this afternoon. This morning strikers from the smelting works, numbering 90 men, returned to work, and were told that they could do so at the old wages. This they refused and marched out again.

This evening a saloon-keeper, Barney Shannon, C. L. Knight, president of the iron moulders' association, Ed Walsh, president of the labor union, and Fonda, a prominent socialist and communist, were arrested on a charge of assault with intent to murder, and were required to give $1000 bail each. Complaint was pressed on the fact that they were leaders in getting up the recent parade and joined in the procession which raided the B. & M. laborers and brutally pounded three special policemen. Similar complaints have also been sworn out against John Doe and one hundred others, names unknown, and numerous arrests are to be made. The Labor Union men have inaugurated a system of Boycotting all retail tradesmen and all others who patronize the B. & M. railway in anyway, or who are opposed to the present labor movement. A big out-door mass meeting is to be held by laboring men at Jefferson square to-morrow.

The Willow Springs distillery, in which the government is interested to the extent of about $2,000,000, is being guarded by a military force, as are also the smelting works and some other establishments.

old places. "How is—Kate?"

She spoke hesitatingly now.

"Kate?" he repeated. "Kate? I do not know."

"Do not know?"

WASHINGTON CITY.

Probably from a Stalwart.

WASHINGTON, March 10.—The *Post* publishes this morning a communication bitterly attacking and denouncing the late President Garfield. The *Post* editorially says the communication was written by a prominent republican and delegate to the Chicago convention. The communication denounces Garfield as a treacherous hypocrite and professional office-seeker. The *Post* announces that it has the name of the author, and will give it to friends of the late president if they desire it.

To be Reported Favorably.

Page has been directed to report and recommend passage of Berry's bill in regard to a new collection district in California. It creates a new custom district with Wilmington as its port of entry.

The Senate Liquor Bill Passed.

In the senate last night the liquor bill was taken up, yeas 26, nays 24, a party vote except Maxey and Davis of Illinois, who voted aye with republicans. Mahone also voted aye. Merrill voted with democrats. The pending amendment of Bayard's was lost by a party vote, ayes 24, nays 25. Cameron of Wisconsin and Davis of Illinois voted aye with democrats. The bill was then reported to the senate from the committee of the whole. The time within which the commission shall report was fixed at 18 months, and the bill then passed, ayes 34, noes 14. Kellogg, Jones of Nevada, Windom, Cameron of Wisconsin, and Teller, in favor of the bill, paired with Farley, Williams, Davis of West Virginia, Jackson and Johnston against it. Brown paired with Saunders. The bill provides for appointment of a commission of seven persons to hold office not exceeding two years, who shall investigate the alcoholic liquor traffic, its relations to revenue and taxation, and its general economic and criminal, moral and scientific aspects in connection with pauperism, crime, social vice, public health and general welfare, and who shall inquire into the principal results of license and prohibitory legislation, the commissioners to serve without salary.

Senatorial Notes.

The tariff bill was taken up and informally laid aside as unfinished business for Monday, and the senate adjourned till Monday.

It is understood that the sub-committee of ways and means virtually agreed on a bill reducing internal revenue tax on whisky and tobacco and removing the tax entirely from some articles. The reduction in revenue to be effected by the bill is estimated at about $70,000,000.

The Chinese Bill in the House.

WASHINGTON, March 10.—The question as to what course in the house is most advisable to pursue is now under examination by Page and other California members, and will be determined before next Tuesday, after careful investigation, and with the aid and advice from the best parliamentarians in regard to all the features of the problem. There is practically no doubt, however, that at the earliest opportunity the existing special order will be promptly utilized to bring the subject before the house for discussion, as a means of obtaining concurrence in the provisions of the senate bill if possible, and of passing either that measure as a finality of congressional action, or of procuring the passage of the house bill amended so as to conform to it. The adoption of this course would manifestly not interfere with, but on the contrary might facilitate a subsequent effort to pass the senate bill from the speaker's table.

Representative Cobb's Job.

WASHINGTON, March 10.—Representative Cobb, of Indiana, whose various measures relative to public land grants to various railroads, which requires that when the terms of the original grant have not been complied with, the lands shall revert back to the government, proposes to continue the war against them. For this purpose he will formulate another resolution, more thorough and searching in its nature, which he will offer in a few days, touching this matter.

House Adjourned.

WASHINGTON, March 11.—At last night's session of the house 77 pension bills were passed, and the house adjourned until Monday.

To be Admitted Free.

In the house to-day, on motion by Pacheco, a bill was passed admitting free of duty certain steam plow machinery now in the port of San Francisco belonging to McFisher.

ATLANTIC CABLE.

Skobeleff Gently Reprimanded.

ST. PETERSBURG, March 11.—The czar, on receiving General Skobeleff, said: "I am displeased with you. You doubtless wished to glorify Russia, but look at the results obtained. Before your speech Russia enjoyed certain authority in Europe; now you see her forsaken, Austria irritated and France distant. Gladstone has his hands tied and the Russophobist English party triumphs at finding a foundation on which to base its invectives against what it regards as the bellicose disposition and grasping tendencies of Russia."

Police Force Increased.

LONDON, March 11.—In consequence of a threatening letter received by the police inspector who arrested McLean, the Windsor police force has been reinforced.

Time Allowed to Appeal.

ST. PETERSBURG, March 11.—Nihilist prisoners are allowed to the 27th to appeal. It is thought the sentences will both be carried out.

More of Skobeleff's Rebuke.

LONDON, March 11.—A Berlin telegram reporting the czar's rebuke to Skobeleff for his recent utterances reports the czar also said: "Even Turkey raised her head and refuses to sign the convention for payment of war expenses, because she hopes the war will soon break out between Russia and Germany and Austria. You desired to be useful to the Slavs, but having irritated Germany you have destroyed even that neutrality which alone was possible under present circumstances. Germany as a neutral power in the Slav question is not in the eastern question. She was thinking of proposing to act as mediator. She now firmly refuses to aid the Slavs. Thus, thanks to you, Russia feels herself derided, hooted at and completely isolated in Europe."

The Eastern Freight Situation.

NEW YORK, March 11.—There is no noticeable change in the clipper freight market, which as usual at this season is rather quiet and promises to continue so for some weeks to come. There is considerable offerings of dead weight but an absence of light freight, and as a consequence ships do not load rapidly nor do they fill to full compliment. Rates remain very firm in consequence of high prices paid ships and excessive offerings of heavy freight. Tonnage is still scarce and held at full prices. However, there are more ships in view than for a long time, the Maine having arrived on the other side and a number of which will come here for business. In the meantime both lines have sufficient for present requirements.

Freights via the isthmus are slow, and departures to-day had but a small list for San Francisco.

At Boston the freight market is rather quiet, but the Arcturus is doing fairly, having a lot of railroad iron going on board.

Railroad freights from Boston are quite lively, and shipments the past week include 340 packages fish, 90 cases olive oil, 12 barrels starch, 1122 packages rope, 10 kegs nails, also a large line of boots and shoes.

Freights at Philadelphia are inactive. It has been so long since a vessel has been in berth that much freight has been diverted to this port and Boston. The Sea King is now ready and has some freight on board.

Killed by a Falling Building.

BOLIVER, N. Y., March 11.—A three-story building was dismantled by wind yesterday and the whole structure collapsed, burying four men. One, Frederick Hisch, is reported dead, and Brad Phelps cannot live.

CALIFORNIA.

A Stevedore Killed.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 11.—Thomas Phillips, a stevedore in the employ of the O. R. & N. Co., was killed this morning by falling from a gang-plank of the steamer City of Chester.

Boston Wool Market.

BOSTON, March 11.—There is a steady demand for wool and under influence of favorable advices from England prices are well sustained. Sales for the week have been 2,500,000 pounds of all kinds. We quote sales of Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces at 41@45c, including choice XX at the latter rate, XXX at 46@50, and good average lots of XX from 44. Some holders are not disposed to sell under 45. Michigan and Wisconsin fleeces have been selling at 41@43, and been in moderate demand. Ohio No. 1 has been selling at 47@48. Combing and delaine selections are firm and in demand with prices ranging from 46 to 49c for fine delaine and for fine and No. 1 combing. Unwashed combing is dull, and coarse and low combing about as unsalable as ever. The demand is almost exclusively for fine grades. Unwashed wools have been in demand with a considerable number of sales largely, of fine wools, at 27@35c per pound. California wool is scarce and sales are odds and ends that are now on hand. Holders are closing out the old stocks to prepare for the new spring clip. Pulled wools are in demand and firm. Choice supers sell for 45@52; common to good, 28 @43, and choice California pulled sells at 45@50. Australia Wool has been in demand. Sales 434,000 pounds at 46@48½ for combing, and 44@46 for clothing. Other foreign wools have been quiet and there has been no sales of importance.

Chicago Wheat Market.

CHICAGO, March 11.—Wheat strong, excited and higher, especially for higher options; $1 34 cash, $1 31 April.

London Wool Sales.

Ten thousand one hundred bales of wool were sold to-day, comprising Fort Phillips, Sydney and Natal. The demand is good at fair prices.

but that all correspondence on official business shall be transmitted in penalty envelopes; adopted.

In the house of lords, on Friday afternoon, the appointment of a committee to inquire into the workings of the land act was agreed to.

THE SOUTHERN FLOODS.

The Situation Growing More Serious Every Day.

SEVERAL COUNTIES IN LOUISIANA UNDER WATER.

Fully 100,000 Persons in need of Assistance in Tennessee, Mississippi, Arkansas and Louisiana.

SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE OREGONIAN.

HELENA, Ark., March 11.—The river is falling, but the overflow into the city is very heavy and to small alarm felt.

Friar's Point Levee Broken.

MEMPHIS, March 11.—Passengers from below report a break in the levee 1½ miles above Friar's Point, Miss. The break occurred yesterday and although Friar's Point will be overflowed from the break occurring where it did, the town will not suffer by washing through as at Austin.

The Flood in Alabama.

Heavy rains in North Alabama have caused the Tennessee river to overflow and weaken railroad embankments and caused three washouts on the Memphis and Charleston railroad near Tuscumbia. Orders are received to stop sale of tickets to those points west of that city for 36 hours. Necessary repairs to the road can be made in 10 to 15 hours after the water subsides.

Yazoo City Inundated.

YAZOO CITY, March 11.—Water is rising rapidly and planters who three days ago argued against overflow, are moving stock to the hills. Many cattle and mules passed through here to-day, and deer driven out by back water are scattered over the highlands. The back part of our city is under water and many houses abandoned. One house was carried off by the flood.

Loss of 2000 Hogsheads Sugar.

NEW ORLEANS, March 11.—Bayou Sara special: The crevasse here will flood every place on False river from Waterloo to Vincent plantation, about sixteen miles, causing a loss of about 2000 hogsheads sugar, besides great loss of stock and other property. The chances are all the Grosette country will go under. At last accounts water was on a level with the levee and this sudden increase will certainly go over it.

A Doleful State of Affairs.

MEMPHIS, March 11.—The river is an inch lower to-night. Crevasses near lake Charles were caused by high winds, and one repair camp deluged and outfit carried away while men were asleep. Secretary Lincoln sends 20,000 rations to Memphis for Tennessee sufferers. In Washington county Miss., there is a doleful state of affairs. Levees broken down, creeks and high lands flooded. Greenville barely escapes through temporary work and 8000 to 10,000 people are homeless in the country, having lost stock and everything else they possessed.

Illinois Sufferers to be Fed.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., March 10.—The governor has received a telegram from Cairo, stating that about two hundred families, including about 1000 colored people, living in the overflowed districts of Alexandria county, have lost their property and are without present means of livelihood. The citizens have thus far kept them from actual suffering, but continued floods make it necessary to ask aid. The governor directed the commissioners appointed to distribute the rations sent to Pulaski county to also care for Alexandria county sufferers, and will ask Secretary Lincoln for additional supplies.

Higher than ever Before.

LITTLE ROCK, March 11.—Lieut. Vedder, U. S. A., says of the flood that he does not see how anything so appalling could be exaggerated. The river is higher than it has ever before been known. At places along the railroad in Desha county where the water was never known to reach in the past a strong current is now sweeping. Four thousand people in Desha and 5000 in Chicot county need supplies, and three-fourths of the territory in both counties is under water. As to the appropriation needed he believed $1,000,000 would be necessary. The people will be in just as bad condition when the water goes down as they are now. The government will have to take care of them at least 90 days, and will have to assist in put ing in their crops. After the crops are planted they can obtain supplies in the usual way by mortgages. He has made a report to this effect to the war department and returned to Memphis to-night.

The Bayou Sara Levee Gone.

NEW ORLEANS, March 11.—The New Orleans, Chicago and St. Louis railroad is again submerged and impassable in the neighborhood of Water valley, Miss. The overflow has assumed alarming proportions, inundating all that section of the country. Arrivals from Red river report 250 families below Alexandria living on rafts and in a deplorable condition. The Bayou Sara levee is still giving away rapidly, as it is all green earth and crumbles as fast as water pushes against it. A gap 1000 feet wide has been made, and the water as it goes through is about ten feet deep, but rapidly digging deeper and spreading far and wide over the country. It will overflow part of this parish, all of West Baton Rouge and portions of Assumption, St. Mary, Iberville and Terre Bonne parishes, the richest sugar district in Louisiana. The False river and Grossetie country will soon be inundated. Loss of property and suffering of people will be terrible, the state engineer says, unless an attempt to stop the crevasse is made. People of Bayou Sara are making a brave fight against the flood. All stores are closed and every man is at work upon levees which protect the place, while a draining machine is working against the fearful pressure.

The State of Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS, March 11.—Col. Thos. Lafrey, president of the Cotton Exchange, says: The chief state engineer informs me the overflow in Louisiana covers a large part of East Carrol, Madison, Tensas and Concordia, and considerable areas in West Carrol, Moorhouse, Richland, Ouachita, Caldwell, Franklin, and Catahoula parishes, and is caused by Mississippi river water escaping through broken levees in Chicot and Desha counties, Arkansas, below the mouth of Red river. A large territory is now being overflowed in Point Coupee, Avoyelles, St. Landry, west Baton Rouge, Lafourche and several other parishes, and the opinion is expressed by competent authorities that this overflow is likely to increase in depth and extent. Point Coupee Crevasse will add much to the overflow of parishes below the mouth of Red river, also much to the overflow along Red river bottom and every parish on the Mississippi. Long stretches of defective and imperfect levees are requiring repair, and in some cases entire rebuilding. The extent of damage and suffering is impossible to estimate at this juncture. The annual product of cotton in the parishes above named is fully 300,000 bales, valued at $15,000,000. The outlook is extremely discouraging.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

BY TELEGRAPH.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 11.—Sailed —Str Idaho, Victoria and Puget Sound; Am ship S. C. Blanchard, Liverpool; schr C. H. Merchant, Coos bay; Br ship Kelat, Liverpool; Am ship Prussia, coasting; Am ship Titan, continent; Fr ship Garoune, Cork f. o.

NEW YORK, March 11.—Sailed—Am ship Wilna, Portland.

SEATTLE, March 11.—Sailed—Ship Majestic, San Francisco.

SEABECK, March 10.—Sailed—Bk Norway, Wilmington.

PORT TOWNSEND, March 10.—Sailed—Schr La Gironde, Altata; schr W. L. Beebe, Honolulu.

Port of Astoria.

March 11.—Arrived from sea—Br bk San Stefano, from St. Nazaire.

Arrived from Astoria—E. T. G. in tow of Oklahama.

Weather clear; wind east.

SAN FRANCISCO STOCK EXCHANGE.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 11.

MORNING BOARD.

30	Ophir	3 85	100	Mexican	8¼
155	Mexican	8½@8¾	350	Benton	40@45c
20	G & C	3 15	35	Eureka Con	19
100	B & B	6½	180	N Belle	9¼
850	Uala	35@30c	430	Alta	3
810	Savage	1 17@1 10	100	Occidental	75c
400	Con Va	75c a 90	50	Andes	75c
200	Chollar	1 15	930	Navajo	3 09
475	Potosi	1@1 05	750	Albion	2 70@2 80
080	H & N	1½@1 30	215	Mt Diablo	6 05
200	Point	30@25c	100	E Mt Diablo	20c
530	Jacket	1 38@1 45	500	Eu Tun	1 40
20	Alpha	1½	300	Gen Jackson	30c
570	Belcher	75c	100	Bodie	4 30
33	Confidence	1	100	Tioga	20c
1181	S Nev	7½	100	Bechtel	35c
450	Bullion	75c	500	Bulwer	1¼
100	Savage	1 15	200	Concordia	75c
600	Exchequer	50c	70	Mono	1 45
50	Jacket	1½	100	Day	1 45
10	S Belcher	1 65	100	Noonday	40c
530	Overman	40@45c	500	Oro	10c
250	Justice	60@65c	120	M White	7¼
325	Union	10⅞	150	B Tun	1 35
275	Ward	3⅝	120	S King	17¼
40	Utah	4½	60	Pinal	3 30
20	Scorpion	70c			

MATZOTH! MATZOTH!

The Empire Bakery is again prepared to fill orders for

Matzoth for the Coming Passover,

Under Supervision of J. Rott.

dtsuln VOSS & FUHR.

Great Reduction in Clothing, made to order, for the next 30 days, at Bon Ton Tailoring establishment, No. 11 Oak st, Shipper & Bybee, proprietors, on account of making room for spring stock.

MADAME DROUILHAT'S

Star of Portland Restaurant.

31 WASHINGTON STREET.

Meals, with half Bottle Good California Claret, Fifty Cents—Private Rooms for from two to twenty Persons—Entrance upstairs—Terms made with regular boarders to suit the times.

BREAKFAST....10 A. M. to 3 P. M.
DINNER....4:30 to 7:30 P. M.

GARRISON'S SEWING MACHINE STORE,

167 Third Street.

JOHN B. GARRISON, Proprietor,

AGENT FOR THE

HOWE, | WILSON, | CROWN, | IMPROVED SINGER,
DAVIS, | NEW HOME, | "D" HOWE, | ROYAL ST. JOHN,

And General Agent for Oregon and Washington Territory for the

HOUSEHOLD SEWING MACHINE.

Dealer in all kinds of Sewing Machine Attachments, Needles, Oils, etc. Sewing Machines Repaired on short notice.

VIENNA, ... been indicted charged with contributing by their neglect to the recent disaster at Ring theater. The trial commences the 2d of May. Among the accused are Neevel, ex-burgomaster of Vienna; J. Ennat, manager of Ring theater, and Lausley, commissary of police.

ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY

FOR

RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

WANTS.

WANTED A GOOD BLACKSMITH, AT McKEAN & CAMPBELL'S, corner Second and Main Sts. m10dtf

WANTED A RESPECTABLE MIDDLE-AGED woman to do light housework. One in want of a good home and who can content herself in the country, about a mile from Portland, and furnish good references will find it to her interest to call on MRS. WM. H. CREIGHTON, 40 Fourth St., between Harrison and Hall. 1031

WANTED—SIX MEN THOROUGHLY CONversant with attending wood-working machinery and twenty Cabinet-makers. None but first-class mechanics need apply.
ms OR. FURNITURE MANF'G CO.

TO LET.

FOR RENT.

FRONT PARLOR, NICELY FURNISHED, SUITable for one or two gentlemen; also one small single room. 165 Fourth St., between Morrison and Yamhill. m10dtf

FOR LEASE.

THE CITY VIEW TROTTING PARK WILL BE leased to responsible party for the present year or longer. Apply to P. J. MARTIN, 124 Front st. m9d2w

SPECIAL NOTICES.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

THE FIRM OF MADANTZ & BURTON HAS this day been dissolved by mutual consent, C. O. Madantz continuing the business, who will collect all bills and pay all liabilities.
C. O. MADANTZ.
Portland, Or., March 3, 1882. m10d13 R. G. BURTON.

NOTICE—ASSESSMENT NO. 2.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AN ASsessment of five (5) per cent. has been levied on the capital stock of the Oregon Cinnabar and Silver Mining Company, payable to the Secretary at the office of the Company, No. 67 Front street on the 20th day of March, A. D. 1882.
F. K. ARNOLD,
Secretary of the Oregon C. & S. M. Co.
Portland, Oregon, March 4, 1882. m7d10t

NOTICE TO PLUMBERS & GASFITTERS.

BIDS WILL BE RECEIVED UP TO 12 O'CLOCK M., March 13, 1882, by the Board of Commissioners for the erection of an Insane Asylum Building, for plumbing and putting in gas pipes in the Oregon Insane Asylum Building at Salem, Oregon. The Board will furnish all material. Contractors to perform all labor. Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of W. F. Boothby, Supt't, Salem. Commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all bids. By order of the Board. T. F. STITES, Clerk of the Board.
Salem, March 13, 1882. m4dto12

NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS' ANNUAL MEETING.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE ANnual meeting of the stockholders of the Oregon and California Railroad Company will be held at the office of the Company, corner of Front and F streets, in the city of Portland, in the State of Oregon, on Tuesday, the eleventh day of April, A. D. 1882, at the hour of eleven o'clock A. M. of said day, for the purpose of electing Directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.
A. G. CUNNINGHAM,
Secretary O. & C. R. R. Co.
Portland, Oregon, March 6th, 1882. m7toallasu

ANNUAL SCHOOL ELECTION.

THE LEGAL VOTERS OF SCHOOL DISTRICT No. 1, Multnomah county, State of Oregon, are hereby notified that the annual election for said district will be held at 105 Morrison street, in said district, on Monday, March 13, 1882, for the purpose of electing one Director to serve three years, and a Clerk to serve one year. Polls to be open from 2 to 6 o'clock P. M.
D. W. WILLIAMS,
Clerk of School District No. 1, Multnomah county, Or.
Portland, March 7, 1882. m7

IF MARY COLLINS, WHO MARRIED SAMUEL Null, about the year 1848, and after giving birth to two children—a boy and a girl—left Elmwood, Peoria county, Illinois, in the year 1852, after separating from her husband, and went to Oregon, will write to James Walters, Hunter's Hot Springs, Gallatin county, Montana, care Gage Station, she will hear from her children (who write this) and also something to her advantage. The whereabouts of her brother, John Collins, is also earnestly sought by the same parties. State papers please copy. m10d10w2t

BOOTS AND SHOES.

FOSTER'S KID GLOVES.

5 Hooks $1 60—7 hooks $1 75.

Also, the Only Genuine Jouvin Gloves in the city. Every pair of these Gloves guaranteed.

Fine Assortment of HAMBURG EMBROIDERIES from 5c up.

The latest styles of LADIES and CHILDREN'S COLLARS in a large variety of colors and patterns.

Our Stock of Buttons, Gimps, Fringes, Beaded Laces and Bonnet Trimming speaks for itself.

The only genuine C. P. FRENCH CORSET in all sizes, white, gray and colors.

No end to our assortment of Ladies and Children's HOSE and LINEN HDKFS.

Felt, Wool, and Materials for Fancy Work at Reduced Prices.

A. SALMON,
(SUCCESSOR TO S. BINE)
165 FIRST ST.

FINE WINES.

MUMM'S VERZENAY
PABSTMANN'S HOCHHEIMER,
MUMM'S NIERSTEINER,
CHATEAU YQUEM,
CACHET BLANC,
VINO MUSCATEL,
CALIFORNIA WINES of all kinds.
GILKA KUMMEL.

ALL WARRANTED PURE.

ONE TON GENUINE SWISS CHEESE

Just received and for sale.

C. A. BURCHARDT,
6dtilm 41 Washington St.

WE OFFER FOR SALE

AT A GREAT BARGAIN ONE OF THE FINEST Farms in Columbia County, consisting of 165 acres, with stock, farming tools, etc.; 50 acres cleared. This place is only 4½ miles from St. Helens. There is a ready market for the timber upon this land, which would sell for one-half the price for which the whole tract will be sold. The proposed line of the North Pacific Railroad runs within a mile of this farm. Apply to ATKINSON & WAKEFIELD. m11d6t

CONCERT & KRAENSHEN.

Eintracht Hall, Third and Alder.

SUNDAY EVENING AT 8 O'CLOCK.

GARFIELD BAND, 12 members. H. TIMM, leader. Prof. J. HALFRUNER, prompter.

Admission: Gents, 50c; Ladies, 25c. m11d2t

GEO. ... SISTER ...

TERMS.
Including board, medicine and medical attendance:
Wards....$7 per week.
Private Rooms....10 per week.
DR. HOLT C. WILSON....Attending Physician.
For admission apply at the Hospital. cod

RAILWAYS AND STEAMBOATS.

Northern Pacific Railroad.

PACIFIC DIVISION.

KALAMA TO TACOMA
AND
TACOMA TO WILKESON
(Coal Mines.)

South Bound. No. 1 Pass.	STATIONS.	North Bound. No. 2 Pass.
Arrive 12.00 M	Kalama	Leave 11.00 A M
9.56 A M	Newaukum	1.01 P M
9.10 A M	Centerville	1:26 P M
8.10 A M	Tenino	1:50 P M
Leave 7.30 A M	Tacoma	Arrive 4:30 P M
East Bound. No. 7 Mixed.	Puyallup Branch.	West Bound. No. 6 Mixed.
Leave [illegible] P M	Tacoma	Arrive 9.06 A M
Arrive [illegible] P M	Carbonado	Leave 6.00 A M

Connections.

At Tacoma with Pacific Mail Steamships for San Francisco, and with Sound steamers for Victoria, Seattle, Olympia and all points on Puget Sound.

At Lake View with stage for Ste Iacoom.

At Tenino with the Olympia and Tenino Railroad for Olympia.

At Kalama with O. R. & N. Co.'s boats for Portland and rail road and steamship lines centering at Portland.

PEN D'OREILLE DIVISION.

Wallula Junction to Spokan Falls.

East Bound. No. 1 Mixed.	STATIONS.	West Bound. No. 2 Mixed.
Leave 5.00 A M	Wallula Junction	Arrive 8:36 P M
7.00 A M	Ainsworth	6:2[illegible] P M
11.00 A M	Ritzville	[illegible] P M
12.44 P M	Sprague	[illegible] P M
[illegible] P M	Cheney	[illegible] P M
7.15 P M	Spokane Falls	10:12 P M
[illegible] P M	Rathdrum	8:07 P M
[illegible] P M	Lake Pen d'Oreille	Leave 5:27 A M

Connections.

At Wallula Junction with the O. R. & N. Co.'s Railroad lines.

At Cheney with stages for Medical Lake, Spangle and Farmington.

At Spokan Falls with stages for Colfax, Fort Colville, Lewiston, Medical Lake, Spangle, Fort Coeur d'Alene, and all points in Northern Idaho.

At Rathdrum with stages for Fort Coeur d'Alene.

Through Tickets.

Through tickets for sale at the principal offices of the Company, and at the office of the O. R. & N. Co. in Portland, Oregon, to Victoria and Seattle, and via P. M. S. S. Co. steamships from Tacoma and O. R. & N. Co.'s and P. C. S. S. Co.'s steamships from Portland to San Francisco.

Through tickets to Portland, Oregon, for sale at Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma and Tenino.

J. W. SPRAGUE, Gen'l Sup't.
JOHN MUIR, Sup't of Traffic, Portland.
OTIS SPRAGUE, Sup't Pac. Div.
H. W. FAIRWEATHER, Sup't Pen d'Oreille Div.
aul

Oregon Railway and Navigation Company.

OCEAN DIVISION.

Between San Francisco and Portland.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO AT 10 A. M.			LEAVE PORTLAND at 12 Midnight.		
Oregon.	State of California.	Columbia.	Columbia.	Oregon.	State of California.
Jan. 4	Jan. 9	Jan. 14	Jan. 5	Jan. 10	Jan. 15
Jan. 19	Jan. 24	Jan. 29	Jan. 20	Jan. 25	Jan. 30
Feb. 3	Feb. 8	Feb. 13	Feb. 4	Feb. 9	Feb. 14
Feb. 18	Feb. 23	Feb. 28	Feb. 19	Feb. 24	Mar. 1
Mar. 5	Mar. 10	Mar. 15	Mar. 6	Mar. 11	Mar. 16
Mar. 20	Mar. 25	Mar. 30	Mar. 21	Mar. 26	Mar. 31

Right is reserved to change steamers or sailing days.

Through Tickets sold to all principal cities in the United States and Canada.

NARROW GAUGE DIVISION.

EAST SIDE DIVISION.

BETWEEN PORTLAND AND BROWNSVILLE via O. & C. R. R. to Woodburn.

MONDAY, DEC. 19, 1881.

Trains for Brownsville leave Portland at 7:30 A. M on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Portland	7:30 A. M.	Brownsville	3:17 P. M.
Brownsville	8:30 A. M.	Portland	4:25 P. M.

Trains for Portland leave Brownsville at 8:30 A. M. on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

WEST SIDE DIVISION.

BET. PORTLAND, SHERIDAN AND AIRLIE via O. & C. R. R. to Whites.

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Portland	8:15 A. M.	Airlie	4:25 P. M.
Sheridan	9:55 A. M.	Sheridan	1:20 P. M.
Airlie	7:00 A. M.	Portland	3:20 P. M.

RIVER AND RAIL DIVISIONS.

Columbia, Willamette and Yamhill Rivers.

NOVEMBER 30, 1881.

Leave Portland for	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thu.	Fri.	Sat.
Dalles, Walla Walla, Umatilla and up-river points.	7 AM	7 AM	7 AM	7 AM	7 AM	7 AM
Astoria, Kalama, Tacoma, Seattle	6 AM	6 AM	6 AM	6 AM	6 AM	6 AM
Victoria, New Westminster	6 AM	......	6 AM	......	6 AM	......
Cath'am't, Bay View, Skomok'k way, Brookf'ld	6 AM	......	6 AM	......	6 AM	......
Westport, Clifton, Knappa	......	6 AM	......	6 AM	......	6 AM
Dayton, Or.	7 AM	......	7 AM	......	7 AM	......
Corvallis and intermediate points	6 AM	......	......	6 AM	......	......

FREIGHT

For all points on Narrow Gauge Division will be received and forwarded by the O. & C. R. R., East and West Side Divisions, respectively.

C. H. PRESCOTT, Manager.

General Offices—Cor. Front and D Streets.

JOHN MUIR, Superintendent of Traffic.

A. L. MAXWELL, Ticket Agent.

A GRAND REVOLUTION

In the Boot and Shoe business

—AT THE—

NEW YORK BOOT and SHOE HOUSE, NO. 103 FIRST STREET.

Having enlarged my store and just received a large invoice of Ladies', Gents' and Children's

FINE BOOTS AND SHOES.

From the largest and best Eastern Houses. The public can rely upon getting a finer article than ever before offered in Portland and at Lower Prices. Call and

See for Yourself and be Convinced.

H. GALLICK,
New York Boot and Shoe House No. 103 First Street. fe28-3m

Seethis

Man. What does he do? He prints. What does he print? He prints everything. He must be a wonderful man. He is. Is he an old man? No; but many people think so. Where did he come from? He came from home. No; I mean what country did he come from? He came from America. What is his name? GEO. H. HIMES. Has he any other name? Yes; Himes the Printer. Where may he be found? He may be found at 5 Washington street, Portland, Oregon. That is right. Take your seat. feb5

PORTLAND

LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

Corner of Stark and First Streets, Over Ladd & Tilton's Bank.

Over 10,000 Volumes & Over 125 Papers and Periodicals.

MEMBERSHIP FREE TO ALL.

Monthly Dues $1....Quarterly Dues $3

Directors:

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THE BEST HAIR TONIC

In the world. Removes dandruff, promotes the growth of the hair and leaves it soft and glossy. Prepared only by W. N. Wallace & Co., Druggists, No. 33 North First St., Portland, Oregon. dtim

WOOD! WOOD! WOOD!

SLAB WOOD—$1 50 PER LOAD—FROM WEIDler's Mill. Orders left at mill or in the box at Boss Saloon will be promptly attended to.
7dtf W. S. M. L. & M. CO.

One Dollar Price List

DURING

MELLIS BROS. & Co

GREAT

CO-OPERATIVE SALE

FIRST DISTRIBUTION OF

$500.00!

WILL TAKE PLACE ON WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15TH, AND NUMBERS OF WINNING PRIZES WILL APPEAR IN THE MORNING OREGONIAN OF MARCH 16TH.

ADDITIONAL INDUCEMENTS:

1 Bolt No. 9 Brocaded Ribbon	$1.00
1 Fine Felt Skirt	1.00
1 Doz. Pillow Lace, 5 inches wide	1.00
1 Fine Brocaded silk handkerchief, high colors, 21x21	1.00
1 Doz. Gents' Cambric Handkerchiefs, large	1.00
1 Doz. Fancy Embroidered Ladies' Handkerchiefs	1.00
1 Doz. Childrens' Assorted Hose	1.00
1 Box of Half-finished Ladies' Balbriggan Hose, 6 prs	1.00
1 Doz. Ladies' Plain Linen Collars	1.00
1 Doz. Valenciennes Lace, 1 1-4 inches wide	1.00
1 Doz. Yack Lace, black, 2 1-2 inches wide	1.00
25 Yards one-half inch Embroidery	1.00
25 Yards three-fourth inch Insertion	1.00
1 Doz. Gents' Bleached Half-hose	1.00
7 Pairs Shaker Socks	1.00
1 Gents' Fine Wool Hat	1.00
1 Pair of Three-button Jouvin Coupe Kid Gloves	1.00
One-half Doz. Knives and Forks, white bone handle	1.00
One-half Doz. Goodyear-Rubber Dressing Combs	1.00
1 Each, Shaving Brush, Clothes Brush, Hair Brush and Tooth Brush for	1.00
1 Elegant Spanish Lace Tie, black, ecru on white	1.00
1 Large White Honeycomb Bed Spread	1.00
2 Boxes Sterling Toilet Soap, one doz. each	1.00
1 Ladies' Knitted Jacket, Sleeveless	1.00
1 Gents' Cardigan Jacket, red or blue border	1.00
1 Gross Pearl Dress Buttons	1.00
10 Yards of Fine Corded Pique	1.00
1 Pair Lillie Corsets, all colors, elegant silk embroidery	1.00
8 Yards Brocaded or Striped Dress Goods, in all the latest shades, for	1.00
1 Yard Superior Quality Linen Buck Satin	1.00
4 Yards Heavy Twilled Gray Shaker Flannel	1.00
1 Pair Misses' B. Calf Balmorals	1.00
1 Comforter, large size	1.00
1 Pair Gents' Fur Topped Dog-Skin Gloves	1.00
1 Pair Gents' Kid Gloves, emb'd and guaranteed	1.00
1 Gents' Cashmere Muffler, 36 inches sqr., value $2.50	1.00
11 Yards Checked Ginghams	1.00
1 Extra-Fine Linen Damask, 6-4, Table Cover	1.00
1 Pair of White Kid slippers, worth $2.50	1.00
1 Knitted Shawl, evening wear, all shades	1.00
1 Pair of Iron-Clad Working Pants	1.00

Every single dollar's worth of goods will be accompanied by one white ticket entitling the bearer thereof to a Chance in the monthly $100.00 Distribution

Instructions have been received from Mr. F. J. M our resident eastern buyer, to prepare for the larges voice of Desirable Spring and Summer Goods ever imported by us. Eastern and European manufact fairly vie with each other in their efforts to produce most unique and artistic designs. The outlook f brisk Spring trade is encouraging, and we shall as be among the first and foremost to keep pace with requirements of the present. Respectfully,

MELLIS BROS. & CO.

126 First and 127, 129 Front Street, Portland, Or.